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26, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW,
March 1, 1836.

NEW WORK, UNIFORM WITH SWITZERLAND AND SCOTLAND ILLUSTRATED.

THE VALDENSES;

OR,

PROTESTANT VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT, ILLUSTRATED;

INCLUDING THE SCENERY OF THE LABOURS OF FELIX NEFF, PASTOR OF THE HIGH ALPS, AND
OF OBERLIN, PASTOR OF THE BAN DE LA ROCHE.

FORMING THE ONLY ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THESE VALLEYS EVER PUBLISHED.

"Ses rochers sont des poèmes—l'histoire des Vaudois, la plus nue, est un temple que les hommes ni le temps ne pourront détruire. C'est un beau drame à dérouler: il y a des scènes ineffables et suaves—d'autres glorieuses ou déchirantes!"—ALEXIS MUSTON.
"Few spots present more attractions to the eye or to the imagination, than these picturesque retreats of the Vaudois."—GILLY.
"Rappelons plutôt que Louis XII. a dit des Vaudois—Ils sont meilleurs Chrétiens que nous!" LADOUCEUTTE.

THE Proprietors of the illustrated "Histories of SWITZERLAND and SCOTLAND" beg leave to state that the above Work—an ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE VALDENSES—is now so far advanced as to warrant them in announcing its appearance forthwith. In respect to this new field of enterprise, and the merit to which the Work lays claim, they trust the following observations, by way of program, may not be unacceptable to many of their readers—more especially to those of the religious world.

The "VALDENSES"¹ became first known in history as a distinct community about the ninth century.² Gradually extending their colonies in various directions—not by the sword, but by the influence of moral example, and that apostolical purity of creed which had descended to them from the first preachers of Christianity—they continued in the free exercise of their religion till the commencement of the thirteenth century.³ A new era then opened upon them. Ages of sorrow and trial, and persecution,—as if to put the stability of their faith to the severest test,—followed with little intermission, and with a more than decimating violence, thinned their numbers, but could neither subvert their faith, nor subdue their courage.

(1) *Valdenses.*—This name is adopted as indicating more clearly their classic origin — "inhabitants of the *Valleys*,"—not the descendants or followers of Waldo, who came into notice long after the former had been known as the Valdès. By Latin writers they are usually styled *Convallenses*—*Vallenses*—*Valdenses*; by Italians, *Valdesi*; French, *Vaudois*; German, *Waldenser*; and in England, more generally *Waldenses*, from the German—the objection to which is, that *Wald*, as a prefix, would imply "inhabitants of the *forests*," or followers of Waldo. (It may be superfluous to remind the reader that the Latin *v* and the German *w* have the same sound, *e.g.* *Wald pr. Vald*); but of this in its proper place. The objection to "Vandois" is, that it has confounded the Waldenses with the Vaudois of the Canton-de-Vaud, in Switzerland,—*Valdenses*, *Valles-dense*.

(2) During the life of the pious Claude, bishop of Turin—the Wickliffe of his day.
(3) A. D. 1230.

Of all the contests in which the strife of faction, or struggles for independence have developed in their course the passions and energies of the human mind :—of all contests in which love of country—thirst of power—and zeal for religion—have alternately incurred the most grievous sacrifices, or led to the most glorious results—those sustained in the VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT stand forth in most prominent distinction. In defence of their natural rights as men—in support of their insulted creed as members of the primitive Church—in resistance to those exterminating Edicts which made their homes desolate and stained their altars with blood—the Waldenses exhibited to the gaze of Christendom such spectacles of fortitude and endurance as had no parallels in history, and moved the admiration even of their enemies. But, although from time to time the victims of indiscriminate massacre—of lawless plunder—of torture—extortion—famine—and a catalogue of miseries to which words can give but faint expression—their resolution to persevere in the truth remained unshaken. They preferred death, exile, and confiscation, to the favours offered them at the price of perfidy, and perished—many of them in the frozen deserts of the Alps—rather than apostatize from their "Fathers' creed." When at last driven from their inheritance—scattered over the Protestant states—and forced to depend for precarious existence on that charity which had no place in the hearts of their countrymen—they were every where received with open arms—adopted as citizens—honoured as martyrs—respected as men—trusted as brethren, and, where open assistance was denied—cheered by private sympathy.

But the love of country increased with exile :—the hospitality of strangers could not appease the yearnings after home—nor stifle the remembrance of those Valleys with which were associated all that is holy in the sanctuary or endearing at the paternal hearth. Like the disconsolate Hebrews by the "rivers of Babylon," they wept when they thought of their

THE VALDENSES ILLUSTRATED.

native Zion!—They had suffered, it is true, proscription, ignominy, and death—still the scene of their sufferings was the scene of their happiness—the only happiness they had ever known,—and they resolved on the fearful chance of a REVISIT to their native soil.—How this was accomplished, by what almost miraculous efforts they once more scaled the Alps, and were reinstated in their ancient homes, will form part of the ensuing Work. But, even after the “GLORIOUS RECOVERY” of their valleys, much blood was shed—years passed away ere the sword could be sheathed, and the sanctuaries of religion and peace restored to their hallowed uses. Few in number, they were hemmed in on all sides—open violence, and secret treachery—the soldiers of the state, and the hired assassin, united once more to exterminate the “Proscribed remnant,” and eradicate their very name from the Valleys.—But we defer these particulars to a more fitting occasion, and only observe that the *History of the Valdenses, from the magnanimous traits, and startling incidents which it presents, has all the character of an ancient epic—all the materials and variety of a drama—but a drama stamped with the seal of truth.*

Better times were in reserve: but even in the furnace of trial, they felt that an invisible hand was leading them forward and would not suffer them to faint till it had set their feet on the threshold of Peace. The storm subsided: the scaffold and the stake called no longer for victims; but prejudice and evil report still singled them forth as a reprobate faction against which heaven had manifested its wrath, Rome had fulminated its anathemas, and man was encouraged to point the finger of scorn. Debarred from social intercourse; distrusted in their dealings; denounced by their neighbours; beset with spies, and burdened with imposts; it was long ere the new era brought forth the sabbaths of rest. But that promise which had been so long kept to the ear, and broken to the heart, obtained at last its partial fulfilment. The Valdenses were invested with the rights of subjects, and those energies which had rendered them so formidable as enemies, were thenceforth devoted to the service of the state, and to merit the esteem of their fellow-citizens.

But although their political condition has improved, it is far from perfect. They are subject to various restrictions; they are charged with exclusive taxations; they are politically disqualified from holding any command in the army; they are peremptorily shut out from every avenue in the civil service by which integrity and worth might hope for distinction, and exposed to numerous petty vexations which prove that they are still a marked race—suffering the penalty annexed to their creed.

The warm interest evinced by England in their behalf, the Valdenses remember with gratitude and affection. Her generous sympathy has been attended with results on which every Briton may reflect with honest pride. When physical disasters, succeeding the ravages of war, carried famine into their fields and villages, England with outstretched hand stepped forward to their relief; and, where she could not break their shackles, strove at least to mitigate their sufferings.¹ There the aspirations of grateful hearts, and the prayers of a long-persecuted church, are breathed for the prosperity of England!

Within the last few months, we have had ocular demonstration of the workings of that fraternal bounty to which we allude: several new schools have been established—a college founded and in progress; churches have been built, repaired, and supported, by the liberal donations, and under the patronage of Englishmen. BUT MUCH STILL REMAINS FOR THE EXERCISE OF THEIR CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE. Among their modern benefactors, the name of GILLY is entitled to especial honour; his familiar acquaintance with their wants, unwearied solicitude

(1) The Protestant cantons of Switzerland, the German States, and Holland, have, on many similar occasions, made liberal contributions in their favour.

for their relief, and generous efforts in forwarding every object of sterling import for their welfare, have associated him in a peculiar manner with all that is most dear to the hearts and hopes of the Valdenses. In the same career of active benevolence, we cannot pass in silence the unremitting personal exertions of Colonel B—, another able representative and faithful depositary of British philanthropy. After sharing in the last glorious campaign which re-established the tranquillity of Europe, he found a new and a noble field for exertion in the Protestant valleys, where he is emphatically regarded as the “Man of Ross.”

With respect to the SCENERY of these Valleys, it is confidently hoped that the drawings—made expressly for the Work—will more than confirm the reader’s anticipations. They range in their subjects between the wild sublimity of the Alps, and the grace and beauty of Italian landscape; between the winter of Fressinière and Dormeilleuse, and the summer valleys of Lucerne and the Po. Placed on the confines of two countries totally opposite in physical character, the scenery of the Valdenses embraces a rich and interminable variety of subjects—such as have never yet met the public eye. But, were Nature even less auspicious to the painter—were the *scenery* less sublime or beautiful than it is,—the very *actions* of which for so many centuries it has been the theatre, would stamp its bleakest rock with an interest far superior to all that mere beauty of landscape could inspire. The latter, indeed, might delight the eye; but, enhanced by the former, it acquires a power to reach the heart—addressing us like an intelligent spirit through the fascinations of a beautiful exterior. Here the coincidence between natural scenes and historical records is peculiarly striking,—so much so, that it would be difficult to fix on any single point of Valdennian landscape, which, in the almost incredible series of *thirty-three wars*, has not played its part in that fearful drama—as the vantage-ground of religious freedom.

The Work thus briefly introduced, will commence with a careful selection of those scenes more especially noticed in the RENTRÉE GLORIEUSE, and extending from the lake of Geneva and Alps of Savoy to the valley of Perouse, the first or more northern of the Protestant settlements. Then traversing each valley distinctly—Perouse, St. Martin, and Lucerne—glancing at the plain of Turin and the Po—and passing the Mont Genève, it will delineate those scenes in Dauphiny and Alsace, where the pious labours of FELIX NEFF and OBERLIN have awakened such intense interest in the religious world. In a word, the ILLUSTRATIONS will embrace every point best suited to convey a correct and graphic picture of Valdennian scenery, as it now exists. Every view has been taken on the spot, by Mr. W. H. BARTLETT, within the last ten months; and, in addition to its perfect resemblance to the original, brings before the spectator’s eye every action which, in ancient or modern times, has conferred on the spot an especial celebrity. By this means a double purpose will be effected; and the landscape and history—acting by mutual illustration—will form a picture at once moral and physical.

Of the ENGRAVINGS, the Proprietors can speak with entire confidence; and having, without regard to expense, engaged for this Work the first Artists of the day, it will present that fidelity to nature, and exquisite finish, which may defy competition, and will, they trust, delight even the most fastidious in the pictorial art.

Of the LITERARY PORTION of this Work, they may briefly state, that, in addition to the ample fund of materials already furnished by preceding writers, a journey was made by the Author in the course of last summer and autumn to the Valleys of Piedmont, with the exclusive object of personal communication with the pastors and people; of *hearing* what he had to relate, of *seeing* what he had to describe, and to familiarize his mind with a task on which he has not entered without diffidence—but which, having once commenced, he hopes to accomplish without partiality.

LONDON:
GEORGE VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE.

SWITZERLAND

BY

WILLIAM BARTLETT, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED,

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

AND EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

by

W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.



W. H. Bartlett

R. Wallis

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE — SCENE OF ACTION.



SWITZERLAND

ILLUSTRATED

IN A

SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

BY W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.

BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

GRAD. OF THE UNIV. OF EDIN.; MEMB. OF THE ROYAL COLL. OF PHYS. LONDON;
FORMERLY PRES. OF THE CHIR. MED. SOC.; LATE PHYS. EX. TO H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE;
AUTHOR OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURTS OF GERMANY IN 1822-3-6, ETC.

VOL. III.

LONDON :

G. VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

M DCCC XXXV.

LONDON :

K. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD-STREET-HILL,
DOCTORS' COMMONS.

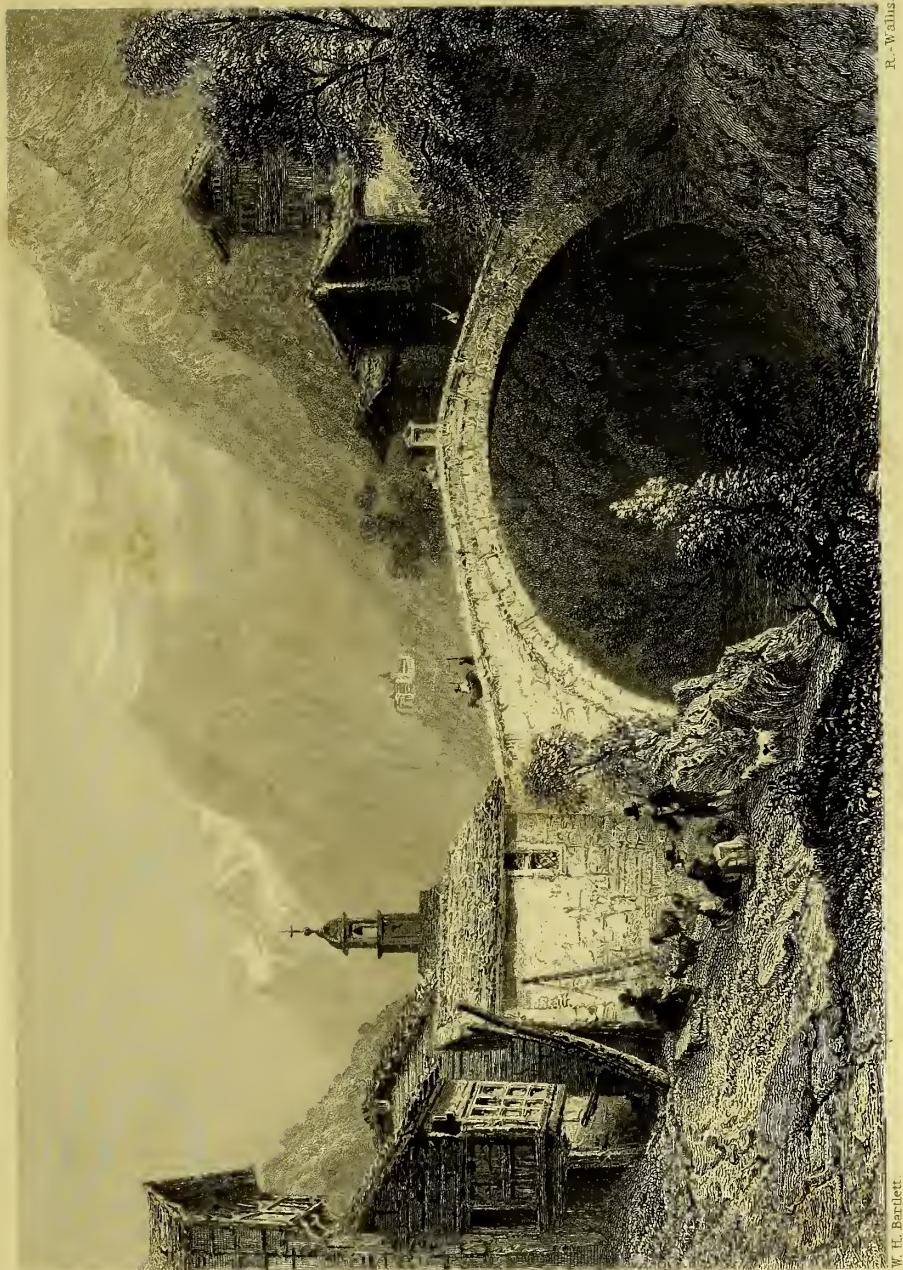


LIST OF THE PLATES

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| 2. Scene in the Valley of St. Nicholas. | 20. Wetterhorn Rosenlau. |
| 3. Magadino Lago, Maggiore. | 21. The Aar Fall, at Handek. |
| 4. The Pays de Vaud. | 22. The Hofbrücke, Lucerne. |
| 5. Defile of Gotteron. | 23. Lake Leman. |
| 6. Scene (from the Terrace of Chateau Wolfsberg.) | 24. Statue of Arnold of Winkelreid. |
| 7. The Valley of Lauterbrunn. | 25. Gorge of the Tamina. |
| 8. Lake at the Foot of the Blumlis Alp. | 26. Kandersteg, Canton Bern. |
| 9. Lucerne. | 27. Passage of the Cardinells. |
| 10. Junction of the Rhine and Tamina. | 28. The Summit of the Jungfrau. |
| 11. The Abbey of Einsiedeln. | 29. The Castle of Laufen. |
| 12. The Castle of Granson. | 30. Monte Rosa and the Cervin. |
| 13. Mount Pilatus (from the Brunig.) | 31. The Castle of Falkenstein. |
| 14. Bridge over the Rhine. | 32. Mer de Glace. |
| 15. Baths of Pfeffers. | 33. The Fall of Schaffhausen. |
| 16. Mont Blanc, from Chamouni. | 34. Tell's Chapel, Lake Uri. |
| 17. Hospice, Grand St. Bernard. | 35. Col de Balme. |
| 18. Tell's Chapel, and the Meadow of Grutli. | 36. Map of Switzerland. |

* * * The First Volume of the "*Waldenses, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont,*" by Dr. BEATTIE, being the continuation of
and uniform with "*Switzerland,*" will be ready for delivery in January, 1837, price 20s.



R.-Walls.

W. H. Bartlett

S. C. L. N. E. T. R. A. M. L. E. X. O. K. S. S. N. I. C. L. O. T. C. S.

London. Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Virtue, 23, Bay Lane, 1836



Top: Wallis.

W. H. Bennett.

Top: Wallis.
Bottom: Bennett.

Top: Wallis.
Bottom: Bennett.
Geo. Virtue: 33 Ley Lane 1836

*London Published for the Proprietors by C. Whittle 26 February 1836.

From a sketch by

THE PASTORAL VILLAGE

Jordan

W. H. Bartlett



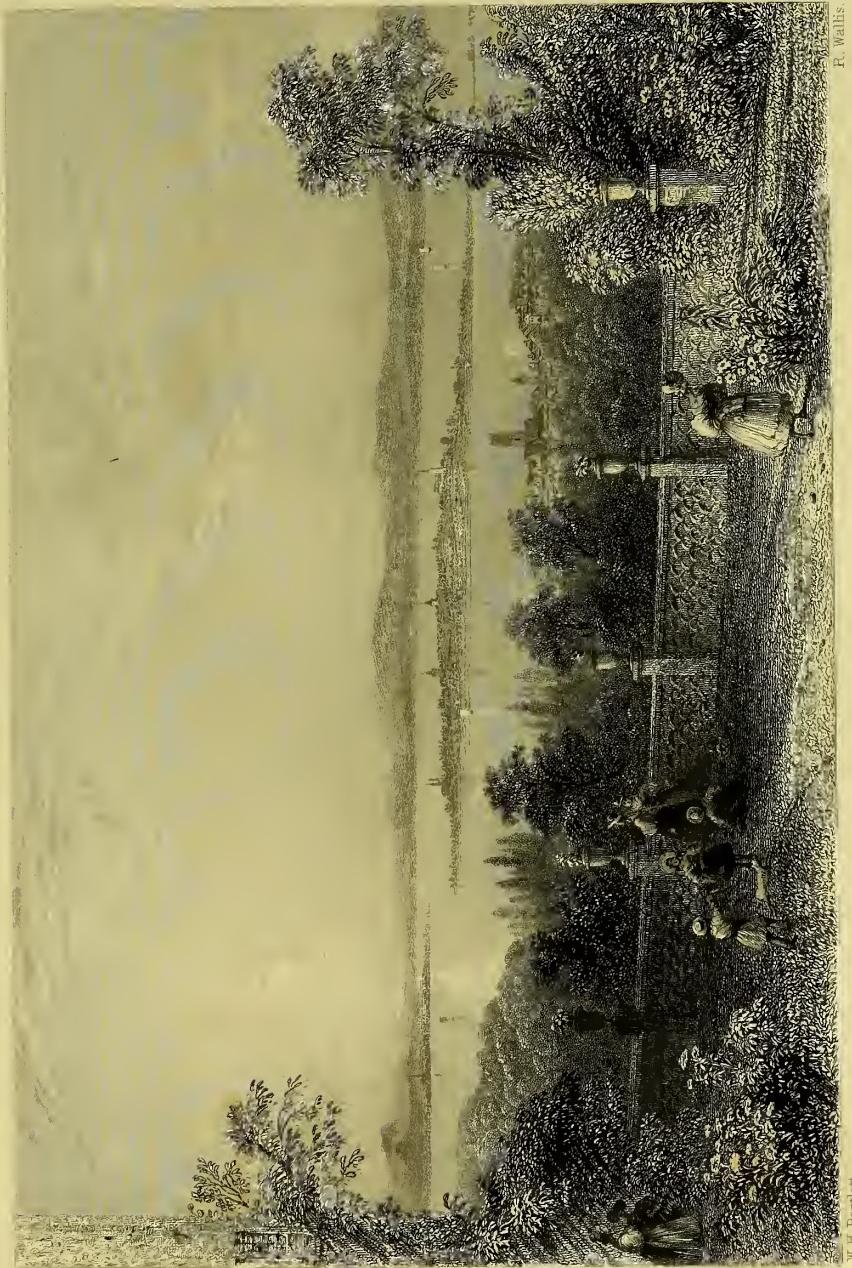


W. H. Bartlett

J. B. Allen.

THE FINE ART OF COPTERON.

'Near Freyburg, Canton-Freyburg.'



R. Wall

W. H. Bartlett

THE FARMERS' AND ARTISTS' FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

(C. AUTUMN, THIRTY-NINE.)



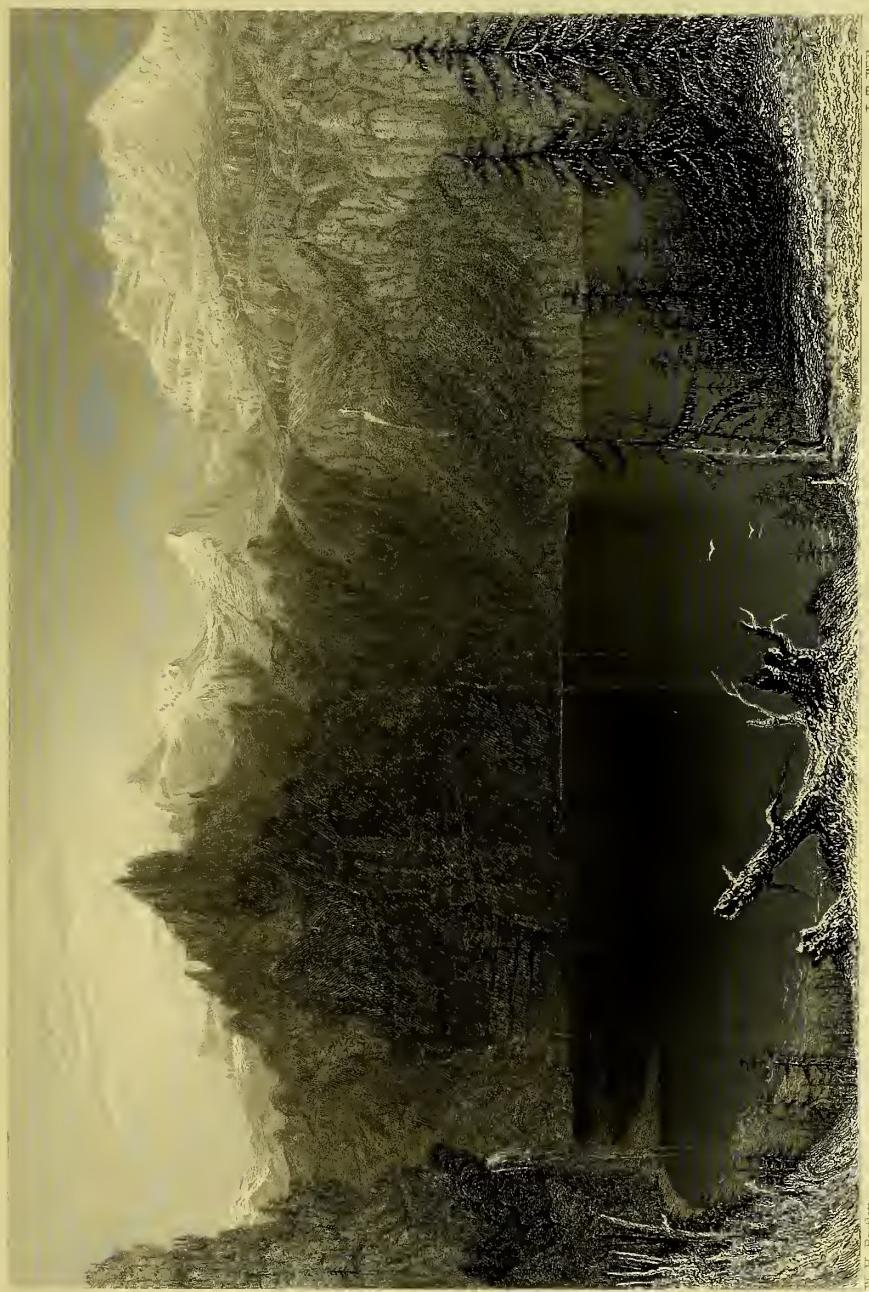
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G. F. Hartman.

THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN

(From the Wengen A[lp])

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J. T. Willmore.

W. H. Bartlett

LAKE AT THE FOOT OF THE ELUMMIS ALP.

(In the Aesental.)

London, Published for the Proprietors by C. & J. Whittle, 55, New Lane, W.C.



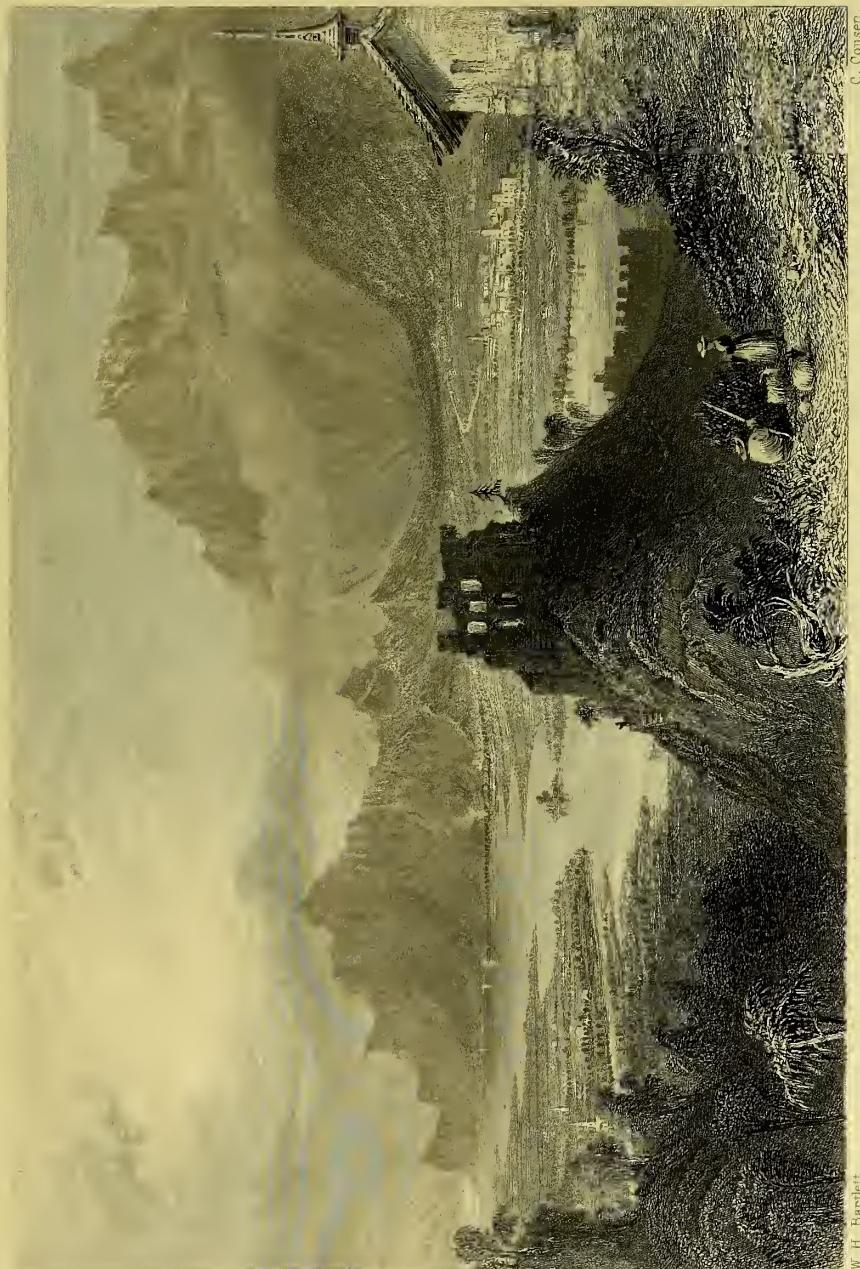
H. Griffiths

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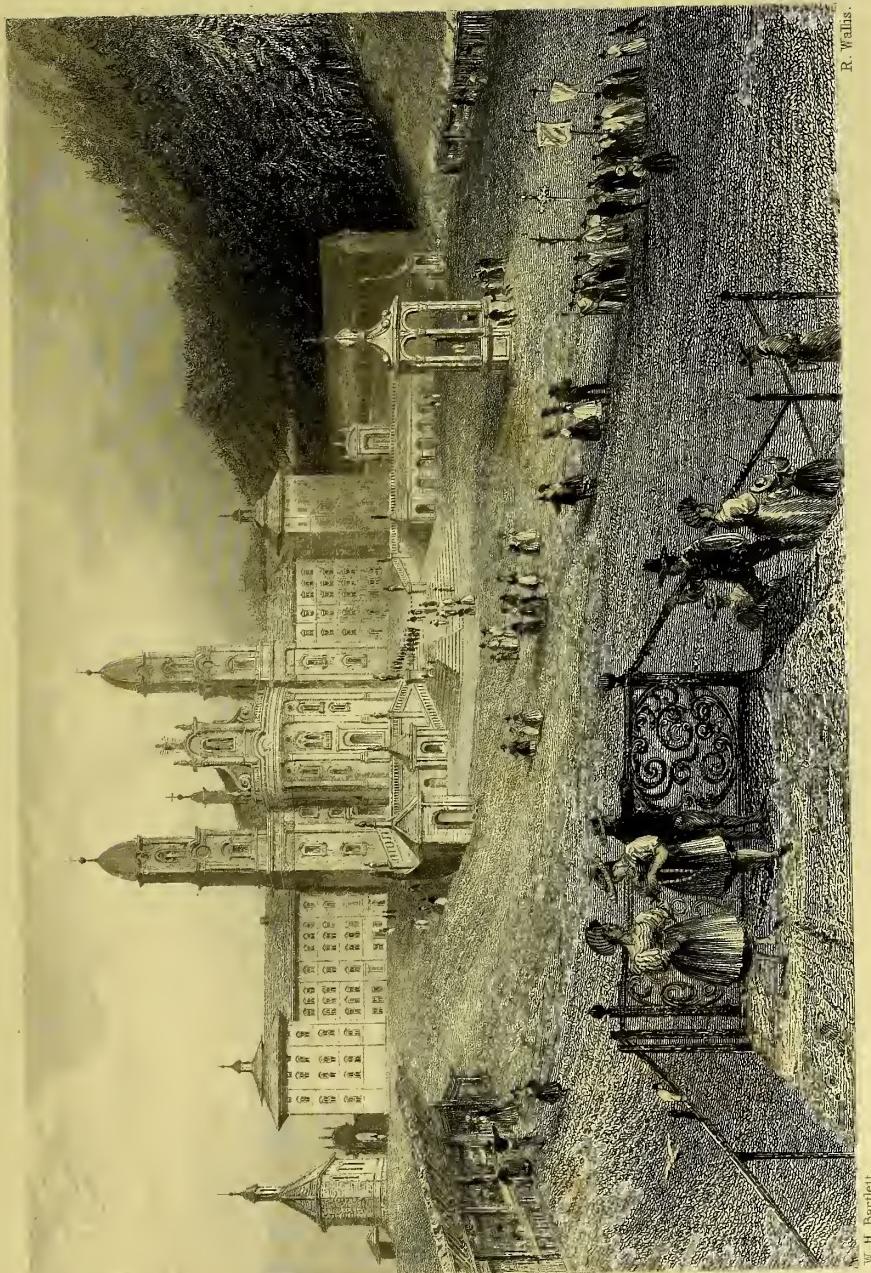
W. H. Bartlett.

C. Conser.

W. H. Bartlett. C. Conser. 1836

(Above Ragged Edge.)

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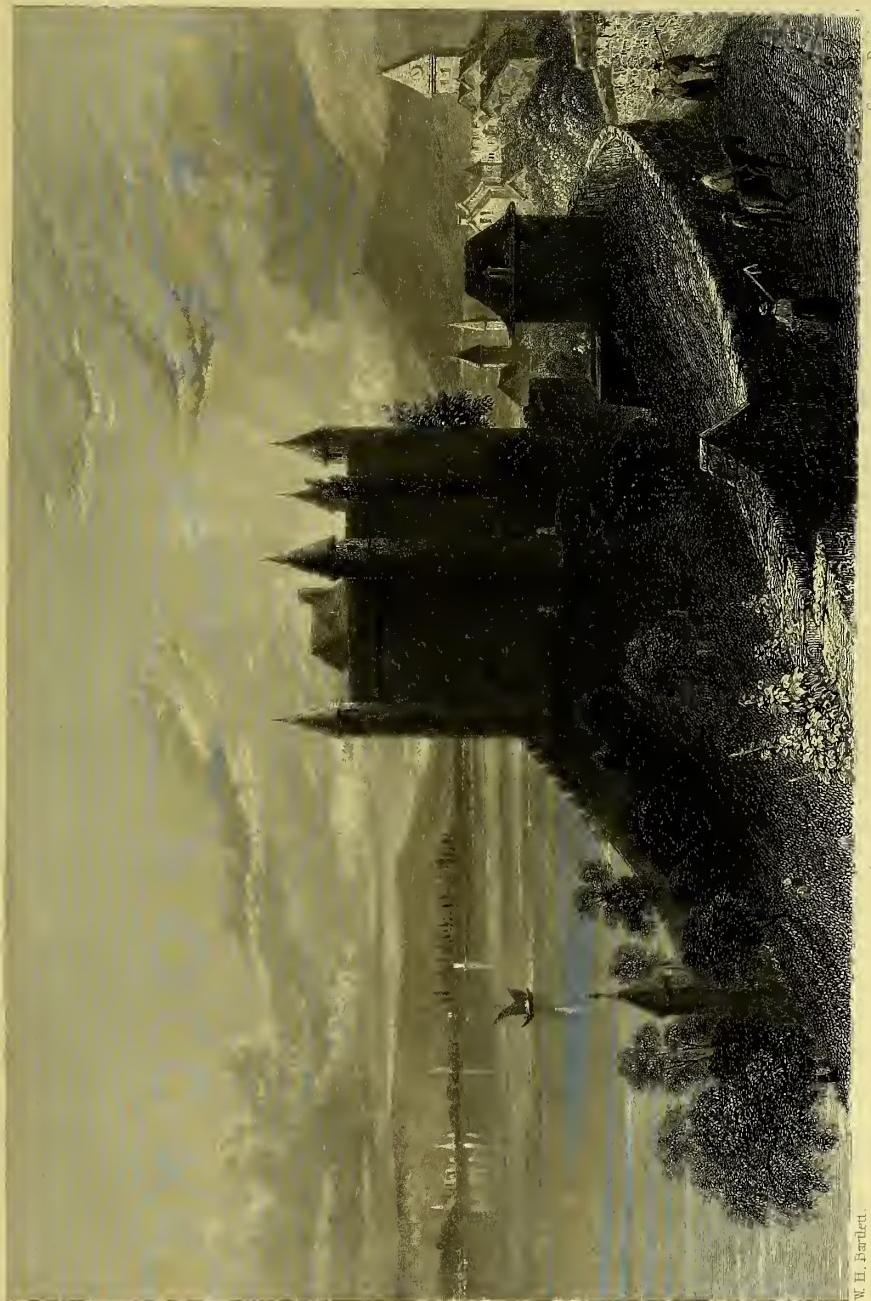


W. M. Bartlett.

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R. Wallis.

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Cyrus Davies

C A S T L E O F G R A N S O N

(Lake of Neuchâtel)

Published by the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1836.

W. H. Bartlett.



M. J. Stirling.

W. H. Bartlett.

MOUNT PHILIPPS, MOUNTAINS OF BRITANNIA

(CANTERBURY, JULY 1836.)

From a sketch made in the tropics, by the virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1836



W. H. Bartlett.

H. Adlard

B R I D G E O V E R T H E C O M M E N D .

(Near Suvers, Via Mala.)

G. K. Richardson.

W. H. Bartlett.

BATHS OF PFEIFFERS.

(Canton of St. Gall.)

INSCRIBED TO JAMES JOHNSON, M.D., PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING

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W. H. Bartlett.

D. Buckle.

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London. Published for the Proprietors, by Coo: Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane, 1836.



W. H. Bartlett.

HOSPITAL, GRAND ST., BERNARD.

(Vallais.)

J. H. Kermot

— Hospital — Hotel — Restaurant — by Geo. Virtue, 26, Wall St., N.Y. 1857.



W. H. Bartlett.

R. Wallis.

T^ELL^S C^HA^PE^L & T^E M^EA^DO^W O^F G^RU^TL^I.

(Lake of Lucerne.)

London. Published for the Proprietors by Geo: Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane, 1836.



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J. Cousen.

THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND, OR, THE ALPINE SCENE.

(Canton of Appenzel.)

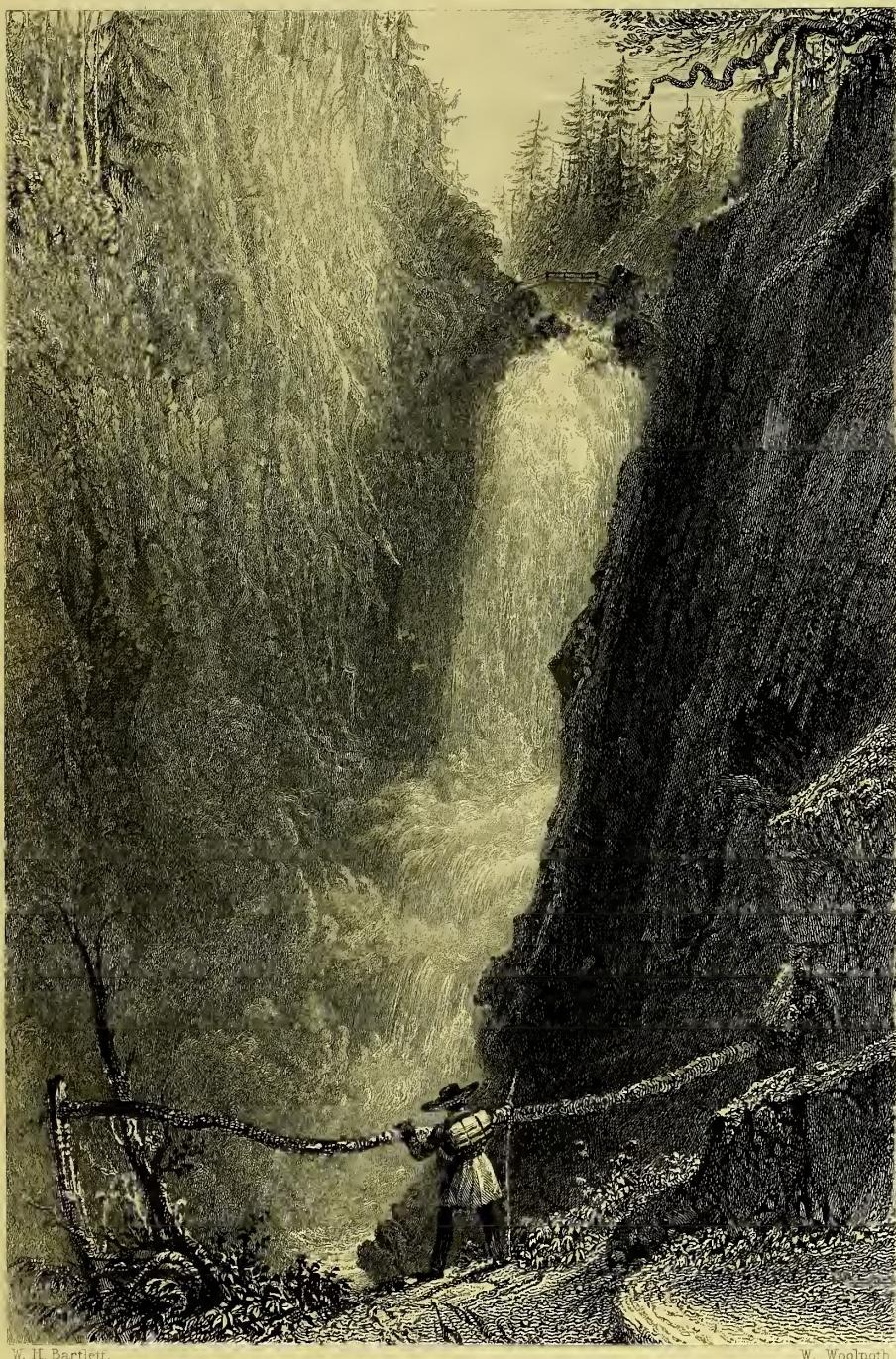
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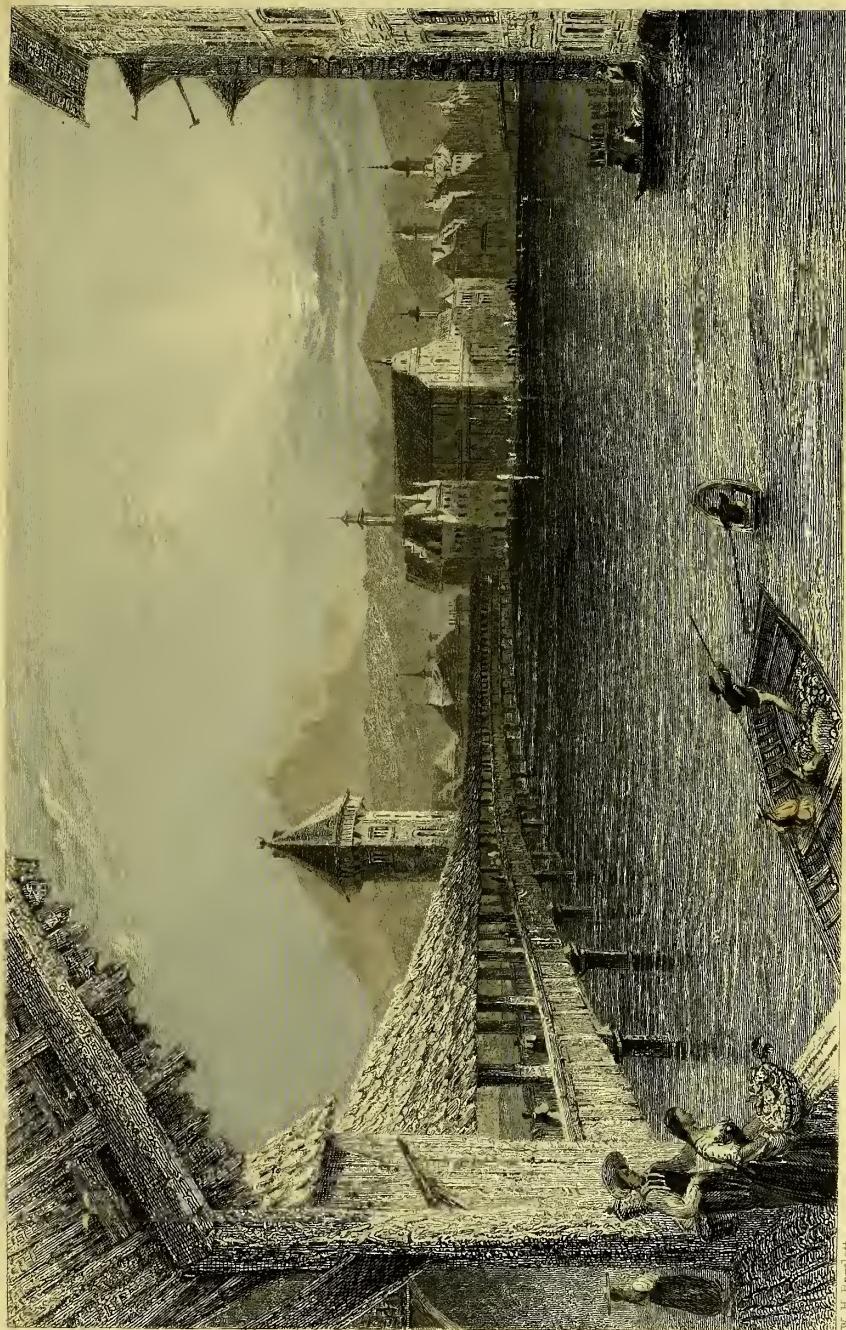


W. H. Bartlett.

W. Woolnoth

THE WATERFALL AT HAUSDAL.





W. H. Bartlett.

R. Willis

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(Pont de la Cour, Canton Fuzhou.)

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W. HILL.

1833. 12. 10. 11.

(From opposite the Villa of Lord Byron at Coligny.)

Printed for the Proprietor 25 Nov 1833. — 152.



W. F. Ferrel.



W. H. Bartlett

E. I. Roberts.

THE MARKET PLACE AT GENEVE, SWITZERLAND.

(In the Canton of Geneva.)





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W. Wallis.

THE PASS OF THE CROWN OF A

THE PASS OF THE CROWN OF A

THE PASS OF THE CROWN OF A

London, Published for the Proprietor, by
C. H. Collier, 3, St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1837.

(Pass of the Chemin.)

• IR. A. J. W. COOKSON & CO. LTD. 1837.

R. Wallis

V. H. Bartlett.





J. T. Willmore

PASSAGE OF THE CARDINALS.

(Mount Sphingen.)

PL. 11.

London. Published for the Proprietors, by Geo: Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane, 1836.



W.H. Bartlett.

W. Taylor

LIBRARY SCOTTISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

(Scene from Manfred)

Original drawing for the woodcut, after W.H. Bartlett, 1840



W. H. Bartlett.

J. C. Armytage.

RHINE. CANTON OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.
(Above the Rhine Fall at Schaffhausen.)



G. Richardson.

W. H. Bartlett.

MOUNTAIN ROSS AND THE CLEWICK.

(From the Summit of the Gheam.)

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy lane, 1830.



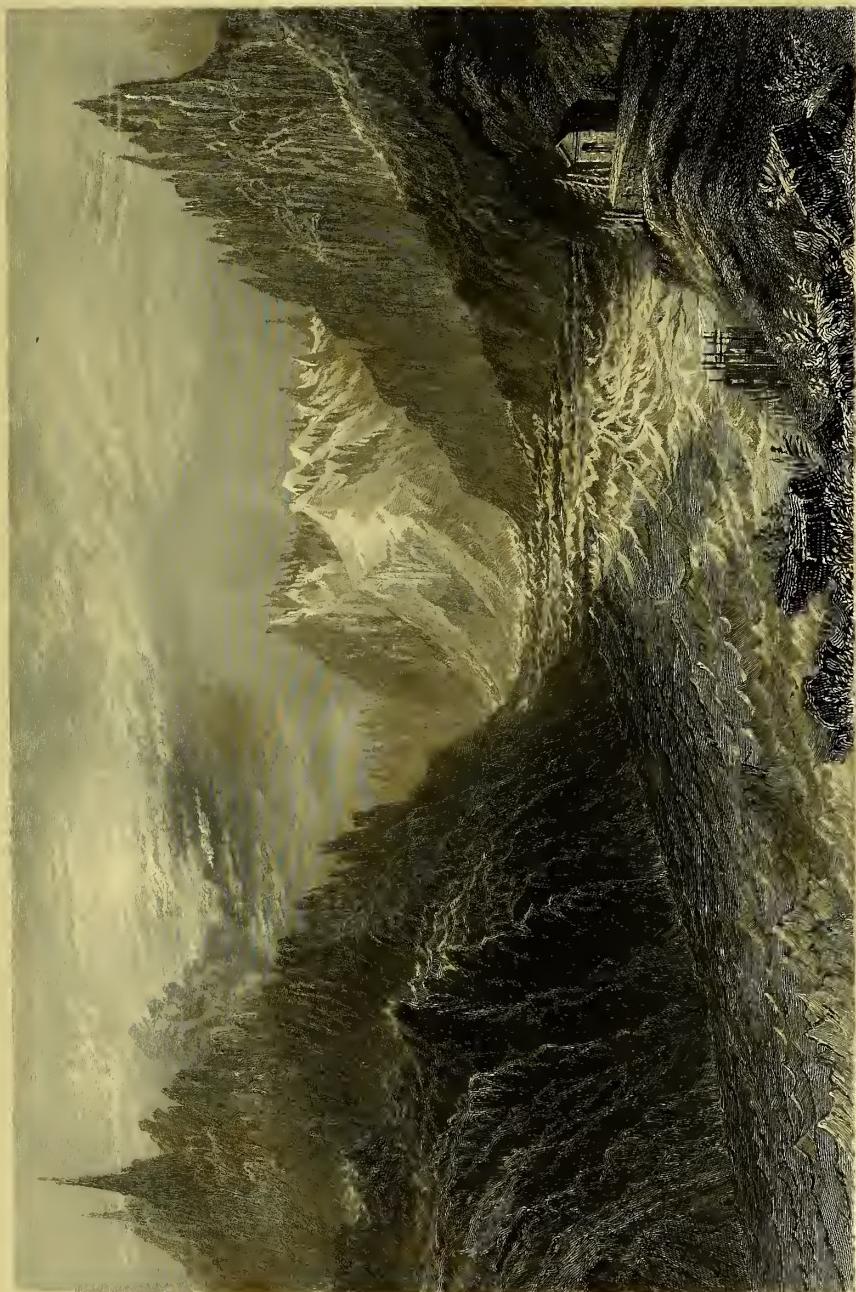
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S. T. Davis.

W. H. BARTLETT CANTON SOLEURE

(Canton Soleure.)

400.000 Engraved for the Proprietor by Geo: Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1853.



S. Fisher

W. H. Bartlett.

M E R D E G L A C I E
(Chamonix.)

Tondo: I. Bla. Let for the proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, L.C.





W. Hill.

W. H. Bartlett.

THE FALKLAND ISLES.
From the Fischart.

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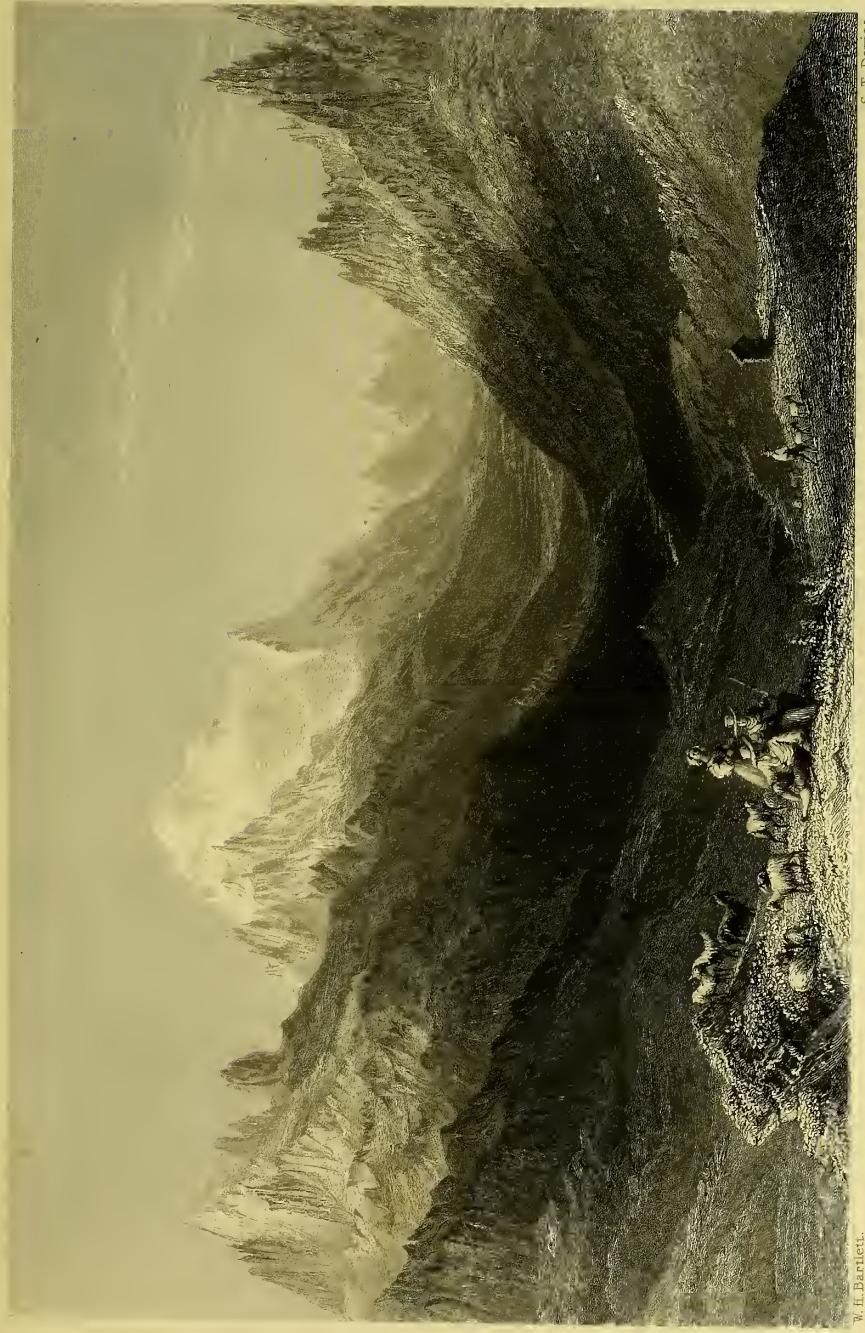


R. Wells

W. H. Bartlett.

T E L M A S C M A P E L -
(Lake of Uri.)

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane 1836.



S. T. Davies

THE COUDRE - BLAUME.

(Looking towards Chamouli.)

London. Published for the Proprietors by W. H. Worrell 26 June 1836

W. H. Bartlett.



CARTE
PHYSIQUE ET ROUTIÈRE
DE
LA SUISSE.

A MAP OF
SWITZERLAND.

COMPILED FROM THE LAST EDITIONS OF
"EXCELSIOR'S CARTE PHYSIQUE ET ROUTIÈRE DE LA SUISSE,"
"ATLAS UNIVERSALIS," AND OTHER STANDARD AUTHORITY.
THE WHOLE CAREFULLY EXAMINED AND CORRECTED UP TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SWITZERLAND ILLUSTRATED.

Scale 1:250,000
1 English Mile = 16000 French Metres
1 Swiss Mile = 12000 French Metres
1 French League = 25000 French Metres

ABBREVIATIONS.

H. Forest, St. Stock, Ap. Notary, Rv. River, Dm. Dismal,
Rd. Ferry, Mountain, Mont., S. See, L. Lake, Loc. à isoler
isolate, isoler, Is. Islet, Valley, Vallée, Bad Bath, Bains,
Br. bridge, br. bridge, il. Klein-Little, lesser, Petit



EXPLANATION OF THE SIGNS.

- Old towns of the cantons. Vieilles villes
- Towns of the 2nd class. Villes de seconde classe
- Towns of the 3rd class. Villes de troisième classe
- Villages with inns. Villages avec auberges
- Villages. Villages
- Castles. Châteaux
- Castles. Châteaux
- Remarkable points of view. Points de vue remarquables
- Edifices mount. with dates. Edifices mont. avec leurs dates
- Edifices & routes des végétations. Edifices & routes des végétations
- Cliffs & waterfalls. Cliffs & chutes d'eau

- △ Monuments. Monuments
- × Battles and combats with dates. Batailles et combats avec leurs dates
- ▼ Baths. Bains
- Gates, portes. Portes
- Ports of embarkation. Bords de rivière
- Relays. Relais
- Solitary Inn. Cabane isolée
- High roads. Grandes routes
- Common roads. Petites routes
- Foot paths. Sentiers

N. B. The figures placed over the lines indicate their elevation in feet above the sea. Elevation en pieds au dessus du niveau de la mer.

AMERICAN SCALES.

English Miles 1760 to a degree.
1 2 3 4 5 10 15 20

Swiss Miles 12 to a degree.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

French Leagues 25 to a degree.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



The town of Baden is of great local and historical interest. It was strongly fortified by the Romans; and, during the middle ages, its ancient castle became celebrated as the Rock of Baden. Here, the emperor Albert denounced vengeance against the confederates who had shaken off his yoke; and here were concerted the battles of Morgarten and Sempach. In 1415, when Duke Frederick of Austria was put under ban of the empire, and a crusade preached against him, the Swiss took advantage of this circumstance and reduced this lair of the “wounded lion” to ashes. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the municipal government reconstructed the fortifications at great expense, but which, after a short siege in 1712, were again demolished by the troops of Zurich and Berne. Two years later a congress of European powers met here, and continued its sittings from the 26th of May, till the 7th of September; when the long war of the succession in Spain terminated in a peace between Austria and France, which was proclaimed from the town house, in presence of Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars. Numerous medals and other antiquities, illustrative of this as a Roman station, have been found from time to time in the town and neighbourhood—particularly a quantity of dice, on which, no doubt, the sentinels of the “*Castellum Thermarum*” had risked many a day’s pay. During the fine season, the place is enlivened by a *corps dramatique*; balls, concerts, and excursions in the neighbourhood, afford constant amusement to the visitors, so that the Swiss Baden may vie, in many respects, with its attractive rival, the Baden of the Grand Duchy.

The Baths of Schintznach, on the Aar, have long enjoyed a celebrity little inferior to the preceding. They are also thermal springs, but from 10° to 12° lower in temperature than those named. The water is perfectly limpid at its source, but soon deposits a thick sediment on being allowed to stand exposed to the atmosphere. Every thing that contributes to the comfort and convenience of invalids, is here managed with the greatest attention: the apartments are airy, and kept with great neatness; the table served with every luxury, and the surrounding country particularly suited for exercise. Long shady avenues, when the weather is fine, and commodious porticoes, or open galleries, when less inviting, offer abundant resources to the invalid: while the neighbouring country presents innumerable attractions for the cavalier and pedestrian—such as the ruins of Hapsburg, Brugg, Königsfelden, Windisch, Baden, Wildeck, Lenzburg, and Aarau.

“How often,” says Zimmerman, “has this magnificent valley, overlooked by the ruins of Hapsburg, afforded me pure and unspeakable delight!” Here, the hills crowned with variegated woods, and undulating with verdure; there,

the impetuous Aar, rolling his torrent from the Alps—now a vast basin in the valley—then rushing precipitately over contracting rocks, and pouring his fertilizing flood through the expanded plain. On the opposite side, the Reuss, and, lower down, the Limmat, bring each their tributary waves to swell the magnificent torrent of the Aar. In the centre of this verdant scene rises the imperial sepulchre of Albert I., where many princes of the house of Austria with their retinue of nobles—a splendid death-roll—were sent to slumber by the victorious Swiss in their struggles for independence. In the distance, we discover the valley where the once flourishing Vindonissa* cherished her Roman colonies, and her Roman pomp and luxury; and where the traveller may now indulge in pathetic meditation on the perishable nature of man, and the dream-like duration of his proudest works. Beyond this magnificent country, and crowning the mountain crests, mouldering fortresses and castles—all famous in their day—recall innumerable incidents in history. Each has its dark domestic record, its heroic deeds, its fêtes, and tournaments, and sieges, to detain the stranger, and excite his imagination. Farther still, the sublime summits of the Alps take possession of the scene, and strike the eye with the boldest images of eternity.

Brugg is illustrious as the birth-place of Zimmerman, and the field of his early practice. Here, while expatiating in glowing terms upon the magnificent panorama by which he was surrounded, “still,” says he, “my eyes were instinctively cast down into the deep valley, and continually wandering to the little village where I first drew breath.” It has often shared in the triumphs and suffered in the misfortunes of war. In the middle of the fifteenth century, when Falkenstein, landgrave of Sisgau, had failed in his plot of burning the town of Aarau, he rode with some noblemen of his party through the town of Brugg, giving out among the inhabitants that they came from the camp before Zurich, and were on their way to fetch the bishop of Bâle, for the

* The present Windisch, the town of Brugg, and two other villages, now occupy part of the vast area of this once magnificent city, which, in extent, population, religious architecture, and luxurious embellishments, must have exceeded all the other Roman settlements in Helvetia. Even Aventicum, though in the day of its prosperity ten times the size of the present Avenche—and the imperial Augusta Rauracorum—the present Augst—judging from existing documents, must have been very secondary to Vindonissa in all that evinced the power and civilizing influence of a Roman colony. The vestiges of the amphitheatre, and other public buildings, prisons, or barracks, are still perceptible. Its vast fortifications extended from the castle of Baden to the borders of the Rhine, and were garrisoned by the eleventh and twenty-first legions. Statues of all the principal Roman divinities, in gold and silver, have been found at various periods, with innumerable other relics of the Cæsars, of whom Vespasian contributed largely to the embellishment of the city. Many discoveries might yet be made in the same place; but the modern structures are a great impediment to the antiquary, who values an old medal more than a new mansion.

ratification of peace. Accordingly, on the second night following, he again knocked at the gate of Brugg, saying, “We bring peace—here is the bishop—open your gates!”—shewing, at the same time, two servants in the bishop’s livery. Deceived by this stratagem, the guard withdrew the bolts, opened the gate, and in rushed Falkenstein with four hundred horsemen. The town was given up to plunder; the chief magistrate, the senators, and principal citizens, were imprisoned, and condemned to lose their heads. But in the mean time, the alarm had spread—the peasants had armed—and Falkenstein finding it necessary to retreat, set fire to the town, and dragged his prisoners to an oak forest hard by, to undergo their sentence. On reflection, however, it was deemed safer to transmute their sentence to seclusion in the rock-built fortress of Lauffenburg, which overlooks the Rhine, and there they were shut up. But one of the prisoners, Burgi Kuffer, having effected his descent from the tower by means of the bed-clothes, plunged into the river, swam ashore, and flying to Brugg, discovered the mystery of their imprisonment—for their fellow-citizens knew not that they were alive. At this intelligence, the women of Brugg, nobly contributing all that they possessed of pecuniary value, clubbed the amount, and, at a heavy ransom, succeeded at last in rescuing their husbands and lovers from the dungeon of Lauffenburg.

To Königsfelden, as the sepulchre of Albert, we have already alluded; but the tragic circumstances which gave rise to it as a religious foundation may justify a more particular notice in this place. On the death of Gessler, when freedom had been achieved for their country by the patriot Tell, and the heroes of Grutli; the Emperor felt that, unless re-established by some bold stroke, his voice and supremacy were for ever lost in Switzerland. Having so long tasted the sweets of authority, he was resolved not to resign it at the summons of a band of peasants; but collecting a powerful army, and attended by a brilliant retinue of kinsmen and nobles of his court, marched into the territory of Aargau. Amongst the number of his immediate attendants, was his nephew and ward—John, duke of Swabia—from whom, to check ambition, or to secure dependence, he had long persisted in withholding his paternal inheritance. This wrong, though deeply felt, was scrupulously concealed and silently ripened into deadly rancour. On the first of May, the emperor resumed his march from Baden, and the fatal opportunity presenting itself as they crossed the Reuss, near Windisch, the duke, by a deadly thrust, plunged his spear into the neck of his royal kinsman, exclaiming—“Such are the wages of injustice!” The blow was followed by others from those in league with him: Rudolf, Knight of Balm, transfixes the body with his lance; while

Walter of Eschenbach gave the finishing stroke by cleaving his skull. The others of the imperial retinue, struck motionless, and horrified at the spectacle, could neither apprehend nor punish the assassins. Recovering at length their presence of mind—but consulting only their personal safety—they fled precipitately from the scene, and left the murdered sovereign to expire in the arms of a poor woman who happened to be on the spot.

“ A peasant girl that royal head upon her bosom laid,
And shrinking not for woman’s dread, the face of death surveyed.
Alone she sat—from hill and wood red sank the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood—treason its worst had done!
With her long hair she vainly pressed the wounds, to stanch their tide—
Unknown, on that meek humble breast, imperial ALBERT died !”*

Such was the universal horror with which even the minds of his friends were struck at the knowledge of this atrocious crime, that the parricide, and his associates, were suffered to wander about and perish without assistance, as if the curse of every human being followed their steps. The gates of Zurich were shut against them; and even the Waldstetten, against whom the emperor had denounced such heavy vengeance, magnanimously shrank from harbouring his assassins.†

In the mean time, in conjunction with his widow, the empress Elizabeth, Leopold, duke of Austria, and Agnes, queen of Hungary—children of Albert, offered fearful sacrifices to his manes. In gratifying a blind, insatiable spirit of revenge, they slew the innocent along with the guilty, and, converting the slightest suspicion to a sentence of death, rioted in blood. Agnes, as if actuated by the very demon of revenge, caused numerous castles to be burnt to the ground; and, on one occasion, while the blood of sixty-three knights was flowing at her feet, exclaimed, “ Now am I bathing in may-dew !”

Prostrate at the feet of this royal hyena, the lady of Rudolf, Baron Von der Wart, implored the life of her husband; but her tears and shrieks of despair—his own protestations of innocence, and absence of all proof, availed her nothing. Rudolf was broken on the wheel, and exposed, while yet alive, to be devoured by vultures, and birds of prey. But even when left to expire on the rack, and writhing under the pangs of a lingering death, words of undying affection continued to drop from his lips; and were caught by his heart-broken consort, as she knelt and prayed in agony at the foot of the scaffold, till the last drops of existence were wrung from his tortured heart.

* See the beautiful poem by Mrs. HEMANS.

† The parricide, nevertheless, obtained absolution afterwards from the Pope, and entered on a saintly course of mortification in some monastery.

Her hands were clasped—her dark eyes raised ; the breeze threw back her hair ;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—all that she loved was there !
 “ And bid me not depart,” she cried ; “ my Rudolf, say not so !
 This is no time to quit thy side—peace—peace—I cannot go !
 I have been with thee in thine hour—of glory and of bliss . . .
 Doubt not its memory’s living power—to strengthen me through *this* !
 And thou, mine honoured love, and true !—bear on—bear nobly on !
 We have yon blessed heaven in view—whose rest will soon be won ! ”

And were not her’s high words to flow—from woman’s breaking heart ?
 Through all that night of bitterest woe—she bore her lofty part
 But, oh ! with such a glazing eye—with such a curdling check !
 Love—love ! of mortal agony—thou—only thou shouldst speak.
 The wind rose high, but with it rose—her voice, that he might hear :
 Perchance that dark hour brought repose—to happy bosoms near ;
 While she sat striving with despair—beside his tortured form,
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer—forth on the rushing storm.
 . . . She wiped the death-damp from his brow—with her pale hands and soft
 Whose touch upon the lute-chords low—had stilled his heart so oft.
 She spread her mantle o’er his breast—she bathed his lips with dew—
 And on his cheek such kisses pressed—as hope and joy nc’er knew !
 Oh, lovely are ye, Love and Faith ; enduring to the last
 She had her meed—one smile in death—and his worn spirit past !

MRS. HEMANS.

On the spot where, three years before, the assassination of the emperor had been perpetrated, the inexorable Agnes and her mother founded the splendid convent of Königsfelden, to which the former shortly after retired to end her days in penitence and devotion. Here, assuming the garb of meekness and humility, she endeavoured to attract pilgrims to the shrine, that all might witness and applaud this monument of her piety. But Berthold Strelbel, friar of Oftringen, struck with a pious horror of her cruelties, thus boldly addressed her :—“ Hearken to this, O woman, as the voice of heaven !—No devotion can be pure in one who imbrues her hands in the blood of innocence, and founds convents with the plunder of orphans ! ”

This costly structure, long deserted by its choir, is now converted to a bedlam-hospital. The only objects to be seen are the royal vault—where, till 1770, so many illustrious members of the house of Hapsburg were deposited ; the apartment occupied by the royal foundress ; and the choir of the abbey church, with its superb windows of stained glass—unfortunately left to decay, unless obviated by very recent improvements.

The renowned castle of Hapsburg, which crests the adjoining Wülpelsberg, is much resorted to by strangers, and commands a truly magnificent view. Parties of pleasure receive every facility and attention from the concierge, who shows the antique hall, and describes the numerous points of interest

in the panorama. It may be unnecessary to add that the present ruin—the cradle of the Austrian family—dates from the remote epoch of 1020.

Kaiserstuhl, the ancient Forum Tiberii, and another of the numerous fine points of view in this canton, is built at the foot of the mountain—its walls washed by the Rhine—and, till 1817, communicated with the opposite bank by a bridge, which was swept down by the inundations of that year. It is surrounded by a country of corn and wine, and in point of situation is superb.

Lauffenburg is chiefly remarkable for the cataract of that name, where the boats descending the Rhine are lowered by means of ropes, and thus continue their course through the rapids with safety. Here, in December 1795, the present Duchess d'Angoulême rested several hours, after the exchange of state prisoners, which placed her—"the orphan daughter of a martyred line"—under the protection of Austria. It is the scene of various adventures and catastrophes. In this town, as above stated, the magistrates of Brugg were imprisoned by Falkenstein, till the escape of Kuffer from one of its windows led to their release.

Rheinfelden, once so strong in its natural position and fortifications, was dismantled by the French in 1744; and, during the previous wars, had suffered many disasters. But the stratagem by which it was taken possession of by Grünenberg, in 1448, is probably less known. This nobleman—to whom Austria, as an indemnification for the destruction of his castle, had given the town of Rheinfelden without consulting the good-will of the inhabitants—entered into compact with Rechberg and Falkenstein, (the incendiary of Aarau, and author of the midnight massacre at Brugg,) to gain the place by stratagem. Accordingly, on a Sunday morning of November the same year, a barge of considerable burden, which had descended the Rhine laden with wood, arrived during divine service, and dropt anchor in front of the town. On board of this vessel were several men, seemingly peasants, dressed in long grey frocks, who gave out that they were on their return from a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln, and only intended to halt a few hours in the town for refreshment. Thus admitted, under the sacred character of devotees, they passed the gates; but no sooner was this step accomplished, than they threw off their frocks, and appeared in full armour. The panic occasioned by such momentary transformation paralysed resistance. They rushed upon the guard-house, struck down or disarmed the sentinels, despatched the tax-gatherers, and spread consternation through the street. At the same moment one hundred and twenty of their associates sprang from beneath the timber with which the barge was seemingly laden, and rushed through the gate to support their comrades. The unarmed and terrified citizens

fled, or fell under the merciless swords of the assassins. The altars were crowded with despairing votaries—the shrieks of women—the screams of children—the peals of the tocsin—and the shouts and execrations of the robbers, formed an awful contrast with the matin service in which the peaceable inhabitants had just been engaged. Staggered by the sudden irruption of armed brigands, the men of the town made no attempts to arrest their progress: but, as their brothers fell around them, their nerves were restrung—blood called for blood—and arming themselves with whatever weapons fell in their way, they rushed to the repulse. But now the conflict was necessarily brief: for Grünenberg, who had lain in ambush on the landside, suddenly stormed the gate, and, throwing six hundred well-armed men into the place, overpowered all resistance, and delivered up the town to indiscriminate carnage and plunder. The particulars attending this massacre of a defenceless population were of the most revolting description. Driven from their dwellings, and plundered of every thing valuable, the families who escaped were received with great humanity at Basle, and lodged in the public hospital and inns. Here the cold-blooded outrage kindled such a spirit of indignation in favour of the Rheinfelders, that a strong force was instantly mustered, and marched off to make reprisals, which they speedily effected. At Hesinghen they overtook, and completely routed Rechberg and Falkenstein—recovered a portion of the booty, and burnt to the ground several castles which had served as the strongholds of these titled robbers. By the treaty of peace which ensued, Rheinfelden was restored to Austria; and the nobles, who had now fortified themselves in it, compelled to quit the town—a summons, however, which they contrived to evade till every thing valuable had been removed—the doors, windows, and stoves demolished—and nothing left for their successors but the bare walls.

Continuing our route towards Basle, the frontier line is flanked by the two small villages of Augst, covering the right and left banks of the Ergolz, and attracting the antiquary by the history of their splendid origin. Here stood the capital of the Rauraci—the Augusta Rauracorum of Latin authors—one of the most flourishing Roman settlements on this side the Alps, and only second, probably, to that of Vindonissa. Its situation, at the conflux of the Rhine and Ergolz, was peculiarly favourable to mercantile pursuits, and for the maintenance of that authority to which the neighbouring country had yielded such reluctant obedience. Time and barbarism, however, have unfortunately left few monuments as existing testimony of the luxury to which it had attained; but enough remains to justify the received opinion of its early importance in the rank of cities. The ruins of the ancient amphitheatre were many years ago converted

into beautiful walks, under the taste and direction of M. Brenner, who also succeeded in forming a very interesting and extensive cabinet of Roman antiquities found on the spot. The environs are fertile and picturesque.

CITY AND CANTON OF BASLE.

THE canton of Basle holds the eleventh station in the Helvetic Confederacy, with a territory of ten leagues long by eight broad. The surface of the country is hilly, intersected by rich valleys, and traversed from south-east to north-west by the Jura. At the restoration of peace, the Congress of Vienna granted considerable accessions to this canton from the ancient bishopric of Basle. The population at the present time is estimated at about fifty thousand, including a proportion of about five thousand Catholics. The form of government is very similar to that of the canton which we have just described.* It recognizes no hereditary titles or privileges, but maintains a perfect equality in all that relates to political freedom and the administration of the laws. All ecclesiastical affairs are managed by a synod, with a moderator at their head, who has the title of Antistes, and in all respects similar—the office of high-commissioner excepted—to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The city of Basle, in point of extent and accommodation, might serve as a metropolis for the whole confederacy. But the modern population is much inferior to its ancient census; and many noble edifices, the residence of former affluence, are now either deserted, or have been converted to warehouses and other purposes very different from their original destination. The town itself awakens many pleasing associations in the traveller's mind. As the early asylum of letters, and the sanctuary of religious toleration, it enjoys many high testimonials; and although so much shrunk from its original proportions, has still in its moral and political institutions enough to command respect, and interest every philanthropic inquirer. Its political constitution has undergone various changes and modifications, according to the influence of passing events.

At that period of revolutionary violence which shook and unsettled—where it did not entirely dissolve—so many of the oldest governments in Europe,

* The contingent in men is 904: in money, 20,450 francs: the *colours* of the canton, black and white. These contingents, however, are all subject to annual revision, and modified according to circumstances.

princes, nobles, and priests, were driven in terror from their country in quest of foreign protection. Many of these exiles came to Switzerland, where, as in other countries, opinions were much divided respecting the part they were called upon to espouse. The name of liberty was painted in colours too fascinating not to dazzle and mislead many; and the subject too speciously argued not to make some converts even among those who were best qualified to detect the imposture. Even in the streets of Basle, the spurious divinity gained daily proselytes: for the inhabitants, long dissatisfied with their ancient government, and incensed at the recent prohibition issued by the prince-bishop against their legal assemblies, readily encouraged any doctrine which promised them emancipation, and yielded to revolutionary impulse. The bishop appealed to the cantons; but these manifesting a reluctance to interfere, he carried his appeal to the Austrian court, and thence obtained the necessary supply of troops, but which were admitted with some difficulty within the limits of the Confederacy. The bishop having thus recovered his authority, many of those suspected of favouring the new political doctrine were either banished or exposed in the pillory. Rengger, who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious on the occasion, took refuge in Alsace. The bishop's reinstatement, however, was of short duration. The following year, the troops of France took possession of the city, expelled the Austrian garrisons, and forced the bishop to retire to Bienne, where no permanent asylum being offered him—but, on the contrary, a strong feeling of disgust manifested on all hands—he was compelled to seek refuge in another territory, and abandon a station which, by more conciliatory measures, and a less wanton abuse of authority, he might have preserved. Rengger, late chancellor of the bishopric, whose frankly expressed disapprobation of Austrian interference—as a direct violation of the treaty—had caused his temporary expulsion, now returned; and, with a zeal sanctioned by passing events in France, hoisted the cap of liberty at Pruntrut, where the communes formally abjured all fealty to the bishop and the German empire, and restored the ancient name of Rauracia to their new-formed republic. The fresh constitution, however, carried within it the discordant elements of its own dissolution; and after a short but stormy existence of three months, was incorporated with the territory of France. The events that followed need not be particularized.*

But it is in her literary rather than in her military archives that the reader

* Here peace was concluded between France and Prussia; and in 1796, the Archduke Charles took his station on the hill of Octlingen to direct the operations against Huningen; and here also, in 1816, the three allied sovereigns passed the Rhine.

must look for whatever is of most interest in the history of Basle. Here the pacific votary of science has often found shelter and encouragement. The names of Bernouilli, Euler, Mecheln, Iselin, Haas, Holbein, and many others, have entailed a classic celebrity upon the city which no political change can impair. Erasmus, though a native of Holland, resided many years in Basle. Wherever literature and science have been encouraged, they seem to leave a halo upon the spot which nothing can remove;—like the site of some venerable temple, which—*independent of passing events, and so long as a stone of that temple remains—is still sacred ground.*

In walking through the streets of Basle* the number of fountains is a new and pleasing feature to a stranger; and the more so, as it combines utility with elegance, and harmonizes well with our ideas of social refinement and its consequences—the embellishments of art. But the town itself, though possessing many edifices of an imposing exterior, borders too closely upon the territories of France and Germany to show much that is peculiarly Swiss in aspect or character. In its triple claim, as a sharer in some of the peculiarities of each, it exhibits, in manners as in architecture, the ease and gaiety of France with the stately, and often sombre, Gothic of Swabia; and presenting the features of each in succession, the country to which it belongs seems almost a matter of conjecture. It looks like a stranger lately arrived in a new colony, who, although he may have adopted the dress and manners of those among whom he has come to reside, wears still too much of his old costume to pass for a native, and too little to be received as an entire stranger.

Although not equally happy in other points of taste, the coiffure of the fair portion of the citizens is simple, neat, and becoming. It consists of a bow of broad black ribbon, fixed so as to project a little from the crown of the head, and allow the vandyked extremities to fall half-way down the forehead. The very simplicity of this renders it effective, and communicates,

* The city is divided into two portions, great and little, which communicate by the bridge. On the stone tower over the archway, facing the right bank of the Rhine, the traveller may observe a figure with its tongue thrust ludicrously out of its mouth; and if he inquires of the next person he meets the meaning of such indecorous expression, the answer is—that “the statue never addresses itself in this manner to any but those who come from *Little Basle*;” and if he has time, he may hear the following reason.—In former times, Great and Little Basle were not always on terms of the most friendly understanding. It happened, therefore, that the latter, unable to cope with its more powerful rival in open warfare, laid a secret scheme, by which Great Basle was to be entered by stratagem, and cleverly surprised in the dead of night! But this scheme being detected and frustrated in its intentions, the inhabitants of Great Basle, in whimsical commemoration of the event, caused a figure to be placed above the archway, looking over to Little Basle, with the tongue lolling out as described, in derision of so contemptible an enemy. The inhabitants of Little Basle, it is said, would gladly have this insolent tongue removed; but the citizens of Great Basle still enjoy the jest, and insist upon keeping the facetious organ in its place.

even to an indifferent face, an interest which a more elaborate display would entirely frustrate. It seems, as far as it extends at least, an apt illustration of the “*simplex munditiis*.” The ladies, nevertheless, show a decided preference for bright colours, and indulge the innocent partiality whenever it is not expressly forbidden by the sumptuary law. The character of the citizens in general is that of frank hospitality and a refined taste.

The square of the cathedral, like its venerable pile,* is a central point of attraction, and generally the first to which strangers are conducted. The terrace, planted with luxuriant lime and chestnut trees, commands a prospect which, although less Alpine than those where we have lately paused, is peculiarly rich in every embellishment which a long course of prosperity seldom fails to throw over the face of a country—more particularly where it possesses features like those of Basle, and the grand duchy of Baden. But the imposing view which is here thrown open by the expanded Rhine—rolling at a depth of two hundred feet below the terrace, and presenting a breadth of one thousand three hundred feet—excludes more distant objects, and, at first sight at least, absorbs the whole attention. Numerous boats, and rafts with their little isolated colonies, are seen floating with, or pulling against, the stream; others anchored, loading or discharging in the basin; while, along the banks, Swiss and Swabian, numerous villas, gardens, and summer-houses, give life to the picture, and pleasing evidence of the easy circumstances and even opulence by which the citizens of Basle are thus enabled to indulge their love of nature and correct taste.

Next to this, the best view is from the Swabian side of the river, or from the centre of the bridge—the latter point is peculiarly fine by moonlight, and presents at all times a favourable view of the long margin of grotesque, massy buildings—one of which is the principal inn—whose bulwarks and balconies spring, seemingly, from the bed of the river, and, in some places, look as if they were ready to plunge, with their evening groups, into the channel beneath. In the fine season the fruit and flower gardens are much frequented by evening parties; while others, accompanied with bands of music, spend the twilight on the water, chanting at intervals their native strains of heroism and romance.

The University of Basle, the only institution of that extent in Switzerland, enjoys a reputation of long standing in the republic of letters. Great exertions are now in progress to confer upon it a still higher name, by introducing into

* Beyond the circumstance of its containing the tomb of ERASMUS, the cathedral, though very ancient, has little of paramount interest. In the great hall, attached to it, the ECUMENIC COUNCIL was held in the fifteenth century. The tombs of Ecolampadius, and Anne of Hapsburg, are also among its sepulchral antiquities.

the course of lectures those subjects which the philosophy and science of more modern times have rendered indispensable to a liberal education. In furtherance of these patriotic views, professors, of acknowledged talents and experience, have begun their labours, and, from the progress already made, we may freely venture to predict will speedily establish the claim of Basle as a favourite seat of the muses. The library of the University, including that of Erasmus, is estimated at thirty thousand volumes, besides various MSS. relating to the council of Basle—the last which supported its own free prerogative against transalpine despotism. With these it unites a Museum, well stored with antiquities and curiosities; and among the latter several paintings by Holbein.

In the Arsenal much warlike harness is shown—particularly that of Charles the Bold—in whom it is observed that courage was a fatal vice, and cowardice would have been a virtue.

The suburbs and soil around Basle are particularly rich and productive; and it would be difficult to point out a situation so well adapted for commercial industry. The town is healthy, and, with the aid of its fountains and descent towards the river, is kept remarkably clean and wholesome. During the ravages of the black-death, which swept off such multitudes, even from the pure atmosphere of Switzerland, it suffered to a fearful amount. The preceding winter having been unprecedently mild, the trees, grass, and fruits, were covered with venomous worms and caterpillars, and the fields overrun with mice. On the last visitation the mortality continued upwards of twelve months, when it was checked by the return of a severe winter.

In 1610, a similar pestilence, introduced, as it was supposed, by merchandize from the Levant, carried off four thousand citizens of Basle, and, penetrating through the adjoining cantons, committed fearful ravages in the towns and villages.*

The streets of Basle, as well as the principal thoroughfares leading through the canton, present an appearance of great commercial activity; and this

* In Obwalden alone, 280 victims were consigned to one grave; 5,000 perished in Zurich; and out of the comparatively thin population of Glaris, 2,000 more. In Thurgau, the deaths amounted to 33,584; whole villages were depopulated—and of the entire population, at least one fourth fell a sacrifice to the pestilential scourge. It is remarkable, as already stated in a former page, that the subterraneous gorge and baths of Pfeffers were wholly exempted from the horrors of the black-death, and afforded an inviolable sanctuary during the whole period of its destructive progress.—(For particulars, see the Swiss historians.) Some account of the extent to which the late cholera imitated its dismal prototype, will be found in the course of the present work.—It will not be thought surprising, that among a people always ready to extract some pleasing or painful memorial from every passing event, the black-death should have furnished the French soldier with two or more new and characteristic forms of imprecation, which have survived even the Revolution.

acquires a still more imposing character from the magnificent river, which floats innumerable barges, and at this point becomes the great, uninterrupted, medium of intercourse with Holland. Of the numerous manufactures, which here give scope to the spirit of native enterprise, the silk-trade is by far the most flourishing and lucrative, and gives constant employment to a great portion of the inhabitants. The export of wine is also very considerable; and during the fairs, held here in the beginning of October, the streets and suburbs of Basle afford one of the most attractive and animated pictures to be met with in any part of the continent.

Without adverting to the very recent events which interrupted for a time the harmony of the place—but which, like sparks that indicated an approaching conflagration, were happily subdued—we proceed to take a survey of the Field of St. James*—a field with which the heroic records of Switzerland are proudly identified.

At the period when the arms of the Confederacy were fully occupied by the siege of Zurich, and in storming the fortified castle of Farnsburg—the strong hold of Falkenstein, to whose atrocious conduct we have already adverted—a vast body of troops, amounting to thirty thousand, suddenly appeared in sight of Basle.

They were under the command of the dauphin of France, and had been hastily assembled in support of the emperor, whose wars in other parts having weakened his means of defending Zurich, left it exposed to severe and accumulating privations. This army was composed of all those heterogeneous materials which the Comte d'Armagnac had drawn from England,† and other countries, to bear arms against France; and when subsequently disbanded, had overrun the country in marauding enterprises, under the name of Armagnacs. Although weakened by insubordination, still desperation supplied the place of discipline, and fitted them for any enterprise that held out the hopes of plunder, and the means of gratifying their dissolute propensities.

The appearance of this armed multitude, which hung like a thundercloud over the city of Basle, struck the citizens with dismay. Expresses were instantly forwarded to the camp before Zurich, to crave advice and assistance. But their brother confederates, either mistrusting the reputed numbers of the enemy, or despising their character, ordered a detachment of only six hundred men to march for the protection of Basle. “These poltroons,” said they,

* The field of Dornach is another scene where the Swiss arms were victorious, and finally consolidated their native independence.

† The English contingent, in this instance, is reported at eight thousand men.

"are only fit for plunder—worshippers of Bacchus, and not Bellona. Shew them what the Swiss are!" And with this brief commission, the six hundred proceeded by forced marches to Basle, where they were joined by nine hundred of those employed in the reduction of Farnsburg, so as to constitute a body of one thousand five hundred men, for the protection of the frontier against thirty thousand! No time was to be lost; the enemy had already planted its standard on the plains of Munchenstein; the frontier was violated, and the Swiss flew to repulse the aggressors. Night passed away in mutual forbearance; the enemy relied on their numbers—the Swiss on their perfect union of heart and sword. At dawn, eight thousand of the enemy advanced, and the conflict began. The French cavalry, led on by the knights, charged the Swiss columns with desperate impetuosity; but not a man flinched from his post—wherever the shot or the lance struck, there they fell. But the gap was instantly filled up; and the impenetrable phalanx continued to advance, and to retaliate in such fearful earnest, that the Armagnacs were driven back upon their entrenchments, leaving many of their best in the field.

Following up their advantage, the Swiss carried the first entrenchments; and, strewing their path with victims, pressed so hard upon the enemy's advance-guard, that they rushed precipitately into the river Birs,* in the hope of forming into line on the opposite bank, and annihilating their pursuers. But the warm reception had both weakened their strength, and damped their courage, while it gave fresh edge to that of the Swiss.

The citizens of Basle, anxiously watching every manœuvre from their battlements, and wound up to enthusiastic ardour at the unparalleled daring of the handful of men who thus slew and repulsed thousands, rushed to their assistance—but with the hope of securing their safe retreat into the city, not of continuing a combat which the vast disparity of numbers rendered so apparently hopeless for the Swiss. But such a proposal was felt as an indignity; and the gallant band plunging into the river, swam stoutly across, under a heavy fire from the artillery; then scaling the steep banks, and dashing through the line, attacked the enemy in his last and strongest position.

Every brigade was now in motion, and threatened to crush the confederates as they approached. The combat became general. The Alsatian horse made several desperate efforts to break through the Swiss phalanx, but their serried spears presented an impregnable hedge in front, while their two-handed swords, iron clubs, and ponderous maces, did such deadly execution in flank,

* In 1812-13, a fearful inundation of this deep and rapid stream did great damage to the country, and occasioned the loss of several lives.

that the steel-clad mass was driven back upon its reserve in shame and discomfiture. The rattling of the Swiss blades upon the French armour resembled the welding-hammers of some vast forge in fierce and incessant operation ; while the blood that gushed through their mail-of-proof added fearful testimony to the blows. In vain the French invoked their patron of chivalry—the English the spirit of their heroic ancestors—the Swabian his saints—the Austrian his revenge—and threw themselves in dense columns upon the Swiss. Still the torrent flowed on, and as it flowed, bore down all before it. Then dividing into three several branches, carried destruction through the centre, and swept off the resisting flanks to right and left.

The conflict had already continued from day-break till noon, but still the victory was contested with unabated fury. The rudely-formed cannon of the time, blazed and thundered on the right. The heavy mailed cavalry, encumbered by their own strength, charged, plunged, and recoiled, before the shock of the Swiss spears. The infantry, armed with bows and battle-axes, and spears, and arquebusses, committed fearful havoc among the wavering columns. As their heavy masses still advanced, and were still mown down, the barrier between the combatants formed a mound of the dead and dying, over whose yet warm bodies they grappled with a ferocity which equally denied and scorned the proffer of quarter. The flags of Berne, Basle, and Soleure, were still waved in defiance, and borne with fearful slaughter through the enemy's ranks, while the standards of France and Austria were alternately struck down, and raised by fresh bearers.

Two Swiss kinsmen having been drawn into an isolated position, where they were exposed at once to eight of the enemy, one of them sank under the accumulated blows of the Armagnacs, who were already in the act of wantonly mutilating the body, when the other, rushing forward, levelled the ruffians with his battle-axe, threw the body upon his shoulder, and bore it off to a place where it would be safe from insult. Returning to the scene of action, and offering a last sacrifice to the manes of his friend, he fell gloriously with his comrades.

The Swiss had now, at the point of the sword, hewn their way into the very centre of the enemy ; but who, surrounding them on all sides, succeeded at last in cutting them into two divisions—one of which resolutely continued the struggle back to back in the plain, while the other, entrenching itself within the walls and burial ground of St. James's Hospital, renewed the combat with a vigour and effect which staggered their assailants, and added fearfully to the slaughter. Already the death-roll of the enemy had thrice outnumbered the whole Swiss force ; but fresh troops were still poured in, and the ranks of the Confederates,

relieved by no similar aid, had now dwindled to a mere handful of men;—but these, neither giving nor accepting quarter, continued the struggle, and fell where they stood. Thrice they repulsed the enemy's charge, and twice they rushed into the thickest of the *melée* with the desperation of men resolved to conquer or perish. But treachery and stratagem were now at work. Already the flames had caught the church and hospital, and in a few minutes the conflagration was at its height. Seized with momentary consternation at this unlooked-for calamity, the wreck of the Swiss was driven from its position. The walls were broken down, and the enemy, rushing in at every gap, and placing them betwixt the conflagration of the building, brought the heroic Swiss to bay. Not a man was left, or surrendered—all died on the spot—ninety-nine in the flames, the rest by the sword, and after a conflict of ten hours. Out of the fifteen hundred, ten only are reported to have saved themselves by flight. But so heinous was this offence in the eyes of their countrymen, that they were stigmatized as utterly unworthy of the heroic band who had shed their blood in the cause—treated as outcasts—and excluded from all participation in the honours bestowed upon the dead.*

At the close of the battle, one of the Armagnac leaders, Burkhard Münch, of Auenstein, while riding with other knights to view the scene of carnage, took a ferocious pleasure in pointing out with insulting raillery the wounded and lifeless bodies of the Swiss.—“Now,” said he, “I feel, in spurning their base-born clay, that my vows are complete—the very grass dyed with their blood seems a path of *roses!*” He had hardly finished the sentence, when a stone, launched with expiring effort from the hand of Arnold Schik, one of the wounded Swiss, shattered his skull, and hurled him to the earth.—“There—there!” said Arnold, with a faint convulsive shout, “now smell me the ‘roses’ thou protest of, and tell me their scent!”

The dauphin, Louis, not daring to advance in an expedition which had received so dreadful a check, remained on the field of battle; for an alarm had reached him that the siege of Zurich was raised, and the Confederates on their march to support the efforts of the day with their entire force. “By the cross of St. Denys,” said he, “those be men whom I had much rather meet as friends than foes. To cultivate their acquaintance on such terms as we have done to-day, would be too expensive; so we will take our leave for the present

* This battle was fought on the 26th of August, 1444.—On the woody height near Basle, 4,000 Austrians were again routed in 1499, by 1,000 Swiss; and soon afterwards, in the same district, 15,000 of the former, by 6,000 Confederates. In the last instance, the prince of Fürstenberg, and 3,000 Austrians, were left dead on the field. This was the battle of Dornach, to which we have already adverted.—See ZSCHOKKE.

—one more such victory, and we are lost.” Full of a chivalrous feeling of respect for the Swiss, the Dauphin accordingly retired upon Ensisheim, where a peace was shortly after concluded between France and the Confederates.

CANTONS OF SOLEURE AND NEUCHATEL.

“ Que d’objets rassemblés dans ce frais paysage !
 Le fleuve en son heureux passage
 Refléchit de ses bords la fertile beauté.
 Que le ciel est serein ! quel calme dans les champs !
 Que ces sites sont doux ! que ces lieux sont touchants ! ”

THE canton of Soleure, or Solothurn—distinguished as the tenth in the Confederation—extends between the Jura and the Aar, over a space of twelve leagues in length, by ten in breadth. It is divided into two districts—the higher and lower. The latter, watered by the Aar, and numerous inferior rivers, presents a scene of great fertility; and with the exception of that portion of the plain immediately above the city, which is rather marshy, is covered with fruit-trees, forests, wheat-fields, and meadows. The higher district, formed by that part of the Jura which traverses the canton from S. W. to N. E., is intersected by numerous valleys, through which roads, embracing a profusion of picturesque scenery, and opening upon numerous ruined fortresses of the olden time, communicate with the territory of Basle, and the Rhenish border. The most remarkable among these feudal ruins are those of Thierstein, Frobourg, and Falkenstein—to the last of which we have lately adverted in the history of its lord.

The highest points in this district of the Jura are the Hasenmatt, the Rothi, and Vinde—about two thousand feet above the Aar—all calcareous, and abounding in shells and petrifications. Besides the Aar, the principal rivers are the Emme, the Donneron, and the Lusel. The lakes are only two in number, small, and in no respect remarkable. The cattle fed in the mountain pasture* are among the finest in Switzerland, and are now estimated at upwards of twenty thousand. The Soleure ox is of a breed peculiar to the canton, and fetches a high price in the market. In the quality and abundance of its

* It is in this canton, near the ruins of Falkenstein, that the celebrated Geisskäse, or goat-milk cheese, is prepared.

produce, this canton may be considered as one of the most fertile in Switzerland. Though little cultivated, the vine, in certain aspects, thrives luxuriantly; while fruit, and every kind of grain, are produced in abundance. For some time past, great pains have been taken to improve the meadows by irrigation, and the arable by a free adoption of those means which the study of agriculture has more recently thrown open; and in no other canton of Switzerland, in proportion to its population, are so many hands employed in rural labour. The principal sources of revenue are the horse and cattle markets, fire-wood, marble, the transport of merchandise, the iron mines of the canton, and cotton manufactories. The annual revenues of the state amount to two hundred thousand Swiss francs.

The sovereign and legislative power is exercised by the great Council, consisting of one hundred and one members, from whom the lesser council of twenty-one is elected, and charged with the executive authority. To be eligible to the first of these, the candidate must have completed his twenty-fourth year, be an active citizen, free of all responsibility for the debts of others, and master of at least two thousand francs in money, or other substantial property. A father and his son, or two brothers, cannot, at the same time, be members of the lesser council, or of the same tribunal. Every eight years the lesser council is subject, under certain forms, to a strict scrutiny on the part of the greater, and thus the affairs of government are conducted with exemplary vigilance and impartiality.*

The reformed worship, now confined to one prefecture—namely, the four parishes of Bucheggberg, containing a population of four thousand—was adopted, till the battle of Cappel, in thirty-four communes, but which the fate of that day suppressed—restored the ancient rites by force of arms, and completely checked the progress of the Reformation in Soleure, where at first its doctrines had been embraced with peculiar favour. The last census states the entire population at fifty-three thousand. In 1827, the number of ecclesiastics was as one, to one hundred and fifty-two of the inhabitants—namely, ninety-eight monks, one hundred and twenty-three nuns, one hundred and twenty-seven secular priests. The town of Soleure alone, with a population of only four thousand five hundred souls, counted sixty-five ecclesiastics—a proportion of one to sixty-nine. The canton forms part of the bishopric of Basle, whose

* Since 1814, the people have been, in a great measure, excluded from any share in the administration of public affairs. The witty de Boufflers, were he alive, would no longer say of Soleure what he said in the reign of Louis XV.: “Ici le peuple fait lui-même ses lois; et le Soleurien, qu'on pend pour y avoir manqué, a le plaisir de se voir obéi par le bourreau!”

jurisdiction extends over the whole northern frontier of Switzerland, and Soleure is now the Episcopal residence.

The town of Soleure, the ancient Solodurum, is picturesquely situated about half a league from the southern flank of the Jura, and divided into two unequal parts by the rapid waters of the Aar. The church of St. Ursus, constructed little more than half a century ago, by the Italian architect, Pisoni, for the sum of one million nine hundred and twenty thousand francs, French money, is justly admired for the elegance of its design and execution, and considered as the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Switzerland. The Jesuit's Church—the Town House—the Arsenal—the Hotel of the French ambassadors, now a caserne—the Orphan Hospital—the Prison,* admirably constructed—the Theatre, and five convents, are severally deserving of attention. But that which most attracts the curiosity of strangers is the Hermitage of St. Verène, founded by an Egyptian anchorite, in the seventeenth century.

At a quarter of a league to the north of the town, and on the hill behind the charming retreat of the Hermitage, are the celebrated limestone quarries of Soleure. The method employed for blasting the rock is that of Jessop, by which, in addition to the usual charge of powder, a quantity of sand is introduced; by which means, two explosions are sufficient to separate from the solid mass, blocks of one thousand to six thousand cubic feet, and generally without their sustaining the slightest injury. Mr. Pfluger, a gentleman of science, and inhabitant of Soleure, has the credit of being the first to recommend this method to the attention of his countrymen, the result of which has been so satisfactory; and also to introduce, at his private expense, the practice in Brazil of mixing with the powder intended for use, a quantity of moistened fir saw-dust, double that of the powder, in which he has perfectly succeeded. Various blocks thus detached, of a single piece, have been formed into basins of fifteen or eighteen feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, and been transported as fountains to the remote cantons, as well as into Germany. The marble quarries of Soleure contain several varieties; that nearest the town is extremely curious on account of the petrifications and incrustations with which it is filled. The student of natural history will enjoy a great treat in visiting the cabinet formed by the Abbé Huggi, and since purchased by the town. Among the

* This is a vast improvement upon the ancient prisons of Switzerland, and combines the virtue of humanity with perfect security. The use of irons is rendered superfluous; the walls and cells are so well planned and constructed, as to prevent the possibility of escape.

more remarkable of the native petrifications here amassed—all the produce of the Jura—are several teeth of crocodiles.

The houses of the canton are of three sorts—some of stone, covered with tiles; others in stone and wood, covered with thatch; the third of stone and wood, covered with shingle, or *tavillons*. The number of the first to that of the second description is as seven to five. The second kind is met with chiefly in the plain, and the third in the mountains. In general, the houses of Soleure are inferior in size and elegance to those of Bern.

The business of public education is happily improving; and considerable attention is now evinced on the part of government to adopt the wise policy of their neighbours on this important head. The Lyceum and College, formerly under the direction of Jesuits, are now conducted by ten professors, who read lectures on theology, philosophy, logic, belles-lettres, natural history, and geography. The Public Library contains upwards of ten thousand volumes, and several curious manuscripts.

From the numerous inscriptions and other documents bearing that date, it appears that Soleure, even from the period of the Roman conquest, was a favourite residence of the higher classes. On the erection of the first christian church it became the residence of the Burgundian kings, and passed successively to the emperors of Germany, and the house of Zaringhen. During the general disorders to which the demise of Frederick II. gave rise, the burghers of Soleure took advantage of the circumstances to acquire new privileges, to conclude treaties of alliance with Bern, and to surround the town with a wall and fortifications. At this period, also, the inhabitants were divided into tribes, and shared in all the civil wars which convulsed Switzerland during the fifteenth century. The sovereign power was hereditary in a small number of families in the town, to whom all the rest, whether citizens or peasants, were subject. This oligarchy gave rise to various seditious movements, and at length to a nearly general revolt of the peasants in 1653. For a time, the patricians suffered considerable alarm and disquietude, but at length succeeded in quelling the revolt at the same time that the peasantry of Bern, who had armed in a similar cause, were reduced to submission.

The prevalence of the French language, customs, and manners, into Soleure, is attributed to its having been for so many ages the residence of the French ambassadors in Switzerland. In the town, the higher class of society is modelled after that of France, but in the rural departments and villages the inhabitants present a great diversity in costume, character, and personal appearance. At Olten, most of those features which they possess in common

with France disappear: in the south frontier they approximate closely to those of Bern, and in the opposite direction to those of Basle. The climate of the canton, with few exceptions, is healthy; and in the lower district, the temperature is mild and genial.

Among the celebrated points of view to which the attention of strangers is directed, that from the summit of the Weissenstein is by far the most remarkable, both in extent and combination. It takes precedence, indeed, over every other in the chain of the Jura, and is not surpassed by even the most celebrated among the Alps. Since the publication of Keller's Panorama, taken from this summit, the number of strangers has yearly augmented; and the inducement to visit the scene is greatly increased by the facility of making the ascent in *chars-à-bancs*. On the summit is an extensive inn, recently enlarged, at an additional expense of thirty thousand francs on the part of government, and which visitors may reach, even on foot, in two hours and a half from Soleure. It contains twenty-four apartments, forty-two beds, two public rooms, and a *salle-à-manger*, with an excellent *table d'hôte*, stables, and coach houses. Here, the milk diet and mountain air are often recommended to invalids, who resort in considerable numbers to the Weissenstein during the fine season. The view comprises the majestic development of the whole chain of Alps, over an extent of one hundred and thirty, to one hundred and forty leagues, from the Tyrolese frontier to the west of Mont Blanc; with the summit of Monte Rosa in the south, and flanked on the east with the "wild and waste Schreckhorn," the Munch, and Jungfrau. By shifting his position to the signal station on the Rothiflue, or to the Hasenmatt, the spectator will enjoy a wider and still more variegated panorama.

The Hermitage to which we have alluded is much visited by strangers; and there are few, perhaps, who would not, with slight modifications, be delighted to exchange the bustle and tumult of life for its tranquil shade, and the enjoyment of that sublime scenery in which it is embosomed. Advancing through a little valley, the hermitage presents itself at the foot of a rock; where the modern anchorite (without despising the prospect of worldly recompense) receives his guests, and conducts them with cheerful assiduity to a chapel, hewn out of the rock. Here, on every Holy Friday, the natives assemble in crowds to offer their devotions. He next conducts his pious visitors to the spot where, according to the legend, the venerable saint bound himself to a rock in order to resist the force of a torrent in which his grand adversary the devil, incensed at the purity of the hermit's life, had vainly laboured to swallow him up. Baffled in this, says the guide, he next attempted to crush him under a shower

of falling rocks—but all of which the holy man parried with such incredible adroitness, as completely to foil the demon and his works.

The historical records which apply more particularly to Soleure and its territory, are full of interest or instruction. The following traits may serve as a mirror to reflect a few characteristic features of the olden time.

As the town of Soleure had bravely supported the cause of the Confederates in most of their wars, particularly in those with Burgundy, it had established a fair claim of admission as one of the united cantons. But this measure, though recommended by Bern, was defeated by the jealousy of the small cantons. The latter, indeed, were so vehement in their objections, that the people of Soleure and Friburg generously offered to abandon the question, though, secretly, they could not forgive the insult. Mutual distrust and jealousy were at length vented in words—mutual defiance passed between them, and symptoms of an approaching convulsion were manifested.

The pastor of Stanz, grieved at the prospect of the misery which thus threatened his country, suddenly quitted home, and repaired to the solitude of Ranfttabel, to communicate the distressing news to Nicholas von der Flue, the hermit of Saxeln, in Obwalden. This holy man, having retired from his family and the world, and fixed his habitation on a solitary rock in the desert, had there spent many years in prayer and meditation, and was held in great reverence by the people for the acknowledged sanctity of his life. The hard boards of his cell served him for a couch—a stone for his pillow; and a belief was current that he had lived for years on no other nourishment than the monthly sacrament at the altar. But though now reasoning as a saint, he had felt, and could still feel, as a man; and in the war of Thurgau had displayed a valour and humanity which did equal honour to him as a Christian and a soldier. As soon as he heard from the pastor the tidings which augured so ill for his country's peace, he quitted his cell, hastened to Stanz, and presented himself in the hall of the assembled diet. At an appearance so strange and unexpected, all rose in silence; and through the coarse garb and attenuated features of the saint, could still discern the workings of a patriotic soul, and recognized the arm that once, though now trembling with age and sorrow, had been the shield of his country, and the terror of her adversaries. For an instant he stood in the midst of the assembly like a messenger charged with duties which heaven itself had imposed: then raising his voice like one who, though sent to command, was anxious to conciliate and persuade, exhorted them in the name of Him who had so often given them and their fathers the victory, to bury their mutual resentment, and restore that fraternal spirit of concord which thus far

had rendered their arms invincible. “United,” he said, “ye have become prosperous at home—respected and feared abroad: would ye now forego that glorious reputation and privilege for a disputed share in the plunder of Burgundy?* Let not the surrounding states, I conjure you, imagine for an instant that our internal harmony is interrupted, or that our domestic differences are to favour their own perfidious designs. Let the towns generously forego those privileges which are obnoxious to the ancient Confederates. Let mutual forbearance produce mutual reconciliation! Let the old cantons reflect how bravely the citizens of Friburg and Soleure have seconded them in the hour of battle, and receive them into the bosom of the Confederacy. But beware—beware of extending too widely the boundary which encircles you; shun foreign quarrels—avoid party spirit—and spurn the ignoble thought of bartering your country's good for the stranger's gold. Union is the soul and source of freedom—dissension the rock on which it is split; and having tasted the sweets of independence, how would ye relish the bitterness of bondage?”

Such was the effect of this patriotic harangue, that, in a single hour, all cause of dissension had vanished—a new light broke in upon the assembly, and the same day both Soleure and Friburg were welcomed into the Confederacy.† The great object of his pious errand thus accomplished, the hermit returned to his solitude, the deputies to their respective cantons, and all to their duty. Mutual confidence and mutual kindness were reestablished in every dwelling, and from the Alps to the Jura the bells proclaimed the joyful tidings of peace and reconciliation.

Soleure has on more than one occasion been providentially saved from the severest of all calamities, midnight treason and massacre. The following is an instance: Count Rudolph, of Kyburg,—whose mountain fortress of Bipp was situated at a short distance from the town, and which he had received in fee from the Counts of Thierstein,—observed with deep regret the alienation, through fault of his predecessors, of so large a portion of his family possessions; for, at that time, Thur and Aarberg had fallen as mortgages into the hands of Bern. By virtue of some rights, real or imaginary, he advanced a claim on Soleure, and flattered himself, that, by stratagem or force, he might regain possession of all those places. With this view, he clandestinely mustered abettors on all sides, and designed, amidst the darkness of the night, to surprise and take possession of

* A spirit of distrust and animosity had discovered itself among them respecting the allotment of the booty captured in Burgundy, as well as on the question of admitting Soleure and Friburg into the Confederacy.—*Szchokke.*

† Dec. 22, 1481.

Soleure. His uncle, the prior of the church of St. Ursus, became a party in the stratagem. The conspirators were to enter through the house of one of the canons, and the alarm-bell to be carefully muffled. Every thing being arranged, and the night having closed in, the hostile party were advancing in silent confidence against the town. A peasant, however, who had watched their mysterious movements, posted off to the town, and revealed the murderous project to the sentinel at the gate. On the first impulse of alarm, they flew to ring the tocsin, but this was a fruitless attempt; the bell was too carefully muffled, and too pious, to betray the prior. They next rushed into the street, and by voice and gesture apprising the citizens of their danger, summoned them to the walls. In an instant the whole population flew to arms—some half dressed—others as they had slept—but all armed with whatever weapon came first to hand. In a few minutes the slumbering city was transformed into a bustling camp; the walls were manned, and Kyburg observing at a distance the watch-lights, and the flitting of troops, was struck with consternation at the detection of his plot, and hastily retraced his steps. The treacherous prior, who had thus sold his fellow-citizens to the sword of Kyburg, was briefly summoned to his account, and sentenced to be quartered. To John Rott, the peasant who had been the guardian angel of the place, and to the eldest in the family of his descendants, it was resolved that the town should present annually, and for ever, a new coat of *red and white*—the colours of Soleure—as a perpetual acknowledgment of his fidelity. Kyburg, it may be added, did not long survive the defeat of his murderous project; but, stripped of his possessions, and all his resources exhausted, terminated his life in disgrace.

Of the natives of Soleure more generally known by their valour and patriotism, we may mention Greder, one of the Swiss officers in the service of France, in the seventeenth century. Charged by the king with the defence of Aire, then closely besieged by the Spaniards, he continued to sustain the assault and repulse the enemy till a great portion of the garrison and citizens had fallen victims to the famine which ensued.* Money had entirely disappeared; but Greder, to pay his soldiers, caused his own plate to be melted and converted into money, and soon after fell himself a victim to the hardships which he had so unspuriously shared with his brothers in arms. After his death, the few of the Swiss regiment who survived the capitulation were permitted to retire with the honours of war.

* A dog sold for twenty-two livres—a cat for twelve; and when every thing else had disappeared, the soldiers were reduced to the miserable necessity of boiling the leather of their accoutrements, to appease the cravings of hunger.

Haffner, author of the " Chronicle of the Canton of Soleure," was a long time Chancellor of the Senate; but being struck with total blindness undertook that history as a solace and occupation during the misfortune which thus withdrew him from the active business of life. Being well versed in every work relating to the history of his native canton, and acquainted with every source of authentic information, as well as gifted with an extraordinary memory, to him the work was one of little difficulty. The labour of composition was still farther lightened by the affectionate care of his daughter, who, like a second Antigone, served him as guide in all his excursions, and as amanuensis at home. Like the daughters of the " blind baron," Sir Richard Maitland,* and the inspired Milton, she wrote to his dictation, investigated ancient chronicles, consulted manuscripts, verified dates, and was justly appreciated by her doting father in a copy of Latin verses annexed to the chronicle. She was, indeed, to use the oriental metaphor, the light of his eyes.

Barbara de Roll, a lady of noble family, long resident in Soleure, and still named with veneration on the banks of the Aar, was remarkable alike for her personal beauty and mental accomplishments. Being left a widow shortly after marriage, she did not, like so many others of her age, shut herself up in a convent, but continued in the world as its ornament and blessing. Much given to the study of botany from her infancy, she now devoted herself to that pleasing occupation, but so as to employ the virtues of numerous plants and flowers, selected by her own hand in the Alps, for the benefit of suffering humanity. The cures which she performed in Soleure among the poor, says the chronicle, were speedily propagated abroad; so that princes, and the highest among the nobility, came to consult her and were cured. In those times the gift was considered miraculous, and Barbara de Roll might have had temples erected to her; but as in life she had performed the service of a good angel without pride or ostentation, so on her death-bed she stipulated firmly with those in authority, that neither tomb nor epitaph should be consecrated to her memory, but that she should be quietly consigned to the earth, and her good deeds—if such she had done—remembered only in heaven.—The precise date of her birth or death is unknown.†

* Vide SCOTLAND ILLUSTRATED, art. *Lethington*.

† Professor Glareanus, who wrote in the fifteenth century, in sending his Latin poem, " Descriptio et Panegyricon Helvetiae," to a member of the lady's family, speaks of her as " equally beautiful and beneficent—a female Hippocrates—a second Mithridates." " Ah!" he exclaims, " à combien de malades abandonnés des médecins n'a-t-elle pas rendu la santé! De toute l'Allemagne on vient à elle comme à un second Æsculape!"

Among other traits of magnanimity which have done immortal honour to the nobles of Soleure, it is pleasing to record the following:—At a period when religious animosity was at its height in these parts, and many of the districts of Soleure had embraced the reformed faith, the five catholic cantons demanded, as an *indemnification*, a thousand gold florins; or else, that the inhabitants of the canton should return to their former creed. On this notification, the greater number, rather than pay the fine, did so; and embracing the alternative, returned to mass. In the town itself, however, the Catholics, whose ranks had been thinned, took up arms against the reformists; and to compel them to abjure the new faith, advanced with a loaded cannon in front of the house where they were holding their deliberations. Here the fatal match was on the point of being applied; when, suddenly, a venerable man, making his way through the infuriated mob, and presenting his breast before the mouth of the cannon, exclaimed,—“ If at your hands the blood of your fellow-citizens must flow, let mine be shed the first!” A feeling of awe and admiration pervaded the multitude at an act of devotion so exalted and patriotic. The match was extinguished—the cannon wheeled from its position—the crowd dispersed, and, in the venerable old man, whose timely intervention had spared so much crime and bloodshed, they beheld WENGI, the President of Soleure.

Among various places of fashionable resort to which the citizens repair for health or recreation, are the Baths of Attisholtz.* Here, during the fine summer evenings, the visitors often form moon-light parties to the Hasenmatt, the point of view already noticed; and certainly a more romantic excursion it would be difficult to imagine. Those who have only visited that summit in broad day can form no adequate idea of the transformation which it assumes under the influence of moon-shine and merry companions.

Of the geology of this part of the Jura, we may briefly notice the numerous blocks of gneiss and granite scattered over the space north of the town, and still sharp as if but fresh fractured. These fragments of primitive mountains, as stated in a former page of this work, abound on the Jura, and seem to have been transported hither from the very centre of the Alps. Those which are found on the reverse of the Jura, eastward from Soleure, and extending beyond Bienne, Neuchâtel, and Grandson, have been discharged from the primitive chain of the Grimsel. All those, on the contrary, which are observed to the

* The water contains sulphur and iron, and is much employed in nervous, spasmodic, and cutaneous maladies. The establishment is well organized, and the prices moderate. In the neighbourhood, the discovery of an altar, dedicated to the god Apis, and part of an aqueduct, show that the place and spring were well known to the Romans.

north of the town, have been detached from the Crispalt—part of the primitive chain of the Grisons.

In botanic productions, Soleure is particularly rich, and comprises many rare plants and flowers, of which those deserving especial distinction are the *Thlaspi saxalite*, *Arundo donax*, *Anagallis tenella*, *Ulex Europæus*, and the *Fritillaria meleagris*.

A great portion of what we have already observed on the Statistics of Soleure, will be found applicable to the canton of Neuchâtel—the twenty-first of the Confederation. After having twice changed masters, this principality was again called upon, in 1707, to choose a third, as heir to Mary, duchess of Nemours. This princess dying without family, left a host of pretenders to the sovereignty, all of whom preferred titles to consanguinity, more or less valid—but all remote. Among these, the king of Prussia and Louis XIV. were rival candidates; but the latter being too well known and feared, and the former—as a protestant sovereign, whose states lay at a distance—seeming to augur well for the moderation of his future government, the balance was decided in his favour, and the claims and solicitations of the French king cautiously evaded.

In 1806, Buonaparte, then emperor of France, as a recompense for the military services of his companion in arms, Alexander Berthier, named him prince of Neuchâtel. It is only since the important changes of 1814, that the country was restored to the dominion of Prussia, and in the year following became annexed to the Confederation.

The canton is composed of six principal valleys, the soil of which affords excellent pasture, but few fruit trees or leguminous plants. The mountains are of the same geological character, and present nearly the same phenomena, as those already described. Enormous blocks of granite scattered over the mountains appear to have been torn from the Bernese Alps, and transported into their present position during some remote convulsions of our globe, to which, hitherto, science has afforded little satisfactory elucidation.* The mountains

* The different layers of which the Jura is composed have been carefully studied by M. de Buch, in the deep gorge of the Seyon. According to his observations, it may be conjectured that the mountains of the Jura, to a depth of three thousand feet, are composed of about nine hundred and sixty layers, all more or less calcareous. The sixty-three last and highest of these are mostly *oolithyques*, and composed of particles about the size of millet seeds. The four hundred and eighty-six immediately below these are of a much more compact nature. The four hundred and ten which follow are again *oolithyques*, like the first. Lastly, one hundred more layers exist under these last, which are nowhere exposed in the canton of Neuchâtel, and descend as deep as the gypsum beds, where the salt springs of Salins and Lens-le-Saulnier take their rise. In the valley of Motiers-Travers is an *oolithyque* rock, from which asphaltum is obtained by distillation, and used in the country as carriage grease.—See PICOT. STATIST.

contain, with many curious grottoes, two natural ice-houses, and several sulphureous and chalybeate springs, of which the three highest are the Chasserat, Chasseron, and Creux-du-vent, each between four and five thousand feet above the sea.

In the middle ages, the greater part of this canton was covered with impenetrable forests, and abounded in bears, wild boar, deer, and wolves. But, with the exception of the latter,—now also rare,—they have all disappeared; while the fox, protected by the nature of the rocks, and his own superior instinct, is the only freebooter left. The lakes* of Neuchâtel and Bienne—the latter belonging to Bern—are of classical celebrity, and too familiar to every reader to require a particular description, but to which we shall advert as we proceed. The Reuse and the Seyon—the first remarkable for its limpid current, and the latter for its impetuosity—are the principal rivers of the canton.

Ruz, the first of the six principal valleys, is four leagues in length, and contains twenty-three villages. Here, driven from their home, during the wars of their counts with the dukes of Savoy, many Genevese found an asylum, and the sources of their future prosperity. The small town of Vallengin—*Vallis angusta*—in this valley, is conspicuous for the industry of its population, and the richness of its diminutive territory. The valley of the Sagne is of the same extent as that of Ruz, and, in addition to its well cultivated and productive soil, contains a mineral source. In the valley of Locle,† two leagues in extent, nature and art are found in less pleasing cooperation. Here the winter lasts seven months—the soil produces little, save pasture—and most of the necessities of life are imported. The manufacture of clocks and watches is the chief employment. The Bied, a torrent whose waters are here lost in the rocks, has hollowed out vast caverns, which two enterprising natives, brothers, of the name of Robert, have turned to account, by the bold and ingenious construction of three subterraneous mills, placed vertically, one above the other.

In order to purify the air and improve the climate of Locle—three thousand feet above the level of the sea—a mountain has been successfully perforated, so as to admit of a free escape for the stagnant waters, and thereby contributed essentially to the health and appearance of the village. The valley of

* The *Silurus glanis*, one of the most remarkable fish in the country, is occasionally taken in these waters, weighing 100lbs.

† This valley was still a savage “howling wilderness” so late as the fourteenth century, and tenanted only by bears and wolves. The first colonist was John Droz, of Lorcelles, who, with his four children and a small number of industrious followers, established himself in its inhospitable solitudes, in 1303. It is now one of the richest and most populous valleys in Switzerland, or perhaps in Europe. Such one day may be the wildest of the back settlements in America and Van Dieman’s Land.

Chaux-de-Fond, of similar extent with the preceding, is little favoured by nature, but thickly peopled with industrious mechanics and their families, of whom the celebrated M. Droz and his son have given an illustrious example. The next valley, that of Brenets, is traversed by the Doubs, which, till modern enterprise had hewn a passage for its escape, formed a lake. Near the village is the cavern of Tofiere, remarkable for its echo, and the tables and seats which Nature, in sport, seems to have furnished for her visitors. About a league from this, and in a truly savage gorge, is the Saut-du-Doubs, where the river precipitates itself from a height of eighty feet, and in its fall gives play to twelve mills, and a forge for making anvils.

The valley of Brevine is the highest in the canton, two leagues in length, and contains the Etaieres, a lake which escapes in the same manner as that of Joux, and where the waters, after flowing for several leagues under ground, form the source of the Reuse, at St. Sulpice. Subterraneous mills have been also erected in those clefts of the rocks, which here serve as outlets to the waters of the lake. Near this village is the vegetable coal mine, alluded to in our account of the Rossberg, and supposed to be the product of the forests swallowed up in the great earthquake of 1356, which overthrew the city of Basle. In the valley of Verrieres is the commune named Côte aux Fées, or the Faëry Mount, in which are several grottos, the principal of which is distinguished as the Temple of the Faëries—the only instance in Switzerland, perhaps, where the name of that mysterious dynasty is recognised. We have already noticed the remarkable anomaly that Switzerland, the most romantic country in Europe, presents few or none of the thousand legends and superstitions so carefully preserved and circulated among the English, and more particularly the Scotch and Irish, peasantry. The fairy gossip, and fairy-land mythology, which are first learned in the nurseries of the north, and there group the peasantry around the winter hearth, are yet strangers to the Swiss. The only phantoms which seem to cross *his* imagination are the spirits of heroic ancestors, with their bucklers and spears, and cross-bows, and their abhorrence of bondage. But to return to our subject.—The entrance to this “temple,” which is beyond dispute the finest grotto in Switzerland, is very narrow; and in the interior are three galleries, of which that in the centre terminates in a vista over the valley of St. Croix, in the district of Yverdun. About a league from Verrieres, and near the river Doubs, in the French territory, is the picturesque fortress of Joux.

The Val de Travers, watered by the limpid Reuse, is about three leagues in length, and contains the beautiful villages of St. Sulpice, Fleurier, Motiers, Travers, and Couvet, the latter the birth-place of the ingenious and celebrated

Berthoud, inventor of the chronometer for determining the longitude at sea. He died here in 1806. The village of Motiers is immortalized as the temporary residence of Rousseau. The chamber where he composed his "Lettres de la Montagne," is still preserved in the same state in which it was left, when the inhabitants drove him from his humble retreat, and compelled him to take refuge in the solitary isle of Bienne—a circumstance to which we shall advert as we proceed. Near this, in a deep and extensive cavern, is another of those natural ice-houses above noticed, and to which we descend by means of a ladder. The floor is covered with a thick layer of ice, above which rise five or six icy columns; the whole cavern is remarkable, and, that of St. George above Rolle excepted, the only instance of this description in the Jura.

The town of Neuchâtel is well built, and is every year receiving fresh architectural embellishments from the opulent families and individuals who have here fixed their residence. It contains several remarkable buildings, and among others the Château, the ancient residence of the princes of Neuchâtel—the Cathedral, built in the twelfth century, (in front of which is the tomb-stone of FAREL,) the Town-house, and Public Hospital.

St. Blaise is a large and handsome village, about a league from the capital, with high white walls; from this point the lake, now navigated by the Union steam-vessel, is seen in all its extent and beauty. The white wine of St. Blaise is held in high estimation by connoisseurs.*

The king of Prussia, who is sovereign of the country, is bound to maintain it in all its ancient laws, customs, privileges, independence, and religious toleration. The Protestant churches are under the direction of the Company of Pastors, and the Consistory; those of the Catholics, under the titular bishop of Lausanne. Trade is liberally protected; no tax can be levied or modified without an express law; and natives only, the governor excepted, are eligible to offices of public trust. The *Audiences Générales*, composed of the oldest members of the council of state, chiefs of jurisdictions, and the deputies of districts, are, with the king, the supreme authority of the canton; and without whose consent no law can be made, modified, or annulled. The king is represented by a governor and state council, usually of twenty-one members. In the canton

* The mean produce of the vines of Neuchâtel, the management of which affords employment to so many hands, is estimated at three millions of pots—each of two pints; out of which one million eight hundred thousand are sold to the neighbouring cantons, or otherwise exported; and, taken at an average of three batz the pot, leave a product of five hundred and forty thousand Swiss livres (33,750l.) The wines in highest estimation are those produced from the red grape of Contaillod, Neuchâtel, and Favergé, which may vie with, and by many are preferred to, those of Burgundy. A vineyard of this quality brings three or four hundred louis the *pose*, a measure of 32·768 feet square.

are twenty-one courts of justice, and two tribunals of appeal; and among its inhabitants are several privileged classes, who enjoy various rights and immunities. The existing laws bear great resemblance to those of the ancient comté of Burgundy—antiquated customs which have never been reduced into any regular code. The militia is divided into six departments, with a major or lieutenant-colonel, named by the king, at their head, and furnishes a battalion of *tirailleurs* to the royal guard. The king's revenue arises from the duty upon various articles of trade, rents of domains, posts, tolls, and tithes, and amounts to about one hundred and fifty thousand livres, more than half of which is necessarily employed in the country. The exportation of rural produce is limited to cheese, a small number of cattle, and wine; but the cotton manufactures are lucrative and numerous. In 1780, the annual export of watches alone amounted to forty thousand, and is now little short of one hundred and forty thousand, the value of each varying from seven francs to eight hundred. The daily pay of a good workman is ten to twelve livres, and the average of all, children included, about twelve batz (1*s. 6d.*) The manufacture of mathematical and other instruments, is also a special branch of industry. The population of the canton is stated by the latest returns at about fifty-three thousand; among whom the habit and fruits of industry are generally conspicuous.*

Among the celebrated individuals to whom this canton has given birth, we may mention Osterwald, Bourguet, Boyve, Hory, and Montmollin—men who have reflected lustre on their age and country. The Reformation was established in this canton by a very summary method, and in opposition to the authority of the magistrates. A party of the inhabitants having gone to support the cause of Geneva in 1530 against the duke of Savoy, they embraced the reformed doctrine, and on their return home took forcible possession of the churches. Their system of proselytism met with so much success, that on the 10th of November, the same year, the new religion was adopted by a majority of eighteen votes—an event which was greatly accelerated by the powerful eloquence of Farel, who performed so conspicuous a part in forwarding that great moral revolution. Education, and the facilities for its acquirement, are proverbially good in this canton, and within reach of the poorest; but the students of theology repair to Lausanne or Geneva—those of medicine to the German universities.—Of Yverdun and Pestalozzi we shall speak in our notice of the canton de Vaud; and of other particulars, in the Appendix.

* For these and other facts connected with the present state of industry and commerce in Neuchâtel, the reader may consult Professor Picot's *Statistique de la Suisse*, last edition, p. 568.

CANTON OF BERN.

TOUR OF THE OBERLAND.

"BERNE . . . C'est la couronne des villes libres : chacun la loue à juste titre : quiconque en a entendu parler, sait qu'elle est un séjour des héros, et un miroir où brille une image sans tache : jeunes et vieux font retentir ses éloges par toute l'Allemagne."—TSCHUDI.

IN retracing our steps to the western extremity of the Lake of Bienne, many beautiful and interesting views present themselves—particularly those of Jolimont, the Château Baillival, and the ancient Abbey of Erlach, near the embouchure of the Thiele. But here, with the island of St. Pierre immediately in front, our eyes insensibly lose sight of other objects ; and the imagination excited at the name, we embark on the blue waters of the lake, and are speedily landed on the sanctuary of Rousseau.

The house where he resided has long served as an inn ; and here his admirers will be gratified by finding every thing—particularly his room—in nearly the same state as the philosopher left it. It is surrounded on three sides by a piazza, level with the ground—one forms the farm offices, the second the dwelling-house, and the third serves for the accommodation of strangers. A huge walnut-tree throws its shade over the whole court. In the interior, the walls of the apartment occupied by the "priest of nature" are so covered with names, dates, and sentiments, that it was with great difficulty we found one little spot to receive the record of our pilgrimage. The *livre d'étrangers* was no less charged with precious memorials—

" Of him who chose the mountains for a shrine,
And solitude for joy."

The walks through the wood and orchard with which the island is covered are delightful and refreshing; and, fanned by the cool breath of the lake, afford a delicious retreat during the summer solstice. From the eminence in the centre, occupied by an elegantly designed temple, the view is strikingly picturesque. The ground, covered with rich velvet turf, such as bordered the enchanted isle of Calypso, slopes gently towards the shore, and contrasts its own bright green with the deep blue of the water in which it is imbedded. It was near sunset, and we stood as if fixed to the spot which, whatever it may

derive from the power of association, seemed to grow in beauty and attractions as the sun went down on the Jura.* It was an hour worthy of the muse.

“ The flitting to and fro of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
Of man disturbed their orisons.—
Those little shadowy paths that wind
Along the lake, with fruit-trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes;
Or vistas here and there, that ope
Through weeping willows like the snatches
Of far off scenes of light, which hope
Even through the shade of sadness catches!”

In the picture which Rousseau himself has left us of his delicious sojourn in this island, there is much that tends to develop his real character. The plan which he here laid down to describe the vegetable riches with which his little kingdom was stored—the zeal with which he entered upon it—(a zeal equalled only by the facility with which he could renounce it)—the ineffable pleasure which he felt in seeing his books, his manuscripts, and whatever could remind him of authorship, carefully packed away—those delicious and indefinable reveries, when stretched supine in his open boat, he suffered it to float at large—the ambition he took in acquiring a knowledge of the oar—the secret pride he felt in observing that the factor’s wife was never without apprehensions but when *he* rowed—the solemn installation of his colony of rabbits in the little island—are all features in his character which cannot fail to interest every feeling reader, and awaken the kindest sympathies in his behalf. To see this celebrated philosopher, the most eloquent author of his day, suddenly emerging from the literary Babel, and shaking off the trammels of that artificial existence which was a burden to him, in order to give himself up with all the simplicity of his heart to such “vulgar” pastimes—are points which, however speculated upon, or misinterpreted by others, say more in his favour than all that has been insinuated to the contrary can say to his prejudice. He was, to speak with moderation, a better man than many of his accusers—“L’ami de Bernardin de Saint-Pierre ne pouvait être un méchant homme—de même l’antagoniste constant de Voltaire ne peut être un écrivain immoral.”†

* There are two trees to which our attention was directed, and which had a claim upon our feelings over every other group in the forest. Here, while viewing the scenery which we now viewed, and melted by the feelings which that scenery inspired, a nobleman once directed that his body should be consigned to the dust, that he might take his last sleep where he had spent the happiest moments of his life.—See Appendix.

† Comte de Walsh.

Of one of the many botanizing excursions to which Rousseau alludes with such lively satisfaction, the annexed particulars, communicated by his companion, the late Comte d'Escherny, can hardly fail to be acceptable to most readers. It is an excursion to the Chasseral, the highest summit to the north of the lake :—As a part of the valley lay between them and the mountain, and the excursion might exceed one day, they provided accordingly, and charged a sumpter mule with their equipage—namely, covering for the night, pies, fowls, and roast game. Leclerc was caterer—De Peyron had charge of the herbals—Colonel Pury was guide, and led his party by the compass. The comte himself, accustomed to the mountains where he had so long resided, was installed as *fourrier*, and had besides charge of the coffee, and the task of making it. Rousseau, as senior of the party, was elected captain of the troop, and invested with full power to enforce strict discipline, and maintain order and subordination. In this order the botanizing battalion began their march, but it soon appeared that the fatigues of the expedition were not supported with equal success. Rousseau, in virtue of office, led the van; and, with the comte, was the first who gained the crest of the Chasseral, terminating in a broad flat rock—isolated, and thrown up into the air. This is called the *beak* of the Chasseral; and on the magnificent table thus prepared for them, they had agreed to make their repast. The other guests soon arrived—the *maître-d'hôtel* arranged the banquet in the most satisfactory order, and in a few minutes all were seated or stretched at table, laughing, jesting, and feasting, at the same time; and never was a dinner, says the comte, shared under the broad sky of the Jura with better appetite or lighter hearts—“*Les ragoûts fins sont bien ridicules à des gens en haleine depuis le lever du soleil.*”

Before engaging in the thick woods where they were to herborize next day, they took the precaution to reconnoitre the ground. The *bec du Chasseral*, as observed, is a kind of projection, or pier, carried up and forward into the air; and below is an abyss, too deep for the eye to penetrate. The mountain to the right and left forms a complete precipice, and, at a bird's-eye view, presents the same chasm as the other. In summer, the cows are allowed to pasture along these treacherous precipices, and attracted at times by the savoury grass and plants which fringe their border, the earth under them gives way, and they are thus hurried down into the gulf. At this moment two or three lay dead at the foot of the precipice, but at so great a depth, that they scarcely appeared so large as hares.—It is needless to say how, in such a place, and with such congenial spirits, the day passed rapidly away. They were animated with the extensive prospect—the purity of the atmosphere—the success of their

enterprise—and made a collection of such plants as only grow on the highest points of the Jura. Rousseau was in the best possible humour; but when any one of the party, eager to get possession of some tempting flower, approached too near the brink of the precipice, he was distressed beyond expression, and even on his knees implored them to observe more caution.

Resuming our progress towards the Swiss capital, as Bern is properly considered, we next enter the town of Aarberg by one of those fine covered bridges with which the river is frequently spanned, and leave it by a second of the same character; for the town itself, when the water is high, is entirely surrounded by the Aar. It is a very active and commercial place, and owes its prosperity to the great roads which concentrate at this point.

A few miles to the right, at the confluence of the Sense and Sarine, are the town and “field” of Laupen, famous for the victory obtained by the Bernese in June 1339, over the nobles of Burgundy and their allies. The power which Bern had acquired by the public spirit of its citizens—the fame of their arms—the flourishing state of trade—and the recent acquisition of Hasli and Laupen, had so excited the jealousy of Friburg and its confederate nobles, that they determined to watch for an opportunity to humble so prosperous a neighbour. A pretext for aggression was soon afforded. Bern having objected to admit into circulation the money struck by Comte Eberhard of Kyburg, though coined with the imperial sanction, and to recognise the Emperor Louis of Bavaria when under sentence of excommunication, the nobles seized upon this as a fitting occasion for punishing the refractory citizens, and summoned their vassals to arms. Resolved on this enterprise, Rudolph, of the family of Neuchâtel, who had lately fortified his villages of Erlach and Nidau, and given them the rights and privileges of cities, assembled all who were hostile to Bern in the castle of Nidau,* where it was decreed that proud city should be rased to the ground.

* Of this castle the following eircumstance is recorded:—Bern and Soleure having taken this fortress in 1388, found in the tower two prisoners quite naked, almost famished, and in the most deplorable condition of mind and body. One of these was the bishop of Lisbon, and the other the prior of Altazona, who had been sent into Germany by the Pope on some negotiation of importance; but, having necessarily to cross a part of the Swiss territory on their return home, they were seized by a detachment from the garrison of Nidau, seerely imprisoned in the tower, and permitted to hold no intereourse with their friends or country. The Bernese conducted them to the capital—furnished them with clothes, horses, and attendants, and a sum of three hundred ducats, to enable them to proseeute their journey in comfort. They proceeded by Lucern and the St. Gothard, and having safely arrived in Rome, instantly dispatched not only the three hundred ducats, but an additional sum of one thousand more, in testimony of their gratitude, and to assist in defraying the extraordinary expenses of the siege to which they owed their liberation.

A great number of troops were accordingly mustered—Aargau, Friburg, Upper Burgundy, and Alsace, sent each a powerful contingent. Seven hundred nobles with crowned helmets, and twelve hundred knights in complete armour, shone in the van of fifteen thousand infantry supported by three thousand horse—the amount of the Confederates.

This formidable armament, although it did not intimidate the Bernese, led, nevertheless, to their adopting every reasonable means of accommodation; but in this they entirely failed. Their endeavours to negotiate were construed into weakness or cowardice; and the courage of the assailants rising in proportion, they would listen to no terms short of unconditional submission. In this exigency, John of Bubenberg, formerly chief magistrate, stepped nobly forward, and declared himself ready to embark life and property in the cause. "Laupen," said he, "shall not fall, if true arms and trusty followers can effect its safety. The enemy, it is true, beleaguer its walls; but they may find ere long, that the sword of a free citizen of Bern cuts as sheer as the noblest steel of Burgundy." So saying, he placed himself at the head of six hundred warriors, and marched to the relief of the garrison at Laupen. He was scarcely gone, however, when the arrival of Rudolph of Erlach* was announced to the senate. Having inherited his father's talents, and in a long series of foreign service contributed to the victory in six different engagements, he was welcomed with acclamation, and chosen general of the Bernese in the approaching conflict.

Every man now repaired to his post; and, associating the name of Erlach and victory, foretold in the ensuing battle a second Donnerbübel. Besides the forces already on the march, a subsidy of nine hundred men was dispatched across the Brunig from the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden; and six hundred more from Hasli and the Sibenthal. Soleure† also furnished fourscore horsemen fully equipped; for the citizens had not forgotten the prompt and friendly intervention of Bern on a former occasion.

With the force named, and about four thousand armed citizens of Bern, Erlach took up his position on a hill near Laupen, from which he could

* Son of the famous Ulric of Erlach, who, forty years before, had won the battle of Donnerbübel.

† Three years after the battle of Morgarten, when Duke Leopold of Austria, at the head of a powerful army, took up his position in front of Soleure, Bern, with friendly promptitude, marched an auxiliary force to its relief. Leopold, however, owed his defeat less to the united force of arms than to the violence of the Aar, and the magnanimity of the inhabitants of Soleure; for the swollen river having swept away his bridge of boats, the generous citizens, forgetting every hostile sentiment, hastened to rescue their sinking enemies from the waves—and this at their own imminent risk. For the honour of humanity, rancour for a time was changed into gratitude, and a peace concluded between the emperor and Soleure.

command an entire view of the enemy's camp, and observe every movement of the nobles as they paraded their vast army, and, by anticipation, divided the spoils of Bern. The instant they came fully in sight, the signal was given to charge, and the Burgundians rushed forward to drive them from their position. But the slingers of Erlach sent such a hail-shower among them, that they were staggered in their resolution; while the iron battle-cars thundering down the declivity, and followed by the standards of Bern waving over her serried mass of steel-pointed clubs, spears, and halberts, carried destruction into the enemy's ranks. The shock of the charge was so terrific, that the Bernese column in the rear, composed of raw militia, were panic-struck at the sight, and retreated from the scene of action. "Let them flee," said Erlach, piqued at the sight—"it were unjust that such base and dastardly spirits should share in the conquest which awaits the brave and free!—It is thus that the chaff is winnowed from the grain!"

The battle continued for some time doubtful; for each fought with desperation, and the warriors of Bern and Burgundy performed prodigies of valour. But, notwithstanding their vast superiority in numbers, the columns of Rudolph began to recoil; and, at length, with fifteen hundred of his followers lying dead around him, that chivalrous noble surrendered life and victory to the champion of Bern.

The war, notwithstanding, was continued for four years in skirmishes, and then terminated in a peace every way glorious to Bern, whose citizens refused to retain the smallest portion of land as an indemnity for the past, or guarantee for the future. "No," said they, "we have saved our city and our homes, and we will not sully so sacred a cause by an act that should convict us of interested and ambitious views. Does any one require compensation for his services? Let him look to the capital—it is safe—tears of gratitude are his reward; let him claim for his posterity the respect due from a grateful country to a hero and a patriot."

Once more reinstated in his peaceful occupations, and unambitious of rewards, dignities, or titles, Erlach, like another Cincinnatus, devoted himself to the cultivation of his paternal farm. Thus engaged, he descended quietly into the vale of years, till his son-in-law, Jobst of Rudenz, in consequence of some violent dispute concerning his wife's dowry, tore down from the wall where it hung the sword of the victor of Laupen, and plunged it into his heart! Then, rushing from the house, pursued by the dogs of his murdered father-in-law, the parricide effected his escape, and was never more heard of.

The patriotic Bubenberg was hardly more fortunate; for, being accused
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of governing with all the hereditary pride of a prince instead of the simplicity of a citizen, and of attending too exclusively to matters in which his personal interest was consulted, he was banished from the city for one hundred years and a day. Fourteen years later, however, when old and infirm, the sentence was cancelled, and he was again received into that home which he had been so instrumental in preserving. On this subject, it is observed by Zschokke, that, "in a free state, the virtues of a citizen will often efface the recollection of former faults; but that previous services never atone for subsequent wrongs."

The stranger who approaches Bern by the road from Morat cannot fail to be struck with the magnificent view which suddenly bursts upon him as he winds round the amphitheatre of verdant hills, "redolent of summer, and enlivened with the song of birds." From the Oberthor, the city is spread forth to his eye like a map; and the singularly rich, various, and animated picture, takes for a time entire possession of his fancy. On the right, the blue and rapid waters of the Aar approach, pass, and depart from the city, to whose beauty and prosperity they so highly contribute. On the left, rich meadows, rising gently into green acclivities, fade into the horizon. Part of the town is masked by a rich curtain of intervening foliage; but the eye traces the busy street of the Kramgats to its full extent, and the rattle of wheels, and the murmur from its market-place, strike fitfully on the ear. Directing his view to the south, the glacier summits of the Oberland present their impenetrable barrier in broken serrated masses, imbedded in the deep blue sky.

" Et lorsqu'abandonnant ces informes beautés
Qui repoussent bientôt les yeux épouvantés,
J'entrevis ces vallons—ces beaux lieux où respire
Un charme que Saint-Preux n'a pas même d'écrire."

Among the numerous objects of interest or curiosity in Bern, the first usually visited is the Cathedral—a Gothic structure of the middle age, and greatly admired for its imposing architecture and elaborate detail. There is not another sacred edifice on the continent, perhaps, better calculated to make a strong impression. Its length is one hundred and sixty feet by eighty in breadth, and was fourscore years in building. The nave—the vaulted roof of which is supported by ten columns—was formerly decorated with a great number of banners taken on the field of battle. But these have disappeared; and all that now remains are some faded scutcheons of the ancient burgesses, the monument of the duke of Zœringhen, the founder, and that of the avoyer, Steinger. Around the latter, six marble tablets, encrusted on the wall, commemorate the names

of eighteen officers, and six hundred and forty-three soldiers, who fell in conflict with the French in the eventful campaign of 1798.* On the tower of the cathedral, a watchman is stationed night and day throughout the year, to strike the hours, and give alarm in case of fire. The great Catholic church is also a structure of considerable elegance and great antiquity.

The platform, or terrace, in front of the cathedral, is a favourite walk in Bern ; and—from the sublime and infinitely varied scenery which it commands—the finest, perhaps, in Switzerland. Under the shade of luxuriant chestnut trees, seats are distributed in every direction for the pleasure and accommodation of the public. On the south, the platform ends in a precipice one hundred and eight feet in depth, and is occupied by the houses of the old town, flanking the channel of the Aar. Near this giddy verge a marble slab records the following extraordinary escape:—In 1654, Theobald Weinäpfli, a student of the place, unable to manage a restive horse which he rode,—or having, according to the proverb, “a spur in the head as well as in the heel,”—was precipitated into the lower town. Strange to say, he escaped with only a broken arm and leg, and survived the accident thirty years as a preacher. The construction of this terrace, as a masterpiece of peculiar architecture, is well deserving of observation. The wall which faces it on the side of the river was completed in 1515, at an expense of two hundred thousand francs—an enormous sum in those days.

In the principal streets of this city, the pedestrian is protected by long covered porticos, raised above the carriage path, and affording, according to the season, an agreeable shade or shelter. The centre of the streets is occupied by an open stone canal, filled with a rapid current of water, and kept as clean swept as the floor of a cottage. These are further embellished by a profusion of beautiful fountains surmounted with statues.

The public institutions, and the literary and scientific societies of Bern, reflect the highest honour on its citizens, whose taste and refinement have kept pace with their love of freedom, and excited by their example a most beneficial influence on the surrounding states. The Academy, divided into the higher and lower, embraces a system of education commencing with the first rudiments of language, and extending to the highest pitch of modern science and erudition.†

* There are also some richly stained glass and carving in the choir, at the side of which are preserved several embroidered carpets, tapestry, and wearing apparel from the wardrobe of Charles the Bold.

† The first division comprises the elementary school, a school of the classes, and a gymnasium: the latter, or higher division, chairs for theology, jurisprudence, medicine, surgery, chemistry, philosophy, rhetoric, mathematics, natural history, mineralogy, and veterinary surgery; besides several extra lecturers on therapeutics, clinical medicine, and anatomy.

The excellent effects of the Economical Society in all that respects improvement in agricultural and national industry has been long and justly appreciated. The Society of Native History—the Helvetic Society—the Artists' Society, and several of minor note, are all more or less distinguished for the fund of science and general information thus accumulated.

The public Library, founded at the epoch of the Reformation, and at which the celebrated Haller presided from 1734 to 1736, contains upwards of forty thousand volumes, and about one thousand five hundred manuscripts. The Cabinet of Medals is particularly rich in ancient coins, many of which are exceedingly curious and rare. They were found chiefly in the Swiss territory—among the ruins of Aventicum, Vindonissa, and Moudon.*

Among the many names which have reflected lustre on this city and canton, we need only cite those of the Erlachs and Bubenberg, already noticed; Diesbach, who fell at the battle of Pavia; Berthold Haller, who preached the Reformation at Bern in 1520; Wittenbach, who died in 1526; Jean Louis d'Erlach, Maréchal of France; Andrew Morell, the celebrated medallist; Louis de Muralt; Michael Schuppach, the "mountain doctor;"† the great Albert Haller; Watteville; Stapfer; Tscharner; Sinner; and, in recent times, Charles Louis d'Erlach, sprung from a race of heroes, who commanded the troops of Bern in 1798, and fell by the hands of his own soldiers.

One of the finest points of view in the environs of Bern is the Enghi, which every stranger should visit—and if at different hours of the day, so much the better, for it thus presents itself under such striking modifications as to give novelty and freshness to every succeeding view. This is the point which, of all others in German Switzerland, presents the most sublime spectacle during the evening illumination. Half obscured in the shadows of twilight, the mountains in the fore-ground appear softly blending into a blue ethereal mass; the dazzling summits of the snowy range seem for a time to lose their lustre: then, suddenly, as the rays of the departing sun shoot upwards, they catch the quivering light, and seem transformed into a flood of rosy effulgence. This evening blush continues for a few minutes to tint the snowy region with the warm hue of life: then, slowly fading away—like the hectic flush from the cheek of expiring beauty—finally disappears, and leaves the snows in their pale, cold, and shroud-like uniformity.

* The Museum, the College, the Public Granary, the Arsenal, and the Hospitals, are all of a very superior order, and well calculated to gratify the curious and philanthropic stranger.

† See Coxe's Letters

The two bastions which flank the fortifications on the south present nearly the same view, and are much frequented as an evening promenade. One of them, planted in imitation of an English garden, offers a most delicious retreat. The Wetterhorn, the Berglistock, the Schreckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the two peaks of the Viescherhörner, the Eiger, the grand Eiger or Mönch, and the Jungfrau, are exhibited in all their sublime array.

The other bastion, carpeted with rich verdure, serves as an occasional field for public diversions. Here gymnastics are practised, balloons let off, fire-works exhibited; and here the peasants of the Oberland and Emmenthal formerly assembled every Easter Monday, to exhibit their skill in the ancient games of wrestling.* The fosse which surrounds this part of the ramparts is partly stocked with deer, and partly converted into an arena.

The pits where the bears are entertained at the public expense, are curiosities in their way, and may be considered as the Zoological Gardens of Bern. They were constructed in 1825, each in the form of a square, cased with solid masonry, and a partition wall between them, from which a fountain is so contrived as to fill a basin on either side, sufficiently capacious to admit of Sir Bruin's taking his pleasure in the bath. In the centre of these dens a pine-tree stem is erected, and renewed annually; on this the bear takes air and exercise, and practises a variety of gymnastics to the great amusement of the spectators who surround the iron balustrade, and thus approach the "consecrated savage" without apprehension. The "blessed bears of Braidwardine" were not held in more superstitious estimation than those of Bern; but at what period, or from what circumstance they were first emblazoned on the patriotic standard,† is a question that has been variously interpreted. Some trace its origin to René, duke of Lorraine; others think that it arose from the circumstance of a certain Glado May bringing home with him, from the battle of Novara, in 1510, two young bears as a trophy of victory.

The institution of Hofwyl, so universally appreciated by philanthropists, is within a short distance of Bern.‡ On this domain, in March 1799, M. de

* Since this custom has not been so strictly observed, the pastoral fêtes held near Interlaken have adopted the ancient practice as part of their exhibitions.

† La redoutable Bannièrde Berne est formée de trois bandes de diverses couleurs : — deux sont rouges — celle du milieu est jaune : sur ces bandes paraît un *ours noir*, comme du charbon, armée de griffes rouges, et prêt à gagner honneur et renom ! Cet ours sait donner de furieux coups de patte!—*Tschudi*.

‡ Taking the road to the Enghi, we pass a small fountain on the left, turn into the great road, and after passing the second village, continue to proceed between two beautiful shady hedge-rows into a small forest. Those who return to Bern may do so through the magnificent forest of Bremgarten—about three hours' pleasant walk.

Fellenberg, a man eminently distinguished for genius, extensive acquirements, and the noblest qualities of the heart, commenced a series of agronomic experiments, which, after many sacrifices, have brought the various branches of rural economy to a degree of perfection previously unknown in Europe. The system, as embracing at the same time every facility for education, has attracted the approbation of every learned and philanthropic body in Europe. The institutions which it at present contains are two farms—one to serve as a model, and the other for the improvement of such discoveries as have been already made, and for carrying on a series of fresh experiments. Here are workshops for the construction of every species of agricultural implements, an institution devoted to the theory and practice of agriculture, and an establishment of education, where upwards of twenty professors give instruction in religion and morals, the ancient and modern languages, geography, history, mathematics, music, drawing, philosophy, chemistry, &c. A great number of youths—sons of distinguished families—from France, Germany, Russia, and England, are boarders in the establishment. What gives advantages to this establishment over most others destined for the purposes of education, is the absence of all the ordinary incentives to application. In the classes there is, literally, neither dux nor dolt—neither prize nor punishment. The only means employed for securing diligence is by doubling the tasks during the hours of recreation. Great benefit has arisen from uniting as much as possible the labour of study with the amusement of society, and as much liberty in conversation as shall enable the pupil to acquire such ease of address and fund of information as may fit him for his introduction into active life. As a school of morals, nothing could be better adapted than the house of M. Fellenberg, where every thing is a model of order, elegant simplicity, and polished manners. The daily afflux of strangers from all countries is so great, and these mostly persons of distinguished rank or intellectual acquirements, that the young gentlemen under his care may be said to have become—and to have reaped many of the advantages of—travellers, long before they have quitted Hofwyl.*

But what is deserving of still greater praise, is the School for Poor Children, also founded by M. de Fellenberg. In this M. Wehrli, the director, keeps a minute journal of every thing that regards the children individually from the first hour of their admission—their natural character and dispositions—their religious, moral, and intellectual progress—their application to study—their

* An agricultural fête is celebrated here annually. In 1808, the school for practical farming was established under the auspices of the cantonal government. Similar establishments have since then been effected by two convents in Fribourg and Thurgovie.

predilections or aversions—in short, every thing that can facilitate their progress by giving it that direction for which Nature seems to have intended them. Great pains are taken to elicit and keep up amongst them the buoyant humour suitable to their age. They are treated with uniform kindness: the master never addresses them but in terms of affection or encouragement: he works, reads, sings, and talks with them, and is always near or amongst them. Thus, by regulated tasks, gentle restraint, and unremitting perseverance, he triumphs over great moral obstacles, and corrects every pernicious habit. Collected from all parts of the country—from the haunts of idleness and destitution—from a wandering unsettled life, and the influence of bad example—these children have been welcomed to the source of instruction, treated with affectionate care, and never require the aid of personal chastisement to be brought into regular habits. The great object of this distinguished philanthropist is to prepare these poor orphans, whom he has adopted, for some settled calling, in prosecuting which a comfortable and certain provision may be secured to them. Some are employed in manual labour; others, in proportion to their talents and activity, as superintendents of the farm; but all, more or less, destined for practical agriculture; and as oft as the weather permits, employed in such field-work as may be suitable to their years and strength. When the weather is bad, or in winter, they plait straw, knit, pick wool, or employ their time in any other way that may encourage and keep up regular habits of industry.*

In the environs of Bern, the battle-field of Donnerbühel is one of the usual places of pilgrimage—an altar of Helvetian freedom, at which all who wish well to the cause consider it a duty to present themselves. When the emperor Albert, in 1291, had laid waste the territory of Constance, and was advancing with a numerous army and retinue of nobles to vent his indignation on Bern, the latter, joined by Soleure, and led by the veteran Ulrich of Erlach, already named, gave him battle on this spot—totally routed his forces—took or destroyed many fortresses belonging to the nobles; and by this brilliant exploit laid the foundation of those splendid victories which afterwards distinguished them in their struggle with Austria.

In the church of Hindelbank is the celebrated monument by Nahl, erected to the memory of Madame Langhans, who died in child-bed in 1760. Her rare beauty, virtues, and untimely fate, appear to have inspired the sculptor with that genius and feeling by which he has achieved one of the most perfect

* Besides the different branches already named, the establishment presents another most important one, namely, that devoted to the preparation of those who are afterwards to take charge of the schools in the rural departments.

monuments in existence. She is represented as “bursting the cerements of the tomb” with one hand, and with the other holding up her infant son—or rather, as the sculptor poetically intended, the stone seems as if crumbling at the sound of the “last trumpet,” and, awakened from the sleep of death, the joyful mother presents her babe to the glorious light of immortality.—So, when the vernal sun has arisen in its strength, the flower of the Alps sweetly emerges from beneath the snow, and, from the frozen earth, springs forth into fresh beauty and existence. The subject is full of poetry—but a poetry which speaks to every heart, and presents an affecting picture of those brittle links which death severs, but which immortality restores. It is a striking personification of death resigning his empire.

“ Lo, truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom ;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb ! ”

The gate of Thun may be considered that of the Oberland, a district which, in 1798, was elevated to the rank of canton—and again at the peace of 1814 annexed to Bern. It comprises the vast extent of valleys and mountains situated in the centre of Switzerland, and, abounding in excellent pasturage, supports its inhabitants chiefly by the breeding of cattle, and the produce of the dairy. It is divided into four principal valleys—the Simmenthal, Lauterbrunnen, Grindewald, and Hasli, the waters of which, with their numerous tributaries, preserve a northern course, and fall into the lake of Thun—the scenery of which is so proverbial for its beauty. The northern shore presents a vast congeries of rugged mountains, while the opposite abounds in the most graceful and picturesque landscapes. Thun, though greatly improved by recent buildings, is small, and only remarkable when connected with the magnificent country of which it forms the capital. On the west, in the island formed by the two arms of the river, is the quarter of Belliz, traversed by a street called Rosengarten. Each branch of the river is spanned by a bridge—one covered over, the other open, with two corresponding gates. A third gate opens to the road to Bern; a fourth, named the Lauigate, leads to the charming walks on the Grüisisberg, and a mass of rocks, the result of an enormous *éboulement* of mountains, whose ruins are still visible, though, by the accumulated labour of centuries, covered with earth and cultivated.

The town itself contains about two thousand inhabitants, but the population is nearly doubled during the summer months by the influx of strangers, who,

for some years past, have shewn a decided partiality for the banks of this lake, as a place where pleasure, study, and economy may be united. The terrace near the church commands a most interesting prospect—the great variety of the foreground with the lake and glaciers in the distance give it an inexpressible charm. The Pavilion of St. James embraces a similar but more extended view; while the Bæchen-Hælzli surprises the spectator by the remarkable contrasts which it displays when observed from different vistas—opening and shutting as he varies his position, and including the sublime, unchanging aspect of the glaciers. But from no point is this view enjoyed in such perfection as from the entrance to a little grove, where a seat, inscribed with an appropriate motto—“*repose et jouis*”—embraces the general features, as expressed in the following verses:—

“Avec leurs grands sommets, leurs glaces éternelles,
Par le soleil couchant, que les Alpes sont belles!
La verdure, les eaux, les bois, les fleurs nouvelles,
Tout dans leurs frais vallons sert à nous enchanter:
Heureux qui sur ces bords peut long-temps s'arrêter!
*Heureux qui les revoit s'il a pu les quitter!**”

On the borders of the lake to which it gives name, are the strikingly picturesque village of Spiez, and the ancient tower of Strättlingen, from which sprung the founder of the second kingdom of Burgundy. According to popular tradition, this district long retained the characteristic name of the valley of gold and gladness*—a title to which its beauty and fertility may still lay claim. The small church of St. Michael, on the margin of the lake, was called the Paradise; and higher up the bank, the château of Spiez bore the name of the Golden Court—circumstances which prove how highly these charming localities were appreciated by their feudal chiefs.—Spiez is the last village which the road touches before it leaves the lake. All the houses are white, detached, and each with its garden. On a gentle swell stand the church and parsonage house—the latter with a beautiful garden running forward into the lake, in the calm bosom of which mountains, meadows, woods, and orchards, are all pictured in beautiful reflection.—The village of Wimmis is no less beautiful.

The Simmenthal, on account of its vicinity to Thun and the state of its roads, generally practicable for cars, is much frequented. It comprises a panorama of every variety from the wildest mountain features to the softest meadow scenery. Here the horrors of winter overhang the path; and there forests, harvest fields, and flowery pastures, succeed each other in beautiful

* Zur Roldenen Lust.

alternation. It is, throughout, a delicious asylum, where not only the necessities but the luxuries of life are produced in abundance, and where industry and contentment are seen in their happiest combinations. The valley is watered through its whole extent by the Simmen, and presents an almost uninterrupted succession of verdure and fertility. It is thickly interspersed with villages, where the appearance of the inhabitants is a sufficient guarantee for their internal prosperity; and although not more than thirteen leagues in length, by half a league in breadth, it has the air of an independent and well-appointed republic. In the villages, the manufacture of woollen cloths, and the less necessary distillation of cherries, occupy a considerable portion of the inhabitants; while the Alpine pastures, during the summer, give profitable occupation to the rest.—The annual migration to the mountains is a scene of great vivacity; and it seems surprising that no painter, to our knowledge, has yet selected it as an original subject for the pencil. About the end of May, the grand movement takes place. The cattle appear instinctively to know the hour, and require little aid from their keepers to find the inviting pastures. In their triumphant procession from stall to prairie, they often form a line of nearly a mile in length. The patriarch of the herd, a noble Bernese bull, bearing round his neck a large bell, suspended by a richly ornamented leathern belt, leads the way. Next succeed the finest cows, in pairs, and respectively distinguished by the size of their bells and decorations. A long train of waggons, laden with the dairy apparatus—coppers for making cheese; stoves, beds, chairs, and tables, for the *chalets*, and a supply of provisions, form the centre brigade, which is closed by a motley troop of five or six score of cattle—all furnished with bells, which keep up a concert far more enlivening than the sainted bells of Einsiedeln. The cattle, too, frisk and bellow in sheer rivalry or delight; the dogs bark—the goats bleat—the damsels sing—the matrons scold—the men smoke—the keepers whistle—and the whole colony, cattle and company, make their migration to the Alps a *fête* worth remembering.—How many complaints incident to a city life might be cured by a short residence in a *chalet*! How many hypochondriacs might rid themselves of all complaints, by following for a single month the herds of the Oberland, where the air itself is a nosegay, the coarse bread a banquet, and the simple whey of the Alps worth all the elixirs of the apothecary! But all this we say parenthetically.—For the invalid who would purchase much enjoyment with gentle exercise, it would be difficult to point out a more delightful field than the Simmenthal. The accommodation is always comfortable at the inns, and the pleasure of the tour may be had without incurring a single privation. Of the pedestrian it may be said—

" No sad vioissitudes his heart annoy :
Blows not a zephyr but it whispers joy :
For him lost flowers their idle sweets exhale ;
He tastes the meanest note that swells the gale.
For him sod-seats the cottage door adorn,
And peeps the far-off spire—his evening bourne !
Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
And dear the green sward to his velvet tread.
Moves there a cloud o'er midday's flaming eye ?
Upward he looks, and calls it ' luxury !'
Kind Nature's charities his steps attend ;
In every babbling brook he finds a friend :
While chastening thoughts of sweetest use, bestowed
By wisdom, moralize his pensive road."

With this brief notice of the Simmenthal, we now return to the lake of Thun, and resuming the navigation of its waters, which is now, to the great detriment of the boatmen, performed by steam, new and striking objects are continually brought into view. On the left is the grotto of St. Béat, where those who do not shrink from the difficulties of a steep and rugged path, would do well to make a pilgrimage. The view from the entrance to this cavern is particularly rich and comprehensive. The grotto, according to the legend, was originally the retreat of a dragon—perhaps a bear—which the holy St. Béat expelled, and converted the lair into a sanctuary, where he communicated to the heathen tribes around him the first tidings of the gospel. It is divided into two distinct compartments, of which the lower, adorned with a carpet of ivy, is very curious. The rocks in several places are hollowed into recesses similar to chambers; and the greatest length of the cave is little short of seven hundred feet. It opens upon a wide natural reservoir, from which the Béatenbach takes its rise, and descending, exhibits a miniature, but picturesque cascade, of several feet in height.

Those who follow the northern bank of the lake will have many advantages over those who make the excursion in a boat; but the difficulty, and occasionally the danger, which may overtake the inexperienced tourist in a road which is often hewn out of the rock and subject to *éboulements*, have established a preference in favour of the oar. One of the most prominent objects on the left, as we approach the upper end of the lake, is the church of Béatenberg, but of difficult access.

Untersee, so charmingly situated between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, and bordering on the valleys of Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald, and Hasli, presents a striking concentration of sublime and majestic scenery, but softened by the intermixture of features the most romantic and picturesque. The plain which

separates the two lakes is exceedingly fertile, and shaded by walnut-trees of such gigantic proportions as to remind one of the great chestnut on Mount Etna. A single tree, it is said, will furnish fifty fathoms of timber—a fact which gives the walnut groves of Interlaken and Untersee a precedence over every other in the Confederacy. It is from the walnut, subjected to the process of cold-drawing, that the Swiss make their eating-oil. Though only a short league in extent, this plain is covered with a vegetation so rich and vivid, commands a panorama so wild and various, and presents such pictures of sedulous cultivation and primitive simplicity, that it has long enjoyed the distinctive epithet of an Alpine paradise. The climate withal is so mild, that in the end of February the meadows are sprinkled with flowers.

The mistress of the inn here is the celebrated Swiss beauty—“la belle Batelière”—in whom so many knights-errant fancied they had discovered a second “Fornarina.” She was long the ferry-maid across the lake of Brienz, and with her boat, and oar, and blooming complexion, was a favourite subject in every traveller’s portfolio. But now that she has exchanged her “thousand” admirers for one husband, and the management of a boat for her customers at the bar, her beauty has experienced a severe check, and, like a naïad transferred from her native wave, she is here “out of her element.”*

The château of Kien, and village of Kienholz, near the lake of Brienz, were formerly destroyed by a fall of the mountains. Thirty-eight years ago, nearly forty houses in the village of Schwendi and Hochstelten were buried by a torrent of mud, which, discharging itself into the lake, continued to discolour the water for several months after. The mud-torrent in Switzerland, and the lava-stream in Sicily, though of most opposite temperature, are very similar in their progress and equally destructive in their effects.

Interlaken is particularly advantageous as a centre from which the tourist may take the scenery of the Oberland in detail. As head quarters, nothing can be more agreeable; and so great is the number of strangers who here fix their summer residence, that, besides a large hotel, and fifteen or sixteen comfortable boarding houses, every year contributes something new in the way of accommodation. The average rate of board is five francs a day; and upwards of five hundred English tourists have been registered in the same week as temporary residents in the village and its vicinity. The steam-boat which now plies on the lake has so much increased the facilities of travelling, that the concourse

* Since the period referred to, this lady has exchanged the inn for a shop in the village, which is much frequented by strangers.

of strangers during the last season was unprecedentedly great. The inn looks upon a charming promenade, shaded with noble trees, and at intervals commanding the most sublime scenery. The twin spires belonging to the ancient abbey and the church are fine landmarks, and in their day have brought many pilgrims to the sanctuary.

Here, and at Unterseen, strangers are now invariably entertained by native airs sung by peasant girls. Their voices being generally good, the several parts are sustained with due attention to concord, and with an effect of harmonious combination very creditable to the performers. Those which they performed, seemingly, with greatest spirit and fidelity—although in a style peculiar to themselves—were the hunting chorus in *Der Freischütz*, and the Tyrolean Song of Liberty—

“ Our Alps are the altars of freedom!—our valleys, fair Liberty’s shrine!” &c.

But this custom—for such it has now become—of admitting young women into public houses for the entertainment of strangers till midnight, is one of the many instances where the stranger’s gold has corrupted the native simplicity of the Swiss. Profit, however, when purchased by the sacrifice of decorum, will never contribute to the intrinsic wealth of a state.

The pastoral fête celebrated here is of great antiquity, and supposed to take its origin from some remote heathen solemnity. The place chosen for the occasion is generally an elevated pasture, where, on the morning of the anniversary, a ring is formed by the village patriarchs who are to adjudge the prizes; and within this the wrestlers take their stand. Each having selected his antagonist from some one of the neighbouring villages, the struggle begins; while the fresh combatants who wait to be challenged, take alternately the places of those worsted in the game. Each combatant enters the lists with a feeling as if the credit of his family and country, no less than his own personal glory, depended upon his single arm; and seldom, even in the games of Greece, was emulation more keenly excited, or the prize more vigorously contested. Before any wrestler can be declared the victor, he must have thrown his adversary twice fairly on his back. No blows are permitted in this trial of strength, and it is but seldom that any single aspirant can support more than six turns. The two strongest decide the game by three rounds, which proclaim the victory. Dances and rural banquets follow, in which the fair spectators of the conflict give life and vivacity to the picture. The merriment continues often a great part of the night, and the dancers are furnished with shelter and refreshment by the booths which surround the festive field. It is recorded in one of these

pastoral fêtes, that, whilst a victor and his partner were busily occupied in the dance, and the former too much engaged with the smiles of the fair Adelaide to note the fearful precipice at their side, on a sudden movement of the waltz the treacherous brink on which they trod gave way, and, followed by wild shrieks of despair, the unhappy lovers sank into the yawning chasm beneath. By some this catastrophe was believed to be a voluntary act—the desperate result of opposition to their union—but that is a mystery which the shrewdest of the survivors could not develop. It was a fact nevertheless, and might have been introduced as a new feature by Holbein into his “Dance of Death.”

It is always an object among those who visit Lauterbrunnen for the first time, to arrive between nine and ten o’clock; for at that time the Staubbach has the morning sun full upon it, and is more likely to make a lasting impression. To accomplish this three hours will suffice; but if the several objects by the way are to be glanced at, it is then necessary to set out from Interlaken at least two hours earlier.

The ancient Castle of Unspunnen, consisting of a square tower, with one of its angles rounded into a turret, commands the pass, but is hardly visible through the mass of brushwood with which it is masked. It is conjectured, that in the dungeons of this tower the inhabitants of Oberhasli were confined, after being taken prisoners at the battle of the Haslerig. It was the fortress of Berthold, the founder of Bern, in honour of whom a fête, such as we have described, is celebrated annually near this spot.

Proceeding on through Wilderschwywl, a cheerful hamlet, but exhibiting in its population instances of that humiliating disease so peculiar to Alpine valleys, we enter the defile of the Lütschin, where all that is most sublime and terrific in scenery is grouped, and concentrated in a way that defies description. It is a pass in which the wild and powerful genius of Salvator would have revelled in kindred gloom; but even his pencil, however magical in its delineations of the Abruzzi, would here have lost half its plastic influence, and left the great master of stern and savage landscape in despair. A glimpse of the Jungfrau and its glaciers contributes to the sublimity of the scene, and for a time monopolizes the spectator’s attention. Their brilliant silver resting on the blue sky is particularly striking. The truly Alpine bridges which span the torrent at intervals are of such frail and perilous aspect, that the stranger shudders to think how such adventurous footing can be employed as the medium of social intercourse. But the chamois-footed maids of Interlaken tread as lightly on rudely fashioned planks—slung from bank to bank over the boiling

surge—as if they but passed from one chamber to another; and smile at what the stranger counts to be an enterprise—

“ As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unstedfast footing of a spear!”

Both the Lütschinen abound in the very finest trout. The fisher, armed with a trident, or spear with three prongs, stations himself on the edge of the torrent at a point where it is most impetuous, and there strikes the fish in their passage up or down the stream. This is certainly much more of a task than a pastime, for it requires the undivided attention of the fisher—and, with his eyes fixed on the rapid current for hours at a time, it is surprising that he does not in a fit of vertigo drop into the torrent. But habit has rendered him proof against danger so apparent, and there, like a statue on its pedestal, and in the attitude of a gladiator, he continues from hour to hour the patient “ Pescator dell’onde.”

Waterfalls, in various cadence, streak with foam the precipices to the left; but the dash and thunder of their descent are lost in the deep roar of the torrent to which they hurry with unslackening tribute. The trunks of trees hewn in the mountains, and thence sent on a voyage to the plain, float down the torrent, stript of their bark, and bearing every mark of a boisterous passage. At one point they are seen whirling round in a vortex—buffeted against the rocks—then, with the speed of lightning, shooting through the spray, and apparently lost. In this manner the timber for domestic purposes is transported to its destination, and a devastating torrent rendered subservient to the will of man.

Aloft, and as far as the eye can reach, casual glimpses of refreshing verdure relieve the savage sterility which overspreads the surrounding chaos. Rocks are suspended in critical balance over the path, and from their giddy verge the goat peers down like a suspicious sentinel upon the stranger’s progress. Spring and winter are ever in immediate contact; and summer expands its arms to the very border of eternal snow. Chalets, whose roofs only appear to rise above the soil, are sprinkled along the acclivities, and mingle their picturesque features with the landscape. In these are housed the cattle and produce of the meadows; and there the summer is spent by the owners in all the simplicity of patriarchal life.

The only materials employed in the construction of these “ castra stativa,” as the chalets may be termed, are rudely fashioned trunks of pines, cut in equal lengths, pinned together, and the interstices often left as a free passage to the

air. The roof is very flat, composed of a layer of pine deals, and retained in its position by transverse rafters, upon which are piled fragments of rock to act as ballast when assailed by high winds. This precaution is universal in all places of similar elevation, where, unless so provided, the chalet, like a vessel breaking from her moorings, would literally drift before the wind. But the resistance which these seemingly frail habitations oppose to the "ouragans" of the Alps is almost incredible—and the more so to those who have had personal evidence of their violence.

Saussure, while prosecuting his researches in the Alps of Savoy, took shelter in one of the chalets on the Môle, just as one of these hurricanes began. Every instant, so long as it lasted, he expected the chalet would have been carried away; for, although quite low, squatted on the earth, and its roof covered with masses of stone so as to oppose the least possible resistance to the wind, it often happens that the weather side of the sloping roof is lifted up by the storm and thrown completely over upon the other, in the same manner as by a breath we turn over the leaf of a book.

When the storm had partially subsided, Saussure wishing to judge for himself of its diminished force, although cautioned by the inmates against the experiment, withdrew the bar which confined the door. In an instant it was blown open with such violence as to throw the philosopher completely off his balance, and pile up every article of furniture against the opposite wall. Had this experiment been tried but a short time previously, the chalet and its lodgers would have made a very precipitate retreat. When such gusts suddenly overtake the cattle on pastures bordered with precipices, they are borne down by them as easily as an October blast on the plain hurries the dry leaves before it. But if the storm comes on by degrees, and only reaches this pitch of violence after a certain space, the wary animals, fully sensible of their danger, turn their heads to leeward, and spreading out their fore legs with their hoofs edged firmly into the soil, ride out the storm like a ship at anchor. From the moment it is assumed, nothing will induce them to change their position. There they might be killed or maimed without the power of forcing them to take one step from the spot where nature has instructed them to make their stand. The chief thing to be attended to in these pastures is to prevent the cattle from being suddenly exposed to the storm; and with this view, when any symptom of an approaching tempest manifests itself, all the women and children run to drive the cattle from the more retired pastures.

In prosecuting our route along the left bank of the Lütschiné, Nature displays evidence of her working in the most awful forms. Rocks, suspended

in midway air, and bearing on their front the rude scars of remote convulsions, enclose the traveller on either side; while the path along which he moves appears cut by streams, shattered or obstructed by fallen rocks, and undermined by the frantic torrent at its base. Still, however, in her dreariest recess, the cheerful livery of spring scatters here and there the pleasing indications of her presence; and a green spot peering cautiously from the scene of devastation, proclaims, like the olive-branch of old, that there are yet life and hope in the world, and that the chaos around is gradually opening upon a scene reserved for the abode of man—a retreat where in safety he may survey the ruins of a past world, and in its wildest recess find an asylum for his reception: this asylum is the rock-bound valley of Lauterbrunnen.

As the vista opened upon this delicious solitude—delicious as succeeding at once to the dismal labyrinth through which we had pursued our way—and the morning sun shot his beams aslant the glaciers, the effect, both as regards the scene and ourselves, was almost magical. The wood, which threw its leafy screen betwixt us and the village, was not so dense as to mask its simple beauty, but here and there afforded an escape for its church, parsonage, and inn; and these, varying their position and aspect as we advanced, produced an effect in beautiful harmony with the scene. The rush of many waters fell in mingled chorus upon the ear, but so faint, and with so little of the audible character of “headlong floods,” that the sound had a tranquillizing rather than a startling effect. But where, then, was the Staubbach! whose precipice of nine hundred feet takes such easy precedence among the leaping torrents of Switzerland? The Staubbach was directly in front, falling like a volume of snow flakes—narrow at top, but widening and waving in its descent, and changing its transparent shower into the most brilliant hues as the sun pierced its fold, and there imprinted an iris sporting in the spray. Though a lofty, it is almost a noiseless fall, and, like the foot of the eastern beauty, is “white as snow, and falls as light.”

While thus engaged, the undulating murmur of the Staubbach was seconded by the shrill Alpine voices of some females who are here privileged to interrupt the travellers’ meditation by a musical performance. When heard in the distance, and joined by the echoes, it was a romantic interlude, but on approaching nearer, it inflicted upon the ear a harsh monotony. The sentiment of the melody, if we rightly interpret the German patois in which it was expressed, was a local subject—“Love in a chalet:”—

“The snows are departed—the uplands are green;
Where the torrent leaps fresh o'er the flower-breathing scene;

The goats climb aloft, and the smoke from the chalet
Cries, ‘Come!—come away—come away from the valley!’

“ The sleek herd is roaming yon pastures at large ;
There the shepherd pipes sweet as he follows his charge :
While Bernard cries, ‘ Come!—come away from the valley,
Let my chamois-eyed* maid be the light of my chalet !’

“ Shall I go?—can I linger, when Bernard cries ‘ Come !
How sweet on our flower-spangled prairie to roam !’
No—no : so adieu to the streams of the valley—
My Bernard for me—the green Alps, and a châlet !”—MS.

The houses of the village are simple and patriarchal, and generally address the stranger in moral sentiments, or texts from Scripture. These, serving to evince the piety of the founder, and to consecrate the building, are generally engraved in large letters along their front galleries:—“ By the help of God, in whom is my trust, I have erected this for my habitation, and commend the same to his gracious protection.—1781.” Such sentiments are always interesting, but doubly so in a country beset by so many perils; where man, impressed with a humiliating conviction of his own helplessness, feels that his accumulated strength is but as a straw when opposed to the avalanche, the torrent, and the hurricane. In the Lütschinthal, where an avalanche took its course, the gigantic pines with which that pass is lined were swept as sheer off as if they had been cut with an instrument. In another part, where a land-slip had occurred, and enormous rocks been dislodged, the pines, shattered and mutilated, stood with their roots in the air—their broken stems piled across each other, and intermingled with the melancholy wreck of human habitations ! It can only arise from their confidence in the Divine protection that men build on the very track of the avalanche—on the verge of precipices which every season converts into engines of destruction. Lauterbrunnen, however, is less subject to these terrible visitations than most other Alpine valleys. The houses are half covered with the verdure of the trees in which they are embowered—the meadows clothed with clover and trefoil—the pastures in every direction, from the valley to the precipices, green as an emerald, and refreshing to the eye ;—mulberry, cherry, apple, and other fruit trees, thrive luxuriantly ; while the shade is increased by a profusion of forest trees, such as alder, maple, ash, and willow. Wheat is here treated like an exotic, cultivated in small beds, and supported on sticks, but with a sickly aspect, that tells how much the soil and itself are at variance. Rye and barley, of harder origin, are more at home,

* The chamois, like the gazelle, is remarkable for the beauty of its eyes.

and form the only harvest—though far from adequate to the wants of the inhabitants.

Higher up the Lütschinen is the cascade of the Mirrenbach, falling over a precipice eight hundred feet in height, and forming another magnificent feature in the landscape. Not long since, a chamois-hunter in pursuit of game slipt his hold on this frightful verge, and was precipitated to the bottom, a mutilated corse. Of all pursuits to which the Alpine peasant devotes his time and ingenuity, that of the chamois-hunter is attended with the greatest danger and fatigue. Few ever relinquish it, or die a natural death.

The whole valley of Lauterbrunnen affords abundant evidence of its sudden formation by some terrible convulsion which opened it as a *crevasse*. All the prominent and serrated edges correspond, and, if again closed, would enter into their original positions. The torrents which stripe it on all sides, also, correspond, their course being merely interrupted by the chasm; and were the edges of the precipices brought into contact, the channels would be reunited, and the waters, instead of falling in cascades, would flow in continuous streams. The subject is interesting, and cannot fail to engage the traveller's observation; but as our space is limited, we can afford little more than a glance at the almost numberless objects which here solicit attention. What the author must omit, however, will be amply compensated by the truth and elaborate finish of the illustrations.

The passage of the Wengen-Alp into the Grindelwald is a most interesting portion of the tour. To those unaccustomed to estimate distances in the Alps, the Jungfrau appears as if immediately overhanging the path; and throwing every other object into obscurity by its vast and varied brightness, takes entire possession of the scene*—a scene which justifies the following apostrophe:—

“ All reckless thou behold'st the varying tide
Of times and seasons; whether winter frown,
Or spring or summer o'er the heavens preside,
Yet still to thee 'tis naught!—still thou look'st down
Unchanged—unchangeable!—Lifeless and wide—
And desolate—thou wear'st thine icy crown
Where suns that scorch the wild pine at thy feet
With moonlight radiance—cold and scathless beat!

“ Harmless o'er thee ten thousand suns have rolled—
Wild cataracts from thy girdle burst their way!
Yet still within thy frozen mantle-fold
Stern winter reigns with an eternal sway.—

* The points of view chosen by Mr. Bartlett for this stupendous scene, are peculiarly happy. The near view of the Jungfrau, with the well-known scene from “Manfred,” is eminently successful.

Far up the welkin shoot thy summits bold,
And far below thou seest the lightnings play—
Hear'st the dread thunder bellowing round thy base,
And sitt'st the while with glorious sunshine on thy face.”—MS.

At one of the chalets near the highest point of the passage it is customary to halt for rest and refreshment; and from this point, with the summit of the Silver-horn directly opposite, the Jungfrau is seen in all its sublimity.

“ Its hoary summit, robed in vestal white,
Inviolate soars.”

The spirit of Alpine adventure, however, has carried at least one hunter to the summit, so that, literally, the Jungfrau is no longer a virgin mountain—the “Dian of the waste.” At short intervals, the stillness of the atmosphere is convulsed by sounds like the boom of distant artillery, but occasionally harsher as they seem to approach, and then terminate in a crash which startles the echoes, and is prolonged in various undulating murmurs among the recesses and chasms of the mountain. Directing the eye towards the point whence the sound seems to proceed, we perceive a moving mass resembling the foam of a suddenly discharged cataract. A cloud of snowy spray marks the line and impetuosity of its course, and, as it dashes downward with the speed of lightning, and sweeps every obstacle before it, pyramids of silvery dust and vapour soar here and there from its channel like sparkling exhalations. These succeed one another wherever the shock and struggle between the descending body and the rocks in its course has been most formidable. In estimating the rapidity with which these snowy thunderbolts descend, we might fancy the next minute would involve us in their destruction. But, like the sea, they too “have bounds which they cannot pass;” and in the moment of their utmost fury are laid quietly to rest in some intervening gulf, where, changing their form, and laying aside their terrors, they are silently converted into fertilizing streams.

It may be superfluous to state that the phenomena here noticed are the result of summer-avalanches. The spectacle is generally periodical, and discovers itself from about noon till three o'clock, during which period the sun is in its full strength, and, loosening their “frozen bonds,” launches the accumulated snows in successive explosions. It is a voice which in these awful solitudes is truly sublime, and awakens an impression not to be described, but never to be forgotten. At midnight, when the stars alone keep watch on the mountain-tops, and silence holds uninterrupted possession of the scene, its desolation, aided by darkness, acquires tenfold intensity, and fills the spectator's mind with the most thrilling emotions.

“ All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep
For utterance.”

We were welcomed to the valley of Grindelwald by the warbling of two Alpine muses—a strain as wild in modulation as the character of the scenery through which it circulated, and very appropriate to the place.

The glaciers of Grindelwald have been often described; but the subject is one to which no description in words, or even in painting, can do adequate justice. We have nothing wherewith to compare the scene, so as to give it that vivid colouring by which those who have not had ocular demonstration may recognise its wild phenomena. We refer to our former account of the glaciers of Chamouni, in the first volume of this work.

From the windows of the inn the eye wanders over the more striking features of the scene: below, the torrent descends with thundering precipitation from its source in the icy cavern, the opening to which forms a magnificent arch of seventy feet in height. Above, the glacier split into towers and pinnacles, and sparkling with the sun, merges its sea-green ramparts in a wilderness of everlasting snows. The pinnacles, so well known under the name of horns or aiguilles, present an appearance the most unprecedented to the eye and mind of a stranger. One of these, a stupendous obelisk, shooting its precipitous and tapering form to nearly twelve thousand feet, fringed at its base with forests, and encrusted with snow, exerts a sort of fascination over the senses, and holds the spectator for a time in mute and breathless contemplation.

With all its splendid features, however, the valley of Grindelwald is not “the happy valley” which the “Minnesingers” of the Alps have depicted it. The rigour of winter lasts full seven months, so that the agricultural pursuits, so necessary to the welfare of the inhabitants, are impeded, and their spring, summer, and autumn, are confined to the short interval of five months. The valley, though considerably wider than that of Lauterbrunnen, is still too limited in extent and produce for the number of its inhabitants. The dairy forms their chief dependence; for the liberal “mother of harvests,” and the god of the vintage, are alike strangers in the place. Without these two important divinities, it has been said love will find few votaries; but here—“sine Cerere et Libero”—the Paphian goddess, nevertheless, has her devotees and her temple even among the snows. To visit his mistress of a “Saturday night,” a youth of Grindelwald (or in any part of the Oberland-Bernois) will encounter all the perils of an Alpine sky—torrent, storm, and avalanche; and thread his

way to the favoured chalet as unerringly as if he carried a compass, and moved along one of Macadam's best roads. These stolen interviews are concerted much in the same manner as in Scotland. The fair one, as soon as the rest of the family are sleepily disposed of, prepares a cheerful reception for her lover, whose arrival is announced by a gentle serenade of—

“ Oh ! are ye sleepin' Maggy ?
Let me in, for loud the win' is roarin' o'er yon warlock craigy ! ”*

The question, of course, is answered by a gentle whisper that the old folks are all as they should be—suspecting nothing, or fast asleep ; and then, stepping to the long wooden gallery—

“ She ope'd the door, she loot him in, he coost aside his dripping plaidie—
‘ Now blaw your warst, ye rain and win ! for now I'm in aside my Maggy.’ ”*

But, without evincing any impertinent curiosity in prosecuting the subject, let us now paint the happy lovers seated by a blazing log of pine-tree, a dish of roasted chamois and rye bread on the table, rich cream, with the very flavour of the flowers on which the cows were fed—cheese that speaks for itself, and is recommended strongly to the palate by its ripe odour ; and to close the banquet, a glass of that precious nectar of the Alps, Kirschwasser, or gentian-whiskey, to which the youth is invited by many gentle arguments, as an antidote to the cold and fatigue encountered in his journey. She drinks to him with a maiden's welcome—he pledges the cup ; and this done, feels that he can descend on love with the eloquence of a senator. With what rapture does she listen as he lays down the plan of their future life, and presses her to name the day when she will consent to light his chalet with her smiles ! The question adds at once to her beauty and embarrassment—it is ingeniously evaded, but in a manner that adds to her lover's importunity. She hesitates—but at last her scruples are overcome. The day and hour are named—a thousand anticipations of happy years flush the cheek and flutter round the heart of the Alpine maid. Their thoughts are too big for utterance, and they sit looking into each other's face—silent and happy. But the night wind howls dismally through the wide gallery, and the waning of the stars shows that the parting moment has arrived. Torrents must be forded—forests traversed—snowy ramparts surmounted ; and

* See the popular Scotch “ Wooing-song.”

it is indeed time to go—love must give place to the stern law of necessity! . . . They have parted, and with the speed of the bouquetin, the Alpine lover retraces his steps, while the newly-betrothed follows his shadow as he fleets along the snow, with feelings which at once delight and distract her spirit. But why distrust? the sky is cloudless; and although the wind sweeps howlingly through the gorge, the hurricane is far off; and she at length retires to press that pillow which her present thoughts have rendered too delicious for the vulgar enjoyment of sleep.—As the first breath of day pervaded the green pastures, a piercing shriek escaped her lips, and brought her mother anxiously to her bed-side—for when is a mother deaf to the voice of her child? “It was nothing,” she said—“a mere phantom which had crossed her dream.” But it was a phantom that had changed her look and complexion, and her hand shook convulsively as she raised it to wipe off the cold dew that had started suddenly to her forehead.—We need only add, that at that hour a landslip on the Lütschinen overwhelmed the narrow valley while her lover passed, and with its ruins combined that of as true a heart as was ever pledged to woman in the valley of Grindelwald.

Among numerous examples of the dangers by which the inhabitants of these regions are beset, even in the occupations of daily life, the following fact may be recorded. Christopher Bohren, the inn-keeper at Grindelwald, having occasion to cross the glacier situated between the Wetterhorn and Mettenberg, was considerably advanced on his way, when the ice beneath him suddenly breaking, he was plunged to a depth of sixty-four feet. With his arm broken, and wrist dislocated by the fall, he had still sufficient presence of mind to make some exertion for his preservation. Stunned, and half frozen, he groped about him, and in the bottom of his icy prison discovered a tunnel through which the melted waters of the glacier had forced an outlet. Insinuating himself into this canal, he advanced painfully, and despairing of ever again beholding the light. The warmth of life was fast yielding to the deadly chill of the cavern in which, to all appearance, he was doomed to perish. Every step he advanced on his knees and elbow, (for of the latter he had but one left,) threw a keener pang into his heart, and the mingled gurgling, rushing, and tinkling sound of the deeply channelled waters, sounded in his ear like a horrid dirge that pronounced his wife a widow, and his children fatherless! This very thought, however, was probably the cause of his redoubled exertion, and made the agony of fear the beginning of hope; for when he had crawled along the icy current for about twenty fathoms, he suddenly emerged into the light of day. The torrent had there its issue, and the captive, following its direction, was

speedily restored to the world, and lived many years after to narrate the circumstances of his miraculous escape.*

Following the left margin of the Reichenbach, we come to those celebrated falls, which so completely fix the stranger's attention as to form almost the principal object of the tour, and amply repay him for any fatigue he may have encountered by the way. Of these tremendous features, however, Mr. Bartlett has given so vivid and correct a representation, that very little description will suffice. All who have witnessed the natural picture will at once recognise and applaud the force and fidelity of the mimic pencil; while those who have not "stood upon the perilous verge," will form an accurate conception of its wild magnificence from the delineations before them. The great body of water which is here hurled foaming and howling from the precipice, is furnished by the Scheideck, Rosenlau, and the Schwartzwald, and rushes through a rocky gorge of the Swirgi. The first stage exhibits a fall in profile, and about a hundred feet in height; the second and more stupendous of the two superior falls, presents a breadth of about thirty feet, and plunges by a single bound of four hundred feet into the boiling cauldron at its base. Around the shattered precipices—

" Trees and shrubs, in wild disorder, fringe the gulf's horrific border;
While, ceaseless from the dread 'profound,' breezes waft the dismal sound."

From the small *belvédér*, erected for this purpose, the fall is observed in all its stages—from the wave-worn precipice, where it makes its first trial of strength, to the next appalling shock, where the wide volume is dissipated in snow and spray—crushing the rock in its descent—filling the ear with the roar of its agony—and the mind with images of horror and destruction. It is on this point that all who would feel, as well as contemplate, the sublimity of the scene, should take their stand; and—

" There watch the "hell of waters" under—swift as light and loud as thunder!"

* The following is an occurrence still lamented by many living. On the 31st of August, 1831, M. Mouron, a Protestant clergyman from near Lausanne, was lost in one of those icy gulfs which open at intervals among the glaciers. This sudden and awful catastrophe took place in presence of the guide who accompanied him. He had only arrived in Grindelwald the preceding night, and the next morning set out on a survey of the sea-of-ice. Perceiving one of the openings alluded to, his curiosity was thereby attracted, and he approached the brink; but that he might look down into it with safety, he struck the spike end of his pole into the ice, and leaned forward upon its head. In an instant the spike, propelled by the additional weight, penetrated the ice, or slid forward, and Mouron, losing his balance, was precipitated into the chasm, nearly eight hundred feet deep. Three attempts were made to recover the body, and the last having succeeded, the head was found soft with contusions, and a thigh and arm fractured. In all probability he did not survive the descent: but who can imagine the horror of that moment when he felt the prop give way—or the agony that may have been crowded into the brief space between the brink and the abyss! His body was interred in the village church-yard, and a marble slab, inscribed with a simple and affecting epitaph, there records the melancholy event.

To witness the last fall, it is necessary to pass through the meadows, and crossing a small bridge, take our stand opposite the foaming precipice, where, after pursuing its headlong course for about three hundred yards, the river achieves the last scene in this splendid exhibition.

" There, lover of the Alpine storm, the raven shews her sable form ;
And there, the Lämmergheyer lone, o'relooks that foaming Phlegethon !
Whose sleepless vortex smokes, and seethes, and clothes the rocks with tortured wreaths
Of an eternal tempest."

The Valley of Meyringhen—or more properly that of Hasli, of which Meyringhen is the capital—comprises an extent of five leagues or upwards, and boasts of a population whose appearance and character are essentially different from those of their neighbours. A tradition exists similar to that alluded to in our account of Schwytz, which describes the original colony as of Swedish origin. This tradition is further strengthened by a supposed affinity between the two languages, and by the physical and moral distinctions to which they lay claim. That they are of foreign descent, and not aborigines, is rendered more than probable from various concurring testimony. The men of Hasli are a singularly fine race, and in stature, expression, and deportment, have not degenerated from their heroic ancestry. They maintain a high credit among the surrounding cantons for the masculine virtues, patriotism, courage, honour, and intrepidity, as well as the more domestic qualities of candour, benevolence, and those requisites which form the great bond of good citizenship. The women, no less distinguished than their lords, have a traditional costume to which they still attach importance, and in many instances present a figure and physiognomy which a painter might delight to copy. They are not, like the women of other valleys, exposed to severe labour in the fields, or to the drudgery of a domestic bondage. They are very attentive to the art of the toilette, and preserve their freshness of complexion and elegance of form to a late period of life. One of the most interesting fêtes celebrated in the valley, is the examination of the schools, and distribution of prizes, under the direction of the préfet and pastor. In proof of the salubrity of the climate and their own natural sobriety, it may be stated, that they have neither physicians, nor surgeons, nor accoucheurs—any one of whom might here as well look for the philosopher's stone as professional remuneration. During the eight years immediately preceding 1816, and in the parish of Meyringhen alone, eighteen men and thirty-five women died at the age of eighty and upwards; one man at ninety-three, another at ninety-four; three women at ninety and ninety-five; forty-five men, and forty-three women

between the ages of seventy and eighty. For the last thirty years the population has increased so much, as to exhaust the natural resources of the valley, and induce a necessity for emigration. The plague, which in former times committed great ravages in the Hasli, has not appeared since 1669, when upwards of twelve hundred persons fell victims to it in the parish of Meyringhen alone. In a population of six thousand, according to the census of 1816, ten individuals were returned as possessing fortunes of forty thousand livres and upwards, and more than twenty with thirty thousand ; but with these exceptions, the inhabitants were suffering great privations, and the majority compelled, during the severe winter, to exist on potatoes almost exclusively, and often without even the humble luxury of salt. Formerly, it appears, they enjoyed a greater immunity from the natural scourges of their position, and lived in comparatively easy circumstances ; but since then, repeated inundations of the Aar,* and other torrents, discharging themselves into this “valley of streams,” have occasioned so many losses, and so many fresh demands upon the labour of the community, that to these causes the greater part of the straitened circumstances complained of may be attributed.†

The Giesbach, to which we now retrace our steps, is certainly one of the finest cascades in the Oberland, and by some, indeed, preferred to the greater fall of the Reichenbach. The worthy and well-informed individual, the organist of Brinctz, who resides here during the summer months, is an additional attraction to the picturesque traveller. He has two daughters, and two or three sons, whose musical talents he has so far perfected by judicious cultivation, as to form out of his own family a chorus of excellent singers. We entered his neat cottage, built so as to command fine views of the cascade, and after waiting a short time, were welcomed by its owner with great natural politeness, and an expression of benevolence and cheerful contentment, which are seldom observed but where worldly ambition has been held in check by the habitual exercise of the gentler passions. Having been informed of our arrival by one of his children, he had left his laborious occupation of cutting wood in order to con-

* To check this growing calamity, a massive embankment, consisting of a wall twelve feet high, by nearly eight in breadth, was constructed at vast labour and expense in 1743, and repaired again in 1762. This mound affords many good points where the tourist may enjoy a full prospect of the valley.

† The valley is divided into three parishes, viz.—Meyringhen, Gadmen, and Guttanen, united under the administration of a préfet, named by Bern, and elected by the inhabitants of Hasli. The first of these parishes contained at the close of the war nearly five thousand inhabitants, who have greatly increased since then. The number of chalets with dairies is estimated at nearly two hundred, each of which, on an average, produces annually about twenty quintals of cheese, bringing a return of nine thousand Swiss livres. The exports, besides, are chamois skins, fox skins, &c. ; the imports, wheat, wine, salt, cloth manufactures, &c.

tribute something to our entertainment. Aware of our object, he anticipated our request by seating himself at a little spinnet, and, with his interesting family-group behind him,* commenced one of their patriotic songs in a style that surprised and delighted us: this was succeeded by others equally well executed, and in fine harmony with the scene. But our surprise was greatly increased when the same pastoral choir began our own national anthem in English. This touched the key of our patriotism, and joining our voices to theirs, the chorus of "God save the king" resounded over the apartment. Our feeling, perhaps, was not unlike what the Swiss themselves experience when their own *Ranz des Vaches* meets their ear in a foreign land—

" That song of liberty, whose magic spell
Can rouse the forest chase and frozen dell."

Like the Reichenbach, the Giesbach is composed of a succession of falls; but, in the beauty of the surrounding scenery, although of a softer description, it has greatly the advantage. One of the falls shoots so far over the projecting rock, as to leave an interval between its volume and the precipice, and where the spectator, admitted behind it, has an excellent opportunity of estimating the prodigious force of the descending water. The most striking effect, however, is produced by the tranquil lake beneath and the mountains opposite, as they are seen through the liquid curtain, contrasting their own stillness and serenity with the rush and roar of the impetuous torrent. It is almost impossible to quit this spot without regret; and having spent an hour in admiring its beauty, we descended to our boat. When near the water's edge, our attention was again attracted by the same family group, who had taken their station on a projecting rock, and now gave us the real *Ranz des Vaches*—the father with the Alpine horn, and the sons and daughters with their voices, to which the roar of the cataract supplied a very efficient chorus.

The *Rhododendron ferrugineum*, or Alpine rose, is here observed in great beauty, and descending to the very border of the lake, which is of an almost incredible depth—nearly three times that of the lake of Thun, and not less than two thousand one hundred feet in certain places—a fact which reduces its channel below the level of the Mediterranean.

The canton of Bern—more particularly the Oberland—is indebted to its mountains and the nature of its soil for a great number of medicinal springs. Upwards of sixty, all more or less recognised for their salubrious qualities, are

* The reader will find a pleasing account of this family and locality in "Walter's Letters from the Continent," and in Stevenson's and Inglis's "Switzerland."

annually resorted to by invalids. The more prominent in this extensive catalogue are the baths of Leissigen, Weissembourg, Blumenstein, Gurnighel, Langenau—the sulphur baths near Frutigen, Sommerhaus, Thalgut, and many others, with their lists of “authenticated cures.” No district of Switzerland can open a finer field for the researches of the natural philosopher than Bern. Its riches in the animal,* vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, have been celebrated by many illustrious *savants*—among whom we need only mention the great Haller. Agriculture is every where held in honour, and large capitals annually disbursed for its improvement. The establishment at Hofwyl, already described, has done much by its practical lessons, while the government has been a liberal patron to every measure calculated to extend this great national resource.

The Emmenthal, one of the most fertile districts in Switzerland, and the garden of this canton, is peculiarly interesting on account of its high state of cultivation, the variety and abundance of its produce, and the activity of its manufactures. It is not less so on account of its many natural curiosities, and the rich field of speculation which it throws open to the geologist. Of the vast rubbish accumulated by the torrents of ages in the Emmenthal, the greater portion is calcareous: various kinds of marble, granite, porphyry, serpentine, verd-antique, jasper, amygdalite, or variolite; but of the latter no uniform masses have yet been discovered in the Swiss Alps. The gold sand brought down by the waters of the Emme, proceeds, probably, from the violent and continual friction of certain stones in the bed of the channel during the summer torrents. The inhabitants of this favoured valley are distinguished for industry and intelligence, and enjoy every moral advantage in the establishment of excellent schools and conscientious pastors.

The mountains of the canton contain many rich veins of metal; but the expenses of working them are so great, that, with the exception of the iron mines in the old Diocese of Basle, they are but rarely used. The commerce of this canton consists chiefly in the exportation of horses, horned cattle, and cheese, with a considerable quantity of kirschenwasser, made in the pastoral valleys. The commerce of “transit,” as it is termed, occupies many hands. The imports consist of wine, salt, manufactured goods, and colonial wares. In

* Several wild animals, which in former times abounded in the woods and mountains—such as the chamois, the bear, the wild-boar, the roe-buck, and especially the bouquetin, are now but rarely to be seen in their ancient haunts. Wolves, however, are still formidable, and continue their ravages during the winter among the inhabited districts. Foxes are numerous—in proof of which, about three thousand are killed annually. Game is abundant—hares, cogs-de-Bruyère, and many other kinds. The herds and flocks of the canton are proverbially numerous, and of the finest breed.

respect to home manufactures, this canton cannot be compared with several others which enjoy fewer advantages by nature.

The Protestant religion is the form established by law. All the *bourgeois* of the canton are alike eligible to offices of trust in the state; and every male between the ages of sixteen and fifty is liable to military service. Two *avoyers* preside alternately, and during one year, at the great and lesser council. The first of these assemblies meets regularly twice a year, and also on the first Monday of every month, or as often as state affairs may require. No motion can be carried into effect till after its sanction by the lesser council, which is charged with the ordinary business of the republic. The business of the state is divided into five distinct departments—a privy council, for the direction of the federal and diplomatic affairs, and the maintenance of public security at home and abroad—councils of finance—of justice and police—of ecclesiastical affairs and education—and a council of war. Every parish has a “tribunal d’expédition,” the president of which, in quality of Stadthalter, is the first public functionary in the parish. In addition to the above, the reformed parishes have what is called a “matrimonial tribunal,” for the decision of domestic questions in the mutual relations of husband and wife, and parents and children.

In 1795, the established clergy, comprising ecclesiastical professors and candidates for the holy ministry, amounted to five hundred and sixty individuals. The best church livings yielded about three hundred louis-d’or, and the others fifty or sixty per annum. At present, the canton is divided into one hundred and seventy-six Protestant parishes, and fourteen chaplaincies, distributed into the six classes of Buren, Burgdorf, Langenthal, Thun, Nidau, and Bienne. The Catholic portion of the inhabitants, chiefly of the old bishopric of Basle, are subject to that see.* In 1795, the public revenue amounted to one million five hundred thousand Swiss livres. It is worth mention that savings-banks have become very general throughout the canton. The population in 1828, was three hundred and fifty thousand. The last military contingent was fixed at five thousand eight hundred and twenty-four in men, and ninety-one thousand six hundred and ninety-four Swiss livres in money.

* The town of Bern celebrated the jubilee of the Reformation with great solemnity in 1828. Medals were struck on the occasion; and a great concourse from all the Protestant cantons contributed to render the spectacle one of the most imposing ever witnessed in Switzerland, if we except, probably, the Jubilee which took place at Geneva in August last, 1835.

LUCERN AND UNTERWALDEN.

" High o'er Unterwalden's vale, where the forest fronts the morn—
Whence the boundless eye may sail o'er a sea of mountains borne" . . .
" From the dead our spirits rose—to the dead they soon returned,
Bright on its eternal close Unterwalden's glory burned!"—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE Valley of Entlibuch, through which we approach the ancient capital of Lucern, is composed of several lateral branches, and inhabited by a race of people distinct in many respects from their neighbours, but remarkable for their fine stature, natural vivacity, and love of independence. They are fond of music and the dance, and famous in those gymnastic exercises to which we lately adverted. On the first Monday in Lent, the village minstrels sing or recite a variety of ballads, into which every amusing or ludicrous event of the preceding year is grotesquely introduced. The custom is very ancient, and is no bad vehicle of morality as well as mirth. These rural bards are the satirists as well as eulogists of the valleys, and resemble in the exercise of their function the early founders of ancient comedy, who, while exciting the laughter of their audience, conveyed an important lesson.

The village of Schüpfheim is celebrated for its Capuchin monastery and church on the height—the latter is nearly new, and on an extensive scale. An ancient tower contains the archives of the country. Entlibuch, at the junction of the Entle and the Emme, with its elegant temple, offers abundant proofs of industrious habits, rigid economy, and all those comforts to which their primitive notions attach any real value. In a meadow near the village, on the first Sunday of autumn, a great gymnastic fête is celebrated in honour of the patron saint.

In Entlibuch, seven days are devoted annually to these trials of strength—each day on new ground, either in the valley or on the surrounding heights. To these games all the neighbouring population is invited, including Unterwald, Hasli, and the Emmenthal. A crowd of spectators, such as we have already described, encircle the arena, and evince the most lively interest in the struggle. The laws, of immemorial enactment, are religiously observed; and he who comes off victorious, is ever after held in the highest honour among his country-

men. The most remarkable of these champions, was John Vogel of Hasli, surnamed the “ Invincible.” He carried off the palm in his eighteenth year, and never, during the space of thirty years, found either his master or his equal. At the end of this long career, he reposed upon his laurels, and left the ring and its glory to younger men.

As we advance, the scene softens, expands, and presents an infinity of rich and variegated landscape.—Vestiges of feudal sway, crowned by the monuments of freedom—a fertile land, a healthy population, and the pleasing indications of extending trade and increasing prosperity, meet us at every turn.

History affords us little insight as to the antiquity of Lucern. Its origin is still a subject of conjecture among the learned, although generally admitted to owe its name to the Latin synonyme of Lucerna—a sort of Pharos by which, in remote times, the boatmen on the lake were enabled to direct their course. About the end of the seventh century, a chief of the country, named Wickhard, founded a convent on the neighbouring height, around which a town gradually sprang up, and, from the local circumstance above stated, took the name of Lucern. The convent and town were afterwards presented by Pepin-le-Bref to the abbots of Murbach, in Alsace, by whom they were sold at the end of the thirteenth century to the house of Hapsburg, already conspicuous in the political horizon of the country. In the early part of the next century, however, the rigours of Austrian domination became so insupportable, that the inhabitants of Lucern, by entering into a political compact with the three first cantons, laid the foundation of that independence, which, after long wars and much waste of life, was happily secured to their posterity. But scarcely had they tasted the first fruits of their new liberty, when a conspiracy, known in history as the *mord-nacht*, or murder-night, threatened once more to rivet their chains and reinstate the discarded chief.

The principal families in the town, while professing an outward love of freedom, were secretly laying plans for its destruction. When these had arrived at full maturity, they fixed a night for the final execution of their murderous design, in which all the influential friends of liberty were to have been cut off. Providence, however, prepared a different result, by which the dagger of the assassins was turned against their own breast. As the appointed night closed in, the leaders of the plot, having secretly armed, issued from their different homes, and assembled in a cave near the margin of the lake, and under the club-room frequented by the incorporated trade of tailors. Here the apparent security of the place rendering them less cautious in concerting the first steps of their proceeding, they were overheard by a boy, who happened to be passing by at

the time, and stopped to listen. The lad was soon detected, and would have been instantly put to death, had not the alternative offered of making him solemnly swear never to reveal to mortal ear what he had there seen or heard.

The youth, thus dismissed, but alarmed at the mysterious aspect of these men—the arms which they wore, and the words that escaped them—entered a room belonging to the fraternity of butchers, where several of the townsmen were still drinking and playing. He hesitated for some time, till, recollecting that the oath by which he was bound was, that he should never reveal what he had seen or heard to “mortal ear,” he turned himself round, and addressing the stove in the room, detailed every circumstance of what he had seen and heard. Horror-struck at the recital, the facts were instantly communicated by those present to their companions, and rushing with an armed force to the spot, they seized the conspirators, invoked the help of Unterwalden, and at length excluding the higher aristocracy from every share in the councils, expelled them from the city they had formerly governed.

The victory of Sempach, to which the Lucerners contributed so effectually in 1386, gave stability to their independence. In thirty years more they took entire possession of the territory which now forms the canton, and in 1479, bought up all the feudal rights which the canons of St. Leger—the convent already mentioned—had previously exercised over the citizens. From that period the government passed, by slow degrees, into the hands of a few patrician families, and the rural districts, with their inhabitants, became subject to the town. This oligarchy, against which the citizens revolted in 1764, continued in force till the close of the eighteenth century.

On the thirty-first of January, 1798, before any other of the confederate states had adopted a similar step, the government of Lucern made the voluntary proposition to establish a new constitution based on the equality of political rights. Very shortly after this, Lucern accepted the new constitution drawn up by the French republic, and forced upon the united cantons. On the thirtieth of April, the territory was entered by the military force of the small cantons, and the following day a detachment of French troops took possession of the town, which was laid under heavy contributions, and compelled to defray all the expenses of the war.

“ On the princely towers of Bern, fell the Gallic thunder-stroke ;
To the lake of fair Lucern, all submitted to the yoke.”

In September of the same year, Lucern became the seat of the new Helvetic government, by which great expenses were incurred. Twice, at a later period

of that eventful crisis, Lucern was inundated with French troops, and formed one of the central points where the civil war raged with such violence in 1802, and occasioned so many unheard of sacrifices. At length, in 1813, Lucern, like the rest of the Confederacy, reaped the benefit of the great political changes at that period achieved, and returned without agitation to its former condition.

The sovereign power resides in a Daily Council of thirty-six members, and in another of sixty-four, with an *avoyer* at their head, who are elected for life; and the government, composed of these two councils, is styled, "The Avoyer and Council-of-Hundred of the town and republic of Lucern." The Council-of-Hundred meets regularly three times a year, or oftener, as the Daily Council may require. The established religion is the Catholic, subject in ecclesiastical matters to the see of Basle and Soleure. The monastic establishments are numerous; that of St. Urban was founded in 1148. The knights of Malta have a chapter at Hohenrein, and at Reiden; and latterly the Protestants have been allowed a church and pastor in the town, which is the residence of the Pope's nuncio. It is worth notice that, in the convent of Berominoli, near Lucern, Elias de Lauffen established a printing press in 1470, the first known in Switzerland. Here Ulric Gering, attached to the convent, learned the mysterious art, and afterwards proceeded to Paris, where he exercised his talent from 1472 to 1510. For a long time he made a secret of his art: the first books printed in France issued from his press.

The town of Lucern, built where the impetuous Reuss issues from the lake, is highly picturesque, and contains several remarkable edifices—among which may be mentioned the ancient Town-house, the Cathedral, the Church of the Jesuits, the Arsenal, Theatre, Lyceum, and the great Hospital. The cathedral boasts a very precious horde of relics; and besides several paintings by good masters, has a splendid organ containing little short of three thousand pipes, some of them thirty-seven feet high. But the three bridges, built for the convenience of pedestrians, are, perhaps, the greatest curiosities to a stranger. The Hof-brücke, thirteen hundred and eighty feet in length, is considered the most striking in Switzerland, as to extent and appearance, and is covered with illustrations of sacred history. Another comprises all the important events from the first down of liberty downwards, faithfully represented in oil-colours, and tending to keep alive among the youth a knowledge of their heroic annals, and a spirit of independence. A third bridge is embellished with pictures from Holbein's Dance-of-Death; and a fourth, apparently of great antiquity and uncovered. Near the centre of the second bridge, consecrated to the exploits of native

history, is an ancient tower, called the Wasser-thurm, and, like that at Zurich, used formerly perhaps as a prison.

The town is surrounded by charming walks, which command every variety of alpine landscape; while the lake, expanding before it like a mirror, is an object of which the eye is never weary. Boats on the margin, in the offing, and just in sight—each with its merchandize or party of pleasure—give beauty and animation to its glassy surface, where, like the “swans in St. Mary’s lake,” each boat floats double—boat and shadow. The Reuss as it quits the lake, at torrent-speed and in great volume, shows its waters of a bright limpid green. All the rivers where they empty themselves into the Swiss lakes—more particularly the Rhone and the Rhine—are less or more discoloured, while the lakes themselves are perfectly transparent. The Rhone, on leaving the lake of Geneva, is of a deep blue tint—the Rhine, as it quits the lake of Constance, of a deeper green—while the Aar and the Limmat, as they issue from the lakes of Thun and Zurich, are nearly colourless.

The market of Lucern is one of the largest in Switzerland, as it is meant to supply the pastoral cantons of Uri and Unterwalden with wheat, rye, barley, and oats, which are readily bought up and transported in boats across the lake to Fluelen. The canton, however, does little more than raise corn sufficient for home consumption, but it is amply supplied from the granaries of Argau. The fruit and vegetable markets are various and abundant, and from the female peasantry who attend this department, the stranger will have the best opportunity of estimating the native beauty and picturesque costume for which they are celebrated.

Among the more frequented places of resort in the immediate neighbourhood, is the garden of General Pfyffer, containing the fine monument erected to the memory of the Swiss guards, who fell in defence of the Tuilleries, on the 10th of August, 1792. It is hewn out of a solid rock, and represents a dying lion, the arrow still in the wound, and seeming, even in the agonies of death, to protect the emblem of France—the insulted *fleur-de-lis*. The design was furnished by Thorwaldsen, slightly improved from another recommended by the veteran Pfyffer, and sent to Rome for his approval. When the model returned to Switzerland, the execution was entrusted to M. Ahorn of Constance, who finished it in eighteen months, and received fifty thousand francs—two thousand pounds sterling—for his labour. The lion is twenty-eight feet in length, by eighteen in height, and, as a colossal work of art, does honour to the sculptor.

Omitting various other objects for the present, we proceed with a sort of heroic impulse on a pilgrimage to the field of Sempach!—a name which the

genius of freedom has engraved on every heart as a watchword in her cause—a word from which every true Swiss may learn his duty.

The Sempach, or *lacus Sempacensis*, is about two leagues in length by nearly one in breadth, and about forty fathoms higher than that of Lucern. It is like a mirror set in a beautiful frame-work of richly wooded acclivities, rising over one another in successive stages, and reflecting on its tranquil breast the graceful features of its surrounding scenery. How different from the aspect it once presented!

The little towns of Sempach and Sursee are situated on its immediate border—the first on the north-east, the latter on the west. The inhabitants convert the fishery to a very good account, as the water abounds in fish—particularly the lavaret, *salmo lavaretus*, which, like that in the lake of Thun, is considered a great delicacy.

The circumstances which led to the celebrated battle between the duke of Austria and the Confederates in this locality, are briefly these:—Preserving the same implacable hatred of popular freedom, the nobility continued to oppress the inhabitants, and, under the protection of Austria, considered themselves fully entitled to adopt whatever course they thought most conducive to their own interests, or best calculated to subdue the refractory peasants. Numerous provocations followed, till at length an enraged mob, rushing from Lucern to the castle of Rothenburg where a fresh impost had been enforced, levelled its walls with the ground. The inhabitants of Entlibuch,* whose governor, Peter of Thorberg, had levied additional imposts, entreated the protection of Lucern, and were received into the alliance; but the men of Entlibuch, by whom this union was effected, were seized and ignominiously put to death by Thorberg, who, placing himself at the head of his troops, proceeded to lay waste the country as far as the gates of the town.

Leopold of Austria, adopting a similar course, took the field with all the force he could muster. The cry of war and the din of hostile preparation resounded through the land. In the course of a few days one hundred and sixty-seven nobles joined in denunciations against the Confederates. The latter, however, undismayed by threats of extermination, continued their operations and rased several castles to the ground. The nobles were no less active; favoured by treachery, they put the garrison of Mayenburg to the sword, and reduced the town to ashes. Reichensee suffered in like manner; its houses were burnt, the majority of the inhabitants massacred, and the very infants at the breast sacrificed to their implacable revenge. Leopold, in the mean

* *Vide page 106.*

time, having concentrated his forces and received into his service many distinguished knights and auxiliaries, directed his march upon Sempach. "I will first," said he, "chastise those rebellious citizens with a rod of iron, and then carry my arms into Lucern."

When he came within view of Sempach, however, the standards of the Confederates were already planted on the heights, and their defenders ready for the charge. This was an unexpected sight; but, goaded on by revenge and his natural impetuosity, Leopold determined to make the attack forthwith. As the infantry had not yet come up, and apprehensive lest his cavalry, from the nature of the ground, should be thrown into confusion, he ordered his horsemen to dismount to the number of several thousands. This done, he formed them into dense columns, whose serried spears and polished mail presented a wall of iron, and commanded them to charge the Confederates. An electric shout responded to the word, and an easy victory seemed to await them; but the exulting shouts of the nobles were gravely checked by the baron Hassenburg, who better knew the men with whom they had to contend. "Pride," said he, "will here avail us nothing—it will be time enough to proclaim the victory when it is won. A strong arm is better than strong language." "But here," added Leopold impassionately, "here will I conquer or die!" And with these words, they made an impetuous charge upon the Confederates, who received the shock on their impenetrable phalanx without receding a step.

Their entire force did not exceed one thousand four hundred men, and these very indifferently armed in comparison of the steel-clad veterans to whom they were opposed. The combat was maintained for some time with desperate courage; they fell one by one, not unavenged—but still with fearful havoc on the part of the half-armed Swiss, upon whom the heavy mass of their opponents pressed with deadly effect. They were discouraged. Already some faint symptoms of wavering were manifested, when a voice like thunder restored them to courage, and once more stemmed the tide that was now setting so strongly in upon them. "Brothers—kinsmen—confederates!" exclaimed the voice—"be mine the task to open for you a passage to freedom! Protect my wife and children, and from my example learn that your only path to glory is through the enemy's front!" As he uttered these words, he rushed forward, and seizing in his powerful arms a sheaf of the spears directed against him, entangled them in his own body, and expired with them in his grasp. By this heroic sacrifice a temporary gap was formed; the Confederates, rushing over the dead body of their comrade to the breach, broke the enemy's file, and with their iron clubs and maces carried havoc and consternation into the very centre.

The heroic individual who thus, like a second Decius, “devoted” himself to his country, and, by one of the most extraordinary exploits on record, snatched the victory from an overwhelming force, was Arnold von Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden.

Be mine, he cried, the glorious deed !
Brave kinsmen, follow me !
When in the deadly gap I bleed,
Press on—press nobly on ! nor heed
The mangled form of Winkelried—
Our children shall be free !

For a time the enemy maintained their ground with the courage of desperation; but the “wolves were in the fold,” and that brilliant armour which shone so proudly in the sun, and in the distance proclaimed its wearer invulnerable, was now rather an incumbrance than a defence. The intense heat of July, the more intense fury of battle, and the redoubled blows of the Confederates, now inspired by victory, covered the ground with noble victims. The spears and lances of the dismounted cavaliers were ill matched with the brawny arms and iron clubs of the Swiss. Their bruised helmets, gaping mail, and shivered spears, gave fearful testimony to the fierceness of the combat. Already five hundred knights, who but that morning had buckled on their burnished harness, exulting in the thoughts of triumph, lay bleeding at the feet of those peasants they had so despised. A thousand more dyed their plumes in blood. Panic at length united in rendering the prowess of the Swiss complete. Leopold, as he strove to rally his discomfited squadron, thought of his father and the field of Morgarten. The shades of his ancestors rose before his eyes, and seemed to upbraid him with the day’s disaster. “Avenge us!” they cried, and Leopold rushed with frantic courage into the thickest of the *melée*. Thrice the banner of Austria waved in the van, and thrice it was rolled in blood. The nobles who devoted their lives to the duke, dropt one by one from his side. Still the distinctive plume of Austria proclaimed the presence of their chief; but this day the peacock* was to bow its proud crest to the Alpine

* After this battle, no one would venture abroad with the peacock’s feather—the plume of the Austrian dukes; nor could the people throughout the Confederacy endure even the sight of a peacock. To such a height was this antipathy carried, that, according to grave historians, a soldier was seen in a fit of frantic patriotism to dash his drinking cup in pieces because the refraction of the sun’s rays in the glass presented the brilliant colours seen in the peacock’s tail.—“Parbleu, camarade ! voilà une queue-de-paon!” Le Suisse qui tenait le verre—comme s’il eût été rempli de poison—le pose sur la table, tire son épée, et sans respect pour une liqueur respectable à tout Suisse, il met le verre en mille pièces en jurant qu’il s’abstientrait plutôt de boire du vin le reste de ses jours, que d’avoir sous ses yeux un objet semblable!—*An. Helv.*

vulture. One of the last staunch survivors of his ill-fated staff, well aware that the fate of the day was sealed, implored his sovereign to embrace the only alternative left, and to fly. "Never!" exclaimed Leopold—"never will I survive the gallant friends who have this day shed their blood for me!" Scarcely were the words uttered, when the heroic Leopold, struck down by a club of Uri, sealed the resolution with his blood. The rout was now complete, and the Austrians, weighed down with their cumbrous armour, fled towards their horses. But it was too late—the valets, in whose charge the horses had been left, observing the rush of retreat, had mounted, and, making the best of their way from the field, left their masters to the fury of their pursuers. But whether this was a preconcerted scheme on the part of Leopold to inspire a more determined hardihood by rendering flight hopeless—or whether it was the spontaneous impulse of those in attendance, is not known. The consequences were the same. Hundreds of the counts, barons, and knights of Swabia, Aargau, and the Tyrol, with a host of retainers perished in the retreat. The standard of Schaffhausen, though defended with their last breath by a chosen band of nobles and citizens, added to the trophies of the day. The standard-bearer of Lenzberg, Werner of Lo, and the chief magistrates of Aargau and Zofingen, with their intrepid followers, were left dead on the field. The latter, the avoyer of Zofingen, seeing his doom was fixed, in an agony of despair tore the city banner into shreds, so that no hostile hand might ever wave it as a trophy. This resolution seemed even to survive the stroke of death; for when animation had fled, and his hand could no longer perform its office, the staff of the banner was found firmly clenched between his teeth. The citizens of Mellingen and Bremgarten combated with the same desperate but fruitless valour; for, like a torrent suddenly bursting from their native rocks, the strength of the Confederates overpowered all resistance, and, although but as one to ten,* the shout that proved them invincible proclaimed them free.

Such was the battle of Sempach, which the unparalleled devotion of Winkelried converted from a doubtful struggle into a complete triumph.†

* The Austrian force is stated at fourteen thousand—that of the Confederates, at a tenth of that amount.—See ZSCHOKKE, and the German historians.

† The character of Leopold has been painted by more than one historian under revolting colours—the apparent injustice of which gives additional relief to his virtues. He was distinguished, according to others, as the *prud'homme* of his contemporaries, and with a love of justice, possessed a high sense of honour, and a good and generous heart. Brought up in the camp, he had the frank valour of a soldier; but as a general, he was without experience; and for military talent, had only a fearless and intrepid spirit. He was carried away by the representations of the nobles; and in making war upon the Swiss, yielded rather to the solicitations of his evil advisers than the suggestions of his own mind. His body was privately removed from the field, and buried in the monastery of Königsfelden, already described.

In the arsenal of Lucern, the third and uppermost apartment contains the memorials of the battle of Sempach; among which are the chain armour, or shirt of mail, worn by Leopold—the iron collars, lined with spikes, with which it is said he intended to have tortured the avoyer Gundeldingen, who fell in the same conflict—and the banner which he carried on that day, still bearing upon it the ensanguined marks of his blood. But of Winkelried no relic has descended to posterity—

“ He of battle martyrs chief,
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering, with a wide embrace,
Into his single heart a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears !”

A few years ago, a melancholy and mysterious event, in immediate reference to the person of its first magistrate, threw a deep gloom over Lucern. The avoyer of the canton, M. Keller, while passing the month of June at his country seat, went one morning to visit a friend in his neighbourhood. On his return home in the evening, the weather became stormy, and a good deal of rain fell. M. Keller was on foot, accompanied by his two daughters, who being apprehensive of the consequences upon his delicate state of health, at their earnest solicitation he quickened his pace in order to gain shelter. The distance was not great, and the young ladies followed him with the pleasing conviction that he would speedily reach home. When they arrived, however, and inquired if their father had changed his dress, they were thrown into the greatest alarm on being told by the servants that he had not been seen! The most distressing apprehensions were instantly awakened; diligent search was made along the road, but the night passed away without eliciting any thing to soothe the agonized state of mind under which they laboured. The messengers returned, but with no information that could relieve the suspense of the unhappy family. The path was bordered by precipices, and it was conjectured that he might there have made a fatal step; for in Switzerland, as the reader is aware, these mountain roads are often obliterated by sudden torrents; but of this, in the present instance, his daughters who followed him observed no particular danger. The search was renewed, and the melancholy conjecture was too soon realized; for, on exploring this wild locality, the body of the avoyer was found, lacerated and disfigured, in the bottom of a chasm, and when taken out, presented an appearance which, in the minds of some present, excited a persuasion that the worthy magistrate had been way-laid and assassinated.

It appears that, a short time previous to this event, a band of robbers had been captured in the environs of Zurich, the chief of whom was a female, named Clara Wendel, well known in Lucern, and the terror of its rural population. This abandoned female charged two magistrates of Lucern with having engaged herself and her troop to assassinate M. Keller. The individuals thus accused were men of the highest reputation—both upwards of sixty, and fathers of families. They were immediately apprehended on the charge, and transferred to the prison of Zurich, to be there confronted with their accusers. The brigands, though supporting for a time the charge by numerous circumstances that gave it an air of probability, prevaricated so much at last that the accused were allowed to return home, there to remain under private arrest till the trial was concluded. A long period of restraint and seclusion elapsed before this could be effected; but at length, on the 2d of September, 1826, they were fully acquitted of every part of the charge, and restored to their families, but without any compensation whatever for the sacrifice they had made. Clara Wendel confessed that the whole charge, was got up by herself and band without the slightest foundation; but nothing could induce her to reveal the names of those at whose instigation she had lent herself to the plot. She was sentenced to pay the costs of the proceeding, which were enormous, but such, nevertheless, as the fruits of former robberies enabled her to defray without inconvenience.*

The mountains entitled to especial notice in this neighbourhood are the Righi, belonging to Schwyz, and the Pilatus. The first of these is justly celebrated; and to contemplate the splendid panorama which the Righi-culm or summit commands, is an object of never-failing ambition with all who visit Lucern or the banks of its lake. The four points from which the ascent may be accomplished, are from Goldau, Art, Weggis,† and Kusnacht—but of

* Her age was apparently about thirty-five. She had no knowledge of her parents, or any other branch of her family. She had never been instructed in, nor conformed to, the practice of any religion whatever, and was supposed to have been brought up by Bohemians, or gipseys. The canton of Lucern appears to have been her favourite district, and on that account was supposed to have been her native country. Having attached herself whilst very young to a troop of banditti, she at length became their leader, and maintained this situation of command over them by the hardihood and boldness of her character, and the incredible address with which she foiled the efforts of the police. It was confidently expected that this woman and part of her gang would have been executed; but the lady, it appears, was under powerful protection, and not amenable to the last penalty of the law.—For more copious details, see STEVENSON, and the Public Journals of the day.

† This handsome and picturesque village was nearly destroyed in the month of July 1795, by a torrent of mud from the Righi, several fathoms in depth.—*Statist. Picot.*

these the first presents the greatest facility, and the most agreeable objects. After a walk of three hours, we reach a small valley, with a chapel dedicated to our Lady-of-the-Snow, where several resident capuchins perform religious ceremonies, which are the means of attracting a continued concourse of pilgrims during the fine season. In 1719, it was found necessary to enlarge this chapel, so as to keep it in proportion with the increasing sanctity. Here, on the 8th of September, the birth-day of the Virgin is celebrated with all possible ceremony; at which a vast concourse from the neighbouring villages, and often from a great distance, appear in holiday costume. When the weather is propitious, the scene is one of the most imposing to be met with in any part of Switzerland. On the 22d of July and 10th of August—the fêtes, respectively, of Ste. Magdalene and St. Lawrence—festivals are celebrated in their honour by the shepherds, at which rural dances and gymnastic games form the great attractions of the day.

From the chapel to the summit of the mountain, the distance may be easily accomplished in an hour. The most auspicious moment for enjoying the view in perfection, is about half an hour before sunrise, when the morning vapours have not yet risen to obscure the magnificent picture which here develops itself in many wondrous combinations—

Lakes, rivers, long-drawn vales—towns, hamlets, towers,
From Gothard's glacier-snows to Swabia's bowers.

Thirteen lakes, at various distances, are seen sparkling in the circumference. On the north, the view extends into the very centre of Swabia, presenting a richly coloured relief, over which the eye of the spectator roves in silent rapture, as the eagle—hovering in midway air, or from his aërie in some isolated pinnacle of the Alps—looks down upon the states and kingdoms scattered at his feet.* The sound of sheep-bells from the pastures, mingling with others that, with a deeper and more distant chime, call the villagers to matins—the smoke of the first fires, curling in light blue wreaths above their sheltering woods—the lowing of herds, rushing to their morning pasture—the mountain peaks, varying in

* The height of the Righi—*Mons rigidus vel regius vel regina Montium*—is estimated at five thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, and extends in a circuit of nearly ten leagues along the frontier of the canton and lake of Lucern. It abounds in excellent pasture, sufficient in summer for three thousand cows, besides goats and sheep. Along its surface upwards of one hundred and fifty chalets are scattered, in which numerous patients and invalids are lodged—as well as in the inns, which are all commodious—during the season, for the benefit of the pure air and milk regimen, prescribed in nervous maladies, and which the Righi supplies in great perfection.

The present View is taken from a point less frequented than the *Kulm*, (the usual panoramic station,) and to the left of the inn as we ascend—the lake of Lucern is seen below—Stanz with its church, and the lake of Sarnen in the distance.

tint and distinctness as the light oversteps their summits—the glaciers, gradually changing their snowy glare into a purple and then a rosy glow—spires and pinnacles catching the first ray of light, and assuming their wonted station of landmarks in the scene—sails, half in shade and half in sunshine, skimming the lakes with their rural produce and population—the alpine horn, pealing its signals from the pastoral *bergs* around—the pilgrim-troop, with solemn chaunt and motley costume, bringing their donations to the confessional of “Our Lady”—the screams of the vulture in pursuit of his prey, and many other “sights and sounds” which it would be tedious to enumerate, strike the eye and imagination of a stranger so forcibly, that he feels for a time as if transported into the mysteries of a new world.

Towards the south, the view assumes an indescribable sublimity. The summit of the snowy alps of Unterwald, Uri, Glaris, and the Grisons, present themselves in gigantic detail; and in the foreground of the picture, Mount Pilate, with its fabled lake and mysterious cloud, recalls the legend of superstition. On this side of the Righi the climate is abundantly marked by its products; the fig, the almond, and chestnut, thrive along the shore of the lake; rare alpine plants afford a rich harvest to the botanist among the acclivities; while the geologist observes at every few steps some interesting materials for study. The Righi is composed of alternate layers of clay and *conglomerate*, calcareous stone being only observed on the south-west flank; but to this department we have already briefly adverted in our account of the destruction of Goldau.* On the side overhanging the lake of Zug is a tremendous precipice, upwards of four thousand feet perpendicular, where, a few years since, a melancholy catastrophe took place, which the guides never fail to narrate with every appalling circumstance. From this verge, indeed—

“ The choughs and crows that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles.”

Mount Pilate†—Mons Pileatus—so called from the fact of its summits being generally covered with a cap of clouds, forms an isolated mass, with the Entlibuch on the north-west, and Unterwald on the south-east. It is considerably more elevated than the Righi, and equally famous for its rich pasturage. On the north-east is the defile of Reuss, leading to Unterwald, where, in August 1802, the Helvetic troops were surprised by the inhabitants of Unterwalden.

* Vol. i. pp. 155—162.

† The View is taken from the hill above the cathedral, with the Pilatus in the back ground.

The south side of this colossal outpost presents the remains of the most extraordinary work of its kind ever constructed—the “slide of Alpnach.” It was executed by the engineer Ruepp, for the purpose of lowering the valuable timber furnished by Mount Pilate. Its length was forty-five thousand feet—nearly eight miles, and carried over rocks, chasms, and precipices, down to the lake. A tree, ninety feet long by two in diameter, launched from the highest point of the *coulhoir*, or trough, reached its destination in two minutes and a half! The rapidity of the descent was such, that in the same instant it passed, was gone, and appeared as if hardly three feet in length. Workmen used to be stationed at certain intervals along the whole course of the groove, to give directions by telegraph in case of accident or interruption.*

It was destroyed in 1819, and has not been repaired, as the demand for the pine trees of Mount Pilate has been diminished by the new order of things. Napoleon made a contract for all the timber thus brought down from these primeval forests. The trees, formed into rafts, were floated from the lake into the Reuss, thence into the Aar and the Rhine, so that they reached Basle in a few days, and continuing the voyage into Holland, were in the dock-yards of the German Ocean within a month from the time they left the lake of Lucern—a distance of one thousand miles.

The popular superstition connected with this mountain, is, that Pontius Pilate, stung with remorse, precipitated himself into the small lake on its summit, and thus gave rise to all the storms which usually infested its triple peak, and all the disasters which assailed the simple swains who fed their flocks in so unhallowed a neighbourhood! So, in classic fable, the struggles of imprisoned Typhæus were once adduced in explanation of the volcanic eruptions which spread consternation through the fair Campania—*conditur Inarimes æterna mole Typhæus*. It was long strictly prohibited to trouble the serenity of the lake’s surface by throwing stones into it; for on such occasions, it was said, Pilate avenged this interruption of his repose by tempestuous visitations. It was not

* “In viewing the descent of the trees,” says the late Professor Playfair, “we stood close to the edge of the trough, not being more interested about any thing than to experience the impression which the near view of so singular an object must make on a spectator. The noise, the rapidity of the motion the magnitude of the moving body, and the force with which it seemed to shake the trough as it passed, were altogether very formidable, and conveyed an idea of danger much greater than the reality. Our guide refused to partake of our amusement; he retreated behind a tree at some distance, where he had the consolation to be assured by M. Ruepp that he was no safer than we were, as a tree, when it happened to bolt from the trough, would often cut the standing trees clear over. During the whole time the Slide has existed, there have been three or four fatal accidents; and one instance was the consequence of excessive temerity.”—*Works*, vol. i.

till about the close of the sixteenth century that this superstition lost ground, in consequence of an experiment made by a number of individuals who took upon them to exorcise the spirit of the lake. For this purpose they ascended in a body, performed several cautionary ceremonies on its brink, and being well armed with proof-charms against all enchantments, grew at last so bold as to hurl entire masses of stone into the water, and even with still greater hardihood to swim across it, without the least expression of resentment from the spirit of Pontius Pilate! From this time the storms on the Brundeln-Alp have been assigned to more natural causes.

Besides a very extraordinary echo, with which the shepherds are familiar, this alp contains two remarkable caverns. The first of these, the Mondmilchloch, or grotto of the moon, is of easy access, and in the entrance divides into two branches. A stream of water at the lowest temperature issues from it with a peculiar sound, not unlike that produced by water when rapidly propelled through a metallic tube. It contains a great quantity of mineral agaric, or marly earth, known in the country as Mondmilch, or moon-milk; and hence the name of the grotto. The other cavern, long known as the grotto of St. Dominic, is situated in the upper part of a vertical wall of rock, rising above the adjoining pasture to the height of twelve hundred feet. The only means of exploring this mysterious recess, is to secure the adventurer by strong ropes, and lower him from the top to a depth of three hundred feet, a method attended with such imminent danger as to have long deterred the boldest hunters from risking the experiment. At the entrance of this aërial mansion, is the appearance of a statue resting on a table, and by the learned of former days, supposed to be the work of the Romans, or of some magic chisel. This illusion, however, like the legend already described, has been dissipated by a recent adventurer,* and divested of all its poetical associations—

Robbed of their spell, by one adventurous arm,
The saint and cave have lost their mystic charm—
The Inquisitor becomes a shapeless block,
And his dread cave a rude unchiselled rock !

* In 1814, after an individual, named Hubert v. Kriens, had lost his life in making the experiment, a chamois-hunter, named Ignatius Matt, succeeded in the perilous undertaking. Its depth, according to Matt, is one hundred and twenty feet, and ninety in height, by twenty-eight in breadth. It is composed of limestone with no stalactites, but a small dripping gallery, from which an exceedingly limpid water is continually distilled. The floor is covered with sand and spar. Two detached blocks of stone project slightly from the entrance—the first about eight feet high, and having the appearance of a statue with its elbows on the second block, which resembles a table. Hence the name of *St. Dominic's Cave*.—*Heidegger*.

Crossing the lake from Winkel to the village of Stanzstadt,* we continue in the same route to Stantz—the capital of this division of Unterwald—which will offer sufficient inducement to the tourist for a few hours' halt. It had a fearful rôle assigned to it in the sanguinary conflict of the late revolution. The town is charmingly situated in a beautiful pastoral valley, and with an air of tranquillity and seclusion which makes an impression upon the most indifferent observer. Among the chief objects of interest in the town is the statue of Winkelried, whose ancient habitation, in an adjoining meadow, is still venerated in memory of its heroic master, and now belongs to the Trachsler family. The next object that speaks of the olden time is the Town-house, in which, as we have already described,† the holy Nicholas von der Flue so happily appeased the dissensions of his countrymen. A painting, by Wolmar, represents the hermit taking leave of his wife and family, in order to devote his future days to religious abstinence and retirement in one of his native wilds, from which he afterwards emerged, like an especial messenger sent by heaven, to spare the effusion of human blood.

Stantz still retains some melancholy traces of the revolutionary fury which, in 1798, more particularly manifested itself in the smaller cantons. In September of that year, the army under Schauenberg, in order to crush resistance and enforce obedience at the point of the bayonet, invaded this territory at three different quarters of attack, and carried fire and sword into its very centre. The men of Unterwald opposed the invaders with a patriotic devotion worthy of the descendants of Winkelried. But their desperate resistance, unshrinking fortitude, and unconquerable antipathy to the Gallic name—an antipathy to which the suggestions of their priests gave a tenfold force, could not long withstand the superior tactics and overwhelming numbers of the enemy. “ Still,” said they, “ with their blood did our forefathers win that jewel of independence, and with *ours* only will we lose it!”

The horrors to which this frantic bravery gave rise, are of the most tragic description. Revenge and fanaticism, which for a time would neither grant nor accept quarter, furnished scenes of mutual extermination and cruelty for which it would be difficult to find any parallel in history. Matrons and their daughters, old men and children—all combined for the defence of their homes, and of these the happiest were they who fell in battle. Massacre stood with bloody hands at the hearth—the priest was shot at the altar—the houses were

* On the most advanced point of a small promontory is seen an old tower, which, as well as the whole of this village, was burnt during the attack of 1798.

† Vol. ii. p. 62–3.

given to the flames—and but for the generous efforts of certain French officers, not a house would have been left standing.

“ Fierce amid the loud alarms, shouting in the foremost fray,
 Children raised their little arms in their country’s evil day !
 On their country’s dying bed, wives and husbands poured their breath ;
 Many a youth and maiden bled—married at thine altar, Death !
 On that grim and ghastly plain, Unterwalden’s heart-strings broke,
 When she saw her heroes slain, and her rocks receive the yoke.—
 Now the glen that gave them birth, hides their ashes in its womb :—
 O, ‘tis venerable earth !—Freedom’s cradle—Freedom’s tomb !”*

From Stantz to Sarnen the scenery may be considered rather tame than striking—tame in comparison with what we have already described. Sarnen, the capital of the upper, as Stantz is of the lower, district of the canton, is delightfully situated at the northern extremity of the lake, the banks of which are gracefully interspersed with hamlets, cottages, and villas. The town is well built, and on the hill immediately above are seen the ruins of the castle of Landenberg, taken by stratagem in 1308, as described in the present work.† It is now converted to an arsenal, and serves also as a place for assembling the *landsgemeinde*, or cantonal “ parliament.” The view over the valley is exceedingly interesting from this point. Like Stantz, the town of Sarnen contains three large monastic establishments. The public buildings display considerable elegance; the parish church is handsome; and the town-house contains a numerous list of historical portraits—

“ Of men, who, in their country’s sacred cause,
 Built freedom’s bulwarks, and upheld her laws.”

After quitting Sarnen, we advance through a succession of magnificent forest scenery, till we reach the first stage of the Brunig—with Mount Pilate in the rear—when suddenly the delicious lake of Lungern‡ is seen expanding its glittering waters at our feet. This is one of the most exquisite spots in Switzerland—a complete fairy scene; so deep its seclusion—so perfectly beautiful its character—and on three sides embayed by richly wooded mountains or rather mountain summits; for one of its remarkable features is, that it is situated on the mountain—at an elevation of two thousand three hundred and twenty feet—with woody promontories jutting forward into its tranquil surface.

* “The Wanderers in Switzerland,” by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

† Vol. i. p. 149.

‡ The annexed admirable View of this lake is taken from the Sarnen side, looking towards the Oberland.

In the distance, the snowy pinnacles of the Schreck, the Well, and Wetter Horns—the giant pinnacles of the Oberland—are seen glowing like gold in the evening sun, and, as twilight advances—

Far up yon rugged alp the forest heaves—
Fanned by the breath, and flickering in the beam
Of starry skies—a wilderness of leaves;
Through which, at intervals, the glacier-stream
Leaps forth in silver!

When seen to advantage—such as it now appears from the point selected by Mr. Bartlett—this lake forms a picture “rarely to be matched in beauty, and scarcely to be surpassed in sublimity.” It is in speaking of such scenes as this that “the language of enthusiasm is the language of truth.” The village of Lungern, the last of the canton, contains a good inn, with an air of great order and cleanliness. The houses are faced with small pieces of wood painted to resemble the scales of fish. The canal, excavated for the partial drainage of the lake, is about two hundred and twelve fathoms long, and hollowed out of the calcareous rock.

A boundary-stone on the summit of the Brunig marks the conterminous frontiers of Bern and Unterwald, and a short walk farther brings us once more among the unrivalled scenery of the Oberland. In respect to the Wetterhorn just mentioned, there had long been a favourite tradition that it contained a rich vein of gold ore. Stimulated by this belief, a mine was partially opened, about forty years ago; but the skill of the miners being neutralized by their superstition, the work was soon abandoned as a violation of the sanctuary in which the spirits of the mountain held their orgies. Whenever, it is said, the miner’s pickaxe struck the rock, the stroke was answered by some invisible hand. Sometimes, too, the workmen were assailed by showers of stones—sometimes the murmur of disapprobation was whispered ominously through the crevices—while the labour of the longest day was often so completely frustrated during the night, that when they returned in the morning, the miners found their excavations carefully filled up! Flesh and blood could not endure this; so a resolution was unanimously passed to concede the point rather than incur the numerous risks of a spiritual warfare. To this, however, it was objected by a person in authority, that, as they had hitherto *seen* nothing, they would be greatly to blame if they abandoned a rich booty, merely because they surmised some little demur on the part of the holders. Gold, said he, was not an article to be come at like the baser metals; and, for his part, all the

spirits in the Oberland should not compel him to forego the treasure. The workmen thus shamed into fortitude, turned their faces once more to the excavation; but what was their terror and amazement when they perceived that every avenue leading to the mine was sentinelled by spirits of most frightful aspect, all ready, seemingly, to rush upon and annihilate them! The miners felt as if sinking into the earth. One of their number, however, so far recollecting himself at that most critical moment as to place himself daringly between the spirits and his companions, held up a small cross, of peculiar sanctity, which he carried; and, under the protection of this hallowed symbol, they all escaped in great trepidation, but never again ventured “to dig for gold in the Wetterhorn!”

Previously to our entering the territory of Fribourg, it is necessary to introduce a brief notice of the Grimsel and Ghemmi. The former of these, the pass of the Grimsel, serves as the medium of intercourse between the upper district of the Vallais and the Oberland. The road follows alternately the right and left banks of the Aar, and in some respects resembles that of the St. Gothard. Here, however, we find more torrents and fewer habitations, with little *pavée* and very indifferent bridges. The ascent begins immediately above Meyringhen, near Kirchet, but again becomes level in the charming valley of Imgrund. This circular space is supposed to have been in remote times the bed of a lake, till the Aar forced a passage across the sombre gorge of the high rocks which divide it from the rest of the Hasli.

Near the village of Guttannen, the path becomes more rough—particularly at Handeck, where travellers usually halt for refreshment. Near this cabin are observed several beautiful cascades, the finest of which is that of the Aar, precipitated in a mass—inferior only to that of the Rhine—over a height of two hundred feet into a profound gulf. To see this fall to advantage, the traveller should time his visit so as to reach it in the morning, between the hours of nine and eleven; but being of difficult access, it is advisable to take a guide.*

From this point to the Hospice, a distance of two leagues, the ascent becomes more and more difficult. Trees and vegetation gradually diminish, and finally disappear; shrubs and grass give place to the glaciers, rocks, and torrents with which the soil seems ploughed up and encumbered. The rocks are usually of enormous flat granite masses, very slippery, and with steps marked along the route. One of these, many yards across, is known as the Höllenplatte, or hell-stone, on account of the danger to which it exposes the traveller, when it is covered with fresh ice. Near the last bridge, the Aar forms another fine

* This scene is strikingly illustrated by the accompanying Plate.

cascade. The Hospice of the Grimsel, according to M. Frey, is six thousand five hundred and eighty feet above the sea.* It occupies a hollow rounded space, near two small lakes, which communicate with each other—the nearer having a depth of thirty-two, and the further of sixty-two feet. These waters present a sombre and death-like appearance ; they contain no living substance ; and to this circumstance, rather than to that mentioned by Saussure, is to be ascribed the characteristic name of Todten-see, or the dead lake.

The Hospice is a rude massy stone building, suited to the place and purpose of its erection. Here the poor are furnished with temporary lodging and refreshment, gratis ; and the tourist supplied, if not with luxuries, with, at least, the necessaries of life ; which, in a wide inhospitable desert like this, become more acceptable than the most dainty fare would be in the valley.

The Hospice, and its surrounding pastures, which were the theatre of various conflicts between the French and Austrians in 1799, are farmed out by the com-

* This passage of the Grimsel is often attended with hazard, and demands much caution on the part of the tourist, who ought invariably to choose an experienced guide for the journey. Last year, Mr. Bartlett, (to whose admirable delineations of Swiss scenery the present work is indebted for its almost unprecedented success) had a very narrow escape on this route. Being informed that it was perfectly practicable, he set out early, and, proceeding alone, spent some time at the cascade of the Aar, near Handek. From that point where the ascent is very wild—particularly so at this season (May, 1835), when the snow of the avalanches lay unmelted, and arching the torrent of the Aar, which had eaten its way through the enormous masses precipitated during the winter—he arrived at length at the last bridge over the torrent, which, being greatly swollen by the melting snows, foamed over loose blocks of granite—forming an almost continuous cataract. On the left, the sloping bank—covered with smooth frozen snow, five or six feet deep, and based upon the rocks projecting into the river—was traversed by two paths ; one, scarcely trodden, lay along the brink, and the other, shewing recent footmarks, ascended the slope very rapidly. He had mounted to about 40 or 50 feet above the river, when having some doubts as to the path, and remaining some moments to survey the locality, he determined to descend. He had scarcely done so, turning round and proceeding step by step, when the sound of a rushing avalanche from above burst upon his ear, and looking up he beheld with consternation a *débris* of large snow blocks bursting over the summit of the slope and descending upon him with impetuosity. No words can describe the feelings of such a moment. The next instant the blocks thundering down the slope were upon him, and he was dashed headlong—receiving several violent blows—and precipitated with the avalanche into the rushing torrent beneath. Stunned by the crash, he recovered only to what appeared certain destruction ; for he was now fast hurrying down the impetuous stream. With convulsive energy he struggled to gain the bank. After some fruitless efforts, to his agreeable surprise he succeeded, and clung for support to a projecting rock overhanging the torrent. But even here escape appeared difficult, or even doubtful. Evening was coming on, and no traveller could be expected at that hour. For a moment his mind was a prey to fearful misgivings. By renewed exertion, however, he succeeded in scrambling along the rugged rocks overhanging the stream, until he found a spot where the crust of snow facilitated his ascent, and thus effected his escape. Had he been carried down only a few yards further, he must have perished, as the stream at that point makes a sudden leap over a precipice. The contusions which he received were providentially on the body and not on the head, or the consequences must have been fatal on the first burst of the avalanche. Sensible that a sudden chill from the snow-water was to be dreaded, he retraced his steps with what haste he could to Handek, and thence to Guttanen, where at nightfall he entered the small inn, went instantly to bed, and by promoting perspiration with tea and other warm liquids, succeeded in preventing any serious result.

munity of Oberhasli for an annual rent of about one thousand Swiss livres;* and the tenant engages to furnish a meal and lodging to all the poor who cross the pass during the season. In return for this hospitality, however, he is allowed, like the monks of St. Bernard, to collect contributions in the neighbouring districts, during the winter, as well as to levy a toll upon all merchandise crossing the Grimsel, which may amount annually to about two hundred and fifty livres. Travellers in easy circumstances are of course expected to pay liberally for a hospitality by which so many lives are saved, and so many disasters averted.

The tourist, by continuing this route, may now visit the glaciers of the Rhone, descend into the Vallais, and following the course of the river to Leuk, visit the Baths, and cross the Ghemmi into the Kanderthal. He will then ascend the valley of the Simmen, and enter the territory of Fribourg, by Gruyères. But for the sake of the illustrations we reverse the order of this tour.

The impetuous Kander† takes its rise not far from the Ghemmi, in the magnificent glacier to which it gives name, and, in the wild and solitary valley of Gasternthal, forming several beautiful cascades, receives the tribute of many kindred torrents. Its course, rendered more striking by the number and peculiarity of its windings, continues towards the north, and, bearing along with it a vast quantity of *débris*, finally loses itself in the lake of Thun.

This valley is little frequented by tourists; it is about three leagues in length, and being amply watered by its glacier streams, is furnished with a rich and abundant vegetation. The botanist may here, at little trouble, during the season, supply his herbarium with several rare plants. Kandersteg, the only village, consists of a few houses grouped round its temple of primitive simplicity, and surrounded by green and luxurious pastures. About a league and a half north-east from Kandersteg is the Oschenthal—an uninhabited but exceedingly romantic valley. The path to it skirts a torrent of the same name, which precipitates itself through a narrow gorge, and, in its progress to the Kander,

* In 1814 the live stock of this alpine farm consisted of two hundred sheep, one hundred and forty-two goats, scattered over the savage pasture, with twenty-two milk cows, and ten swine with their litters. In a solitude like the present, the sight of such a herd recalled to the imagination of the traveller those of the ancient patriarchs.—*Statist. de la Suisse*.

† At the commencement of the last century the Kander fell into the Aar, above Thun; but the accumulation of rubbish with which it was charged softened more and more the rapidity of both rivers, and by raising their channels, occasioned frequent inundations, and caused much damage to the valley. To avert consequences which every year rendered more apparent, means were taken to conduct the waters of the Kander into the lake. For this purpose, the government of Bern caused a canal to be dug across the hill of Strättlingen, and by turning the Kander in its new channel, secured the country against future depredations. The Bridge of the Kander, here represented, is one of the most remarkable of its kind.

forms several cascades. This alpine sanctuary is bounded on all sides by frightful precipices, crested with glaciers, whose glittering pinnacles are reflected in the waters of a beautiful small lake situated in the middle of the valley, or rather ravine, and surrounded by green meadows and clumps of trees. Profound silence, interrupted only by the murmur of distant cascades, presides over this beautiful scene.* On the east rise the Blumlis Alp and Doddenhorn, both upwards of eleven thousand feet in height. On the south-east, and to the left of the path, is a dark narrow gorge, terminating in a glacier, from the upper extremity of which descends the Kander. This is the entrance to the Gasterntal just named, a retired and savage valley, but partially inhabited, and producing the usual resources of a brief alpine summer.

The Pass of the Ghemmi, in several respects, is the most remarkable in Switzerland—particularly where it descends into the Vallais, and presents a flank almost perpendicular. It was first rendered practicable by Tyrolean miners, and completed after five years' labour in 1741. The descent is every where performed by zigzag, abrupt traverses, or doublings; so that the traveller perceives neither the road behind nor before him. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, if he casts his eye to the enormous wall from which he has just descended, he is surprised to observe no visible trace of a path.

One side of this pass, or staircase, as it may properly be called, overhangs through its whole extent a series of frightful precipices, against which dry stone parapets serve to protect and assure the traveller. Those, nevertheless, who are at all subject to vertigo, and unaccustomed to alpine roads, would do well not to hazard a descent—for in this is the danger, when the precipices, being constantly before the eye, exert a sort of fascination over the sense. The ascent, on the contrary, may be accomplished by the most timid. Patients who come from the northern cantons to the baths of Leuk, are generally carried in litters by eight bearers, who relieve one another during the journey. When they reach this point the patients change their position, so as to have their back to the precipice; or when this is attended with inconvenience, they suffer a handkerchief to be tied over their eyes, and in this manner, with the porters chaunting in chorus, continue the descent.† About midway, this extraordinary route passes under a vault of rocks which overhang the precipice in such a manner as to appal every one whom long familiarity has not rendered proof to nervous visitations. This is named the great gallery. About two

* This is the subject represented in the engraving.

† The length of this part of the passage is stated at three thousand three hundred and seventy yards, and the perpendicular height of the precipice above the baths at sixteen hundred feet.

thirds from the bottom, and considerably above this stage, an isolated pine tree occupies a point, the most formidable in the whole pass, projecting over a clear precipice of eleven hundred feet and upwards.* From this tree, in fulfilment of some trifling bet, a hardy mountaineer is said to have climbed up the branches, cut off the leading shoot, and carried it off in triumph.

About half a league from the lake—a mass of ice and snow during eight months of the year—is the chalet of Schwarrbach, occupied as an inn during the summer, but quite uninhabitable during the winter, when the snow is often accumulated to a height of eighteen feet. This is the scene of the “Vier- und-Zwanzigste Februar,” the well-known tragedy by Werner. Here, during the long winter months, the only sounds to be heard are the “howling of wolves, the screaming of eagles, the croak of alpine ravens, the thunder of the glaciers, the rush of cataracts, or the fitful roar of the tempest.”

Continuing to retrace our steps, the road passes over the ruins of a fallen mountain, and subsequently over the traces of an avalanche, which, in 1782, detached itself from the Rinderhorn. We now proceed by the route already described, and mounting the rich pastoral valley of the Simmen, enter the territory of Fribourg.

CANTONS OF FRIBOURG AND VAUD.

“*Dans notre heureuse patrie, il n'est point de chaumière où ne règne la liberté.*”

THE Canton of Fribourg is nearly surrounded by the territories of Vaud and Bern, and in its greatest extent about fourteen leagues long, by eleven broad. The southern district is traversed by two chains of mountains, one of which forms part of the Jura, and the other part of the Bernese Alps. Towards the north, the mountains, gradually diminishing, sink into gentle acclivities, and these into plains of some extent, which produce excellent wheat. The highest mountains of the canton—none of which exceed six thousand two hundred feet above the sea, are those situated near Gruyères; they have, consequently, no glaciers, and, like the Jura, lose their snows in summer. The lake of Neuchâtel, already described, borders the canton to the extent of three leagues;

* The height of the Ghemmi is six thousand nine hundred and eighty-five feet above the sea.

and the “historic” lake of Morat, like the preceding, belongs only in part to Fribourg. Besides these, the Schwartzsee, the Seedorf, and the Luchy—the first with baths, much frequented by invalids—add many picturesque features to the landscape. The principal rivers are the Sarine, the Broye, the Joigne, the Singine, the Vevaise, and the Gerine. Various mineral waters—and particularly the sulphureous springs of Bonn, near the capital, are in high repute; but in this respect Fribourg is much less prolific than her neighbours. No metallic veins have yet been discovered, but in the prefecture of Gruyères salt mines have been found which are supposed to communicate with the famous mines of Bex.* The native quarries are abundant, and supply an excellent stone for building. One of the principal occupations of the inhabitants is the management of their meadows, amounting to upwards of sixty-six thousand acres;† but the great source of profit is the mountain pasturage, which, without calculating other stock, feeds upwards of twelve thousand milk cows. According to calculation, each of these cows—from the fifteenth of May till the ninth of October, the full pasturage season—produces, on an average, two hundred pounds’ weight of cheese, yielding thus a product of seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand francs. The famous Gruyères cheese is made in the chain of mountains between the Bernese territory of Schwartzenbourg and the districts of Vevey and Aigle. The proprietors of the lowland districts‡ are in the habit of letting their cows to the herdsmen of the Alps, for the season, at about thirty Swiss livres a head. Besides the pursuit of agriculture, which is held in honour among the people, they cultivate a great variety of fruits, from which they extract a peculiar juice by boiling, much used in the baking of cakes and confectionary. Cherries are used in the high grounds for the distilling of Kirschwasser, and in the lower, tobacco plantations are so extensive as to have rendered that article an important branch of exportation. The potato has long been in very general use as a wholesome esculent. The vine occupies but a very small portion of the soil—not above six hundred acres, it is said—and the wine is of an inferior quality.

* See Vaud. † The acre, fifty thousand square feet, Bernese measure.—*Picot.*

‡ The canton is divided into twelve prefectures, in each of which the residing magistrate is charged with the administration of the law. The sovereign power is entrusted to one hundred and forty-four members of the Great Council, of whom twenty-eight are members of the Lesser Council. They hold their office during life, and with an avoyer or chief magistrate at their head, are styled the Great and Lesser Councils of the city and republic of Fribourg. These councils are composed of one hundred and eighteen members of patrician families, or burgesses of the capital, and of thirty-six members drawn from the other towns and rural communes. The public revenues, arising out of various domains belonging to the government, customs, fines, &c. amounted for the year 1820 to three hundred and ninety thousand Swiss livres, and the public expenses for the same period to three hundred and eighty-four thousand.

The Friburghers are not a commercial people. They prefer moderate gains to the most profitable speculation, and generally transmit to posterity unimpaired, if not improved, what they have received by inheritance. That part of the population who speak French, show a much greater partiality, or aptitude for trade than the Germans, who rarely embark in that uncertain stream. Their maxim is—little gain and sure. Agriculture, as already stated, occupies the lower districts,* which are very fertile; whilst the hilly country is entirely taken up with the breeding of cattle and the manufacture of cheese and butter, which always insure a ready market. During the dull months of winter, the plaiting of straw is a considerable source of rural industry. The exports are cattle, butter, cheese, sawed timber and vine props for the neighbouring cantons, raw and tanned hides, &c. The town of Fribourg has manufactures of hats, lace, glass, cards, cotton and cloth, of which the *red* passes for the finest dye in Switzerland.

The appearance of both men and women is generally favourable—often prepossessing—and with an elegant figure, for which they enjoy a hereditary reputation. Though excess in wine is by no means uncommon, crimes are still rare among them. In their manners, however, they are only beginning to make advances towards modern refinement, and still exhibit in their domestic habits, pastimes, and prejudices, the rude features of their ancestors. The public festivals are not numerous, but are oftener celebrated in the *cabarets* than in the open air. Of these cafés, or cabarets, the city of Fribourg alone possesses upwards of a hundred—a symptom by no means favourable to the growth of morality. Marriages are celebrated by public dances, which are continued twice a week during carnival; but the great national fête takes place in autumn, and is called the Consecration of the Dance, or “solemn” opening of the balls that are to enliven the winter. This fête continues three days running—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday; but the ball is not allowed to be kept up later than eight o’clock in the evening. The *jours-de-fête* amount to about a hundred annually, including Sundays and Saints’-days. An old custom, once very general in the canton, is still observed at Estavayer, namely—that of singing on the Place de Moudon national songs, or rondos, known under the name of *coraoulés*. In one of these, the subject is the marriage of a very poor couple; and to console the bride, who is quite in tears at the sight of the misery in which she finds her husband, the latter repeats to her this consoling burthen—

“ When others feast, we’ll fast and pray,
And weep when others laugh and play!—Quan lé-s-autron,” &c. &c.

* Sixty thousand acres are cultivated in wheat and other crops; sixteen thousand five hundred in plantations, private property; and four thousand in timber belonging to the state.

In the prefecture of Morat public rejoicings are held in the harvest and vintage months ; but the principal fête is on the twenty-second of June, the anniversary of the great battle fought near the lake. At the marriage fêtes a national march is played of great antiquity, and handed down by tradition, called “Der Hochzitt Marsch”—the marriage march. Throughout the whole canton of Fribourg the Ranz-des-Vaches,—“cette air si cherie des Suisses,”—is sung at all rural festivals, but particularly at those of the vintage already alluded to, as the season of public rejoicings. The first verse, as printed in the *patois* of Fribourg, is here subjoined.* The Friburghers are fond of martial display, and readily engage in foreign service. They have taken a greater share with France in her military enterprises than the inhabitants of any other canton. Courage and strict discipline are their distinguishing qualities. The language used in a great part of the canton is a dialect of the French—varying, however, according to the district, and comprising a great number of words evidently of Latin origin.

With the exception of the town and prefecture of Morât, or Murten, the Catholic faith is rigidly observed. At an early period of the Reformation the inhabitants of this district embraced the tenets of Luther, as delivered to them by Farel, and have a consistory of their own. Morat was first taken possession of by the forces of Bern and Fribourg in 1474, and compelled to swear allegiance to the Confederacy. Here, Adrian of Bubenberg, with only six hundred troops, aided by the citizens, offered a most determined resistance to the vast army of Charles the Bold. Although reduced to great want, with the ramparts of the town tottering to their fall, and wide breaches made in its walls and towers, nothing could shake the confidence of that gallant commander and his heroic garrison, till delivered by the battle which speedily followed, and to which we shall shortly advert. The streets of Morat, like those of Bern, are flanked by arcades. The château is of the thirteenth century ; the ramparts and towers bear date a short time prior to the battle above mentioned. The hospital was founded

* Lé z' armailli dei Colombetté
De bon matin sé san levâ
a!—a!—a!—a!
Liauba, liauba, por aria.
Venidè toté,
Petité, grossè,
Bliantz et naîre,
D'zouven è autré,
De zostou tzano
Io iè vos ario
Dèzo, stou trimblio
Io iè trinzo
Liauba, liauba, por aria.

The *literal* meaning of which is thus rendered by
Mr. S. Stevenson :—

The herdsmen of the Colombettes
Are risen early in the morning—
Ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Cows, cows, to be milked
Come all, large and small,
Black and white, the young and the rest,
Under this oak where I milk you,
Under this aspen where I curdle the milk--
Cows, cows, to the milking !

in 1239, and like every other building in the place, has an air of venerable antiquity. The town is well deserving of a visit.

The city of Fribourg alone contains ten monastic establishments—the whole canton nine monasteries, and seven nunneries; some of which are famous in history, and still attract multitudes of pilgrims.* The College of Fribourg is a vast edifice, and sufficiently known as a theological seminary. Every commune of this canton has an elementary school, and every town, even the smallest, its hospital—that of the capital is on a very large scale. With these ample provisions for the poor and afflicted, the habit of mendicity, once so general in the town, is nearly abolished. In establishments of this kind, however, it must be admitted that the German districts are considerably behind the others. In point of style and situation, the city of Fribourg is one of the most romantic in Europe, and certainly the most striking in Switzerland. The great number of its convents, towers, spires, and churches, rising one above the other, and overhanging the river Sarine, which flows at the bottom of a perpendicular wall of rock—its walls flanked with towers—presents an appearance quite novel to the spectator. The houses enclose numerous gardens, and even vineyards, and the streets are embellished with at least twenty-eight or thirty fountains. The streets are steep, the buildings of an antique and often grotesque appearance, and surmounted by the great tower of the cathedral. The town-house is built where stood in ancient times the palace of the dukes of Zäringhen. The great linden-tree, planted in 1476, in commemoration of the battle of Morat, or according to others, as far back as 1179, by Berchtold IV., is a vegetable prodigy. Several centuries after, it is said, when much decayed, it was accidentally set fire to on a fête-day, when the great quantity of water with which it was then inundated, made it renew its youth, and throw out fresh shoots. But in 1818, a waterspout injured it so materially, that its branches now require to be supported. It is still a great curiosity, and held in high veneration by the inhabitants. The cathedral was founded in 1283—the tower of which, three hundred and fifty-six feet, is the highest in Switzerland, and among the objects best deserving of a visit. This church has the finest ring of bells in the Confederacy. At its porch is a picture representing

* In 1827, the *canton*, in a population of sixty-two thousand, contained two hundred and seventy-nine monks, two hundred and eighty-one nuns, and two hundred and forty-seven secular priests, or one ecclesiastic for every hundred and ten of the inhabitants. But the *city* of Fribourg, with a population of only six thousand four hundred and sixty souls, maintains forty-five seculars, one hundred and forty-one monks, of whom eighty-seven are Jesuits, and one hundred and forty-nine nuns—or one for every eighteen inhabitants—a proportion which, perhaps, is not to be found in any other town of Europe.—See *Statist. de la Suisse*.

the wicked precipitated by demons into the flames of purgatory. The houses of the “Court Chemin” are also very remarkable in respect to their position; the *pavée* of the principal street serving as their roof. The people resemble the ancient *Tyrii bilingues*, inasmuch as they speak two languages—German in the lower, and French in the higher part of the town.

But the modern wonder of Fribourg is the great iron Suspension Bridge, finished only within the last year. On approaching the city from the road to Bern, we observe, near the inn lately built, the commencement of a new route, constructed by government for communicating with the bridge. The road inclines gently towards the town, which from this point exhibits all its characteristic features in striking display. The eye catches in succession—as if from a picture gradually unfolding itself—the superb *Pensionnat* lately established, the Lyceum, the College of Jesuits, the majestic tower of St. Nicholas, above noticed, as well as numerous churches, convents, and those turreted houses, picturesquely grouped, which give so peculiar an aspect to the city of Fribourg. After having passed all those objects in review—framed, so to speak, in a circle of waving verdure and rocks—we perceive this magnificent monument of modern art and patriotism stretching before us, and suspended at a prodigious height across the deep valley of the Sarine. Two simple but elegant porticos terminate and form the extremities of an immense inverted arch, formed by the two iron cables which support the platform. The balustrade, although simply designed, offers a very striking coup-d’œil. When a carriage, or even the heaviest waggon, passes along this bridge, the ear is struck with the hollow sound caused by the horses’ feet, but the keenest eye would seek in vain to discover the slightest undulation either in the cables of suspension, or on the bridge itself. By those who cross it on foot, not the smallest degree of oscillation is perceptible.*

* The clear height of this bridge above the Sarine is one hundred and seventy-four feet; the length between the porticos or suspension piers, which are Roman Doric archways, nine hundred and five feet; and the breadth of the roadway forty-one feet. By this measurement it appears that the bridge of Fribourg is thirty feet longer than that of the Menai in Wales. The construction of this chef-d’œuvre was entrusted to M. Chaley, a French engineer, who has amply justified the confidence reposed in him, and completed a task which will long be regarded among the greatest wonders of modern times. The bridge was first opened to foot passengers on the 23d of August, and on the 8th of October following to carriages of all descriptions. On the 15th of the same month its stability was further tried by causing a train of fifteen pieces of heavy artillery, drawn by fifty horses, and attended by three hundred persons, to pass along it at the same time. Every part of the structure and suspension chains being subsequently examined, not the slightest indication of yielding or weakness could be detected either in the iron, wood, or stone-work. It is pleasing to add, on the testimony of M. Chaley, that the whole of this construction was completed not only without the loss of life, but without even a serious accident to any workman employed in its execution. The communication between Bern and Fribourg, and the rest of German Switzerland, which was formerly by a long, steep, and winding road down the valley,—totally impassable in winter, and dangerous at all times,—has at last been remedied by a work which may well challenge the admiration of Europe.

Various hermitages, cut out of the rock, are shown in the neighbourhood of this orthodox city. That of St. Magdalen is particularly celebrated in the country. It was excavated in the living rock in the seventeenth century, and consists of a church, a convent, and various apartments. The belfry is eighty feet high, and the chimney of the confectory ninety; it was a work of vast labour. The hermit, it is said, fully intended to have continued his excavations; but while conveying home in his boat some young people who had come to celebrate the *fête* of St. Anthony with him, they all perished on the 17th of January, 1708.

The prefecture of Morat, as already stated, is Protestant, and one of the most fertile and best cultivated in the canton. The inhabitants pursue an excellent system of agriculture, and exhibit the happy fruits of industry in all their domestic economy. This district has particular attractions for the picturesque traveller. On a rising ground overlooking the hamlet of Villars, is a linden-tree, thirty-six feet in diameter, and ninety feet in height. Protected by the shadow of this monarch of the forest, the tourist commands an uninterrupted view over the lakes of Morât, Biéne, and Neuchâtel—the finest of its kind in Switzerland.

About a league from Morat formerly stood the Ossuary, a chapel forty-four feet long by fourteen broad, containing the bones of the Burgundians slain in the famous battle of 1476. This sanctuary, or trophy, was burnt by the French army in 1798, who viewed it as a monument that reflected upon the ancient heroism of Burgundy,* a province which had contributed in later times to the invincible legions of France. It is now replaced by a handsome obelisk, fifty-six feet high, with this inscription, “Victoriam 22 Jun. 1476, patrum concordia partam, novo signat lapide Respublica Friburgensis, 1822.”

In passing the town of Estavayer, remarkable for the striking beauty of its position, the tourist will naturally revert to its melancholy fate. The château was formerly the residence of the family of that name, which has subsisted for a thousand years in the country. In October 1475, the town, then in the height of prosperity, was stormed by the combined Swiss; when its garrison of three hundred men, and all the citizens, were put to the sword, the citadel

* Part of the 75th demi-brigade present on this occasion, were Burgundians; and when the Ossuary was destroyed, they erected in its place a “tree of liberty,” with much military parade, accompanying it with flourishes of bugles and shouts of victory.—“Of these *relics*,” says Lord Byron—who so aptly compares Morat to Marathon—“I ventured to bring away as much as may have made the quarter of a hero; for which the sole excuse is that, if I had *not*, the next passer by might have perverted them to a worse use than the careful preservation I intend for them.” The largest of these bones which we have seen are a *femur* and submaxillary bone, picked up on the spot by John Strachan, Esq. Teignmouth, who is also in possession of an interesting MS. account of the Battle of Morat.

reduced to ashes, and the houses plundered—a catastrophe from which it has never fully recovered. But convents will flourish where nothing else can; and here, as usual, is a Dominican sisterhood.

The annexed account of the battle of Morat, written in the quaint German* of those days, will be new to most of our readers. “On Saturday, the 22d of June, very early in the morning, being the fête of the Ten Thousand Martyrs, it was resolved and unanimously decided that every man should begin the day by hearing mass, and imploring the grace and blessing of God; then to breakfast, and so prepare for battle. But notwithstanding this resolution, there were many worthy men who would neither eat nor drink till the awful question at issue was decided. . . . Hereupon arrived the brave and honest Zurichers with their banners displayed, and all their strength under arms. They were exceedingly fatigued and exhausted, having continued their march all night, during a heavy and incessant rain, which was still pouring down upon us. The roads were consequently in a very bad state, so that they had been obliged to leave about six hundred of their comrades in the woods quite exhausted. After a very temporary rest, however, these latter also arrived, and drew up with their companions—extremely desirous, as they said, that neither halt nor hinderance might ensue on their account—a fact which redounded much to their honour, and ought never to be forgotten by the good people of Bern.

“Thus, without a moment’s delay, an *avant-garde* was formed, composed of the men of Thun and Entlibuch, with their respective standards—and a fine body they were—as well as all the picked men from the other Swiss forces, the command of whom was given to John of Hallwyl, a freeman of Bern. . . . As soon as it was observed on both sides that those in front had come to blows and were exchanging shots, every Swiss, following the example of his forefathers in that right pious and ancient practice, began with uplifted hands to repeat five *Pater-nosters* and *Ave-Marias* for our Saviour’s passion, and also for the ten thousand martyrs, all which was performed with great devotion five several times. . . . This done, the attack commenced in right earnest. On both sides, heavy culverins were discharged, and other machines and field ordnance, some of which were but ill supplied. The Swiss pressed on with irresistible force and courage, till they came to a high fence, which it was impossible to cross; they then turned round, and entering into a narrow passage, pushed forward. But in this they sustained considerable loss. Their resolution, however, still increasing with the difficulty, they strained every nerve, and after much hard fighting, reached the camp of the

* *Beischreib ung der Burgundischen Kriegen.*”

Duke of Burgundy, which was deserted at their advance. But the Swiss, without halting, continued the pursuit, and put to the sword all who fell into their hands. Among the Burgundians, the disorder was so sudden and complete, that many in terror and despair threw themselves into the lake, the whole banks of which were covered with them so that they could not be counted. . . . Many noble seigneurs, superbly equipt and mounted, plunged into the lake, thinking by the strength and spirit of their steeds to swim across. They were seen to throw down their arms, ornaments, badges of honour, and every thing else of which they could divest themselves to aid the chance of saving their lives. But those who were not slain, after having long buffeted the waves, perished by a miserable death, and were thus swallowed up. It was a truly pitiable spectacle to see so many gallant and high-born knights floundering and sinking in the dark waters, which were now chafed into a storm by the desperate struggles of men and steeds. But their pride," continues the chronicler, "had well merited a death of such disgrace and humiliation. Let all good people of Bern, therefore, eschew heedless pride, and remain stedfast in their obedience to the commandments of God, the due observance of which will make all things to prosper in their hands. Besides these, others also were found perched upon trees, which they had climbed in the moment of panic, and thus," says the same authority, "from fear learned they to fly without feathers. Among them were found many females completely armed, but the moment their sex was made known they were respected and put out of danger. The Bernese and their allies, with all their banners displayed, remained in possession of the Duke's camp, in which was much gold and silver, and much princely apparel. But these fell chiefly into the hands of rogues and other camp-followers in the rear—the fighting men having had all the glory, but very little of the plunder."

We now proceed on our route towards Avenches. During the Roman sway in Helvetia, many splendid buildings bore testimony to the high encouragement given to the arts, and the partiality shown by these civilizing conquerors for the hills and valleys they had colonized. Accustomed to a life over which the arts had thrown a refining lustre, they imparted their taste to the rude Helvetians—built cities and towns—connected them by military roads—introduced the vines and fruit-trees of Italy — instructed the people in various branches of trade, arts and sciences; till, under their fostering auspices, they had raised them to a degree of refined enjoyment to which their warlike ancestors had been entire strangers.

Among the cities which more especially indicated the prosperous state of the country during this period, we have already noticed Vindonissa, to which

Aventicum, the reputed birth-place of Vespasian, was only second as the capital of a populous and flourishing colony. These repositories of Roman taste and luxury were embellished, in imitation of their Italian models, with palaces, castles, temples, baths, and theatres, and every other monument which could perpetuate the sway or flatter the vanity of their founders. But as these cities had a common origin, so, after a time, they were prostrated by a common enemy: the Goth and the Vandal, like the wild boar in the vineyard, laid waste their beauty, and levelled their palaces with the ground—*Nunc seges est ubi Troja fuit!* The city of Aventicum appears to have been at least ten times more extensive than the present Avenches, which partly occupies its site. At that period, the lake of Morat* bathed its walls, and was called *lacus Aventicensis*. A company of boatmen, *nautæ*, were established in this ancient city; and the rings for attaching the boats, fixed in its walls—which were to be seen there only a century ago—prove that the lake not only surrounded a portion of the ancient capital of Helvetia, but that it also communicated with those of Bienna and Neuchâtel. Of the latter fact there can be no doubt; for even so late as 1816, after a continuation of heavy rains, these three lakes—otherwise completely separated—formed one magnificent sheet of water.

The fate of Aventicum is intimately connected with that of Vindonissa; but rendered famous by one of those episodes which too frequently spring up with the bitter fruits of war and oppression, and which, from its dramatic character, is here entitled to notice. The turbulent soldiery of Vindonissa, and other garrisons, having, in violation of all subordination, seized on the money destined to pay

* There is a curious circumstance respecting the lake of Morat, which has afforded good foundation for popular superstition, namely, the deep-red colour which its waters sometimes assume, a phenomenon occasioned by the *Conserva purpurea pellinosa*, an aquatic plant which floats on its surface—"blushing like the blood of the Burgundians."

Voltaire's lines on the subject of Morat—as well as the fine stanzas by Byron—are probably familiar to most of our readers. We subjoin the former:—

" Je vois la Liberte, répandant tous ses biens,
Descendre de MORAT en habit de guerrière,
Les mains teintes du sang des fiers Autrichiens,
Et de CHARLES-LE-TÉMÉRAIRE.
Devant elle on portait ces piques et ces dards,
On traînait ces canons, ces échelles fatales,
Qu'elle-même brisa quand ses mains triomphales,
De MORAT en danger défendait les remparts.
Tout un peuple la suit, sa naïve allégresse
Fit à tout l'Appenin répéter ses clamours;
Leurs fronts sont couronnés de ces fleurs que la Grèce
Aux champs de MARATHON prodiguait aux vainqueurs."

the garrison of Baden, composed of Helvetians; the latter, to avenge the robbery, rashly intercepted the messengers and letters of Aulus Cæcina, governor of Vindonissa, who was no sooner apprised of the fact, than he determined to punish them with unrelenting vengeance. With this view, he placed himself at the head of his “furious” legions—the epithet by which they were distinguished—and proceeded to storm the fortress and town of Baden. This done, he laid waste the adjacent country, defeated the Helvetians in a sanguinary battle, and chased the fugitives into the recesses of the Jura, where, in their flight down the mountain, thousands perished in a charge of Thracian cavalry. A few saved themselves in the forests and caves; but all who fell into the hands of their pursuers were sold as slaves. Still, however, the fury of Cæcina was not appeased, and he continued his devastations to the walls of Aventicum. In this city lived Julius Alpinus, a Helvetian by descent, and possessing great wealth and consideration in the place. Him, therefore, the implacable Roman commanded to be seized as an instigator of the revolt; loaded him with chains, and sentenced him to suffer death by torture. In vain did numberless witnesses attest his innocence; in vain did his daughter, Julia Alpinula, a priestess of the goddess Aventia, throw herself at the inexorable warrior’s feet and implore for mercy. Neither her tears, her beauty, nor her virtues, could avert the blow. The heart of the inflexible Cæcina was steeled against all supplication; and the old man, his victim, was doomed to perish by a cruel and ignominious death. His daughter died shortly after of a broken heart, at the age of twenty-three. The sepulchral inscription,* a precious relique, which recorded her unhappy fate, has lately been transferred to some private English cabinet. The subject, as the reader is aware, has acquired additional celebrity by its pathetic introduction into the third canto of Childe Harold.†

Avenches was finally overthrown in the fifth century; and in common with that mighty empire under whose auspices it had flourished from the commencement

* JULIA ALPINULA HIC JACEO INFELICIS PATRIS, INFELIX PROLES, DEÆ AVENTIE SACERDOS:
EXORARE PATRIS NECEM NON POTUI: MALE MORI IN FATIS ILLI ERAT. VIXI ANNOS XXIII.

† “ And there—oh, sweet and sacred name!
Julia—the daughter—the devoted—gave
Her youth to heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to heaven’s, broke o’er a father’s grave!
Justice is sworn ’gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save!
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind—one heart—one dust.”

of the christian era, became at last the prey of those northern barbarians whose progress was marked by the extinction of every science save that of the sword. At present this ancient capital hardly contains three hundred houses, but in the wide area it once occupied, enough still remains to confirm the record of its pristine glory. The antiquary will find "sermons in its stones," and the philosopher much weighty matter for his consideration.

The country through which we advance to Payerne is exceedingly fertile and well cultivated. The town is of Roman origin, and, like those already mentioned, was destroyed at the fall of the empire. A rich and celebrated abbey of Benedictines was founded here in the tenth century by Queen Bertha. Under the patronage of this establishment, the town recovered a portion of its early importance ; but at the Reformation—such are the vicissitudes attendant on all earthly things—the abbey church was converted into a granary. The convent, after having served as the residence of the governor, or bailiff, appointed by Bern, is now an extensive boarding-school. In October 1817, a tomb was discovered, which is supposed to be that of Queen Bertha, the foundress. On the bridge over the Broie is a stone with a Roman inscription—but which, though some have pretended to decypher it, is a subject of mere conjecture.

Yverdun has acquired more celebrity as the residence of Pestalozzi, and the scene of his philanthropic labours, than from any other circumstance to which it can lay claim. But, independently of this, the district abounds in picturesque scenery. The town is well built, very agreeably situated in a plain at the southern extremity of the lake of Neuchâtel, and extending along the mouth of the river Thiele, which, at its entrance into the lake, forms a commodious harbour. From this port we are told that, in 1826, a vessel, laden for the English market, passed successively through the lakes of Neuchâtel and Bienne, and, descending the innumerable windings of the Aar and Rhine, deposited its cargo in the London Docks ; having performed a voyage which constitutes an epoch in the history of modern navigation. The site of Yverdun was well known to the Romans, by the name of Embrodunum, and passed successively under the dominion of the kings of Burgundy and dukes of Zäringen.* Vestiges of its ancient walls still attest the original importance to which it lays claim. But the various calamities which it had undergone in the form of pestilence—inundations from the lake—the devastations of war and repeated conflagrations—

* About the middle of the thirteenth century it fell into the hands of Peter of Savoy, by whom it was considerably enlarged. After alternately passing under Swiss and Savoy dominion, it became finally subject to Bern in 1536, in which condition it continued to thrive till the late memorable epoch, when Bern itself became a tributary of France.

checked its prosperity, and diminished its once crowded population. At the commencement of the seventeenth century a society, under the name of Calde-resque *Helvétique*, established a printing press in the town, from which improved editions of various standard authors were thrown off—among which, the last was an *Encyclopædia*. At the present day, Yverdun is one of the most commercial and flourishing towns in the canton. The wines of la Côte, destined for the German portion of the Confederacy, are conveyed hither from the border of the Leman by means of the canal of Entre-Roches; and the river Thiele is covered with boats for extending this traffic by means of the lakes and rivers with which they communicate. Rebuilt nearly at the same time, and on a plan similar to that of the town of Morges, Yverdun presents three great parallel streets, which terminate in a handsome square surrounded with large and commodious edifices. Of these buildings, the most striking are the church and town-hall—both exhibiting the classic proportions of Grecian models, and erected about the beginning of last century. In the same square is the ancient château of Conrad of Zäringhen, flanked by four massive towers, and built at the commencement of the thirteenth century. It was in this Gothic fortress that Pestalozzi began the practical illustrations of his admirable system.*

Yverdun is distinguished for its public institutions. The hospital, college, and public library, are all on a liberal scale; the latter, supported by voluntary contributions, contains also an interesting museum of Roman antiquities. Two benevolent societies do further honour to the citizens—the one for affording pecuniary assistance to the poor; the other supported by charitable ladies, for providing food and clothing to the aged or infirm, and work for all who are willing and able to earn their own subsistence. The object of both is the suppression of mendicity—an object in which they have nearly succeeded. This town, occupying a space between the two branches of the Thiele,

* It is pleasing to reflect that, after the revolutionary war of 1799, in which the small cantons suffered so many disasters, the Helvetian Directory confided to this illustrious friend of humanity—previously known by his literary productions—the education of the orphans at Stantz. This school being destroyed, the government offered him the castle of Berthoud, where the peculiar advantages of his system became speedily known. Four years later, his labours were transferred to the castle of Buchen, near Hofwyl, on which the kindred labour of Fellenberg had already conferred a just celebrity. These true benefactors of their species, by a community of sentiment and pursuit, became intimately attached to each other, so as to combine, in some measure, the admirable establishments under their direction. This, however, lasted but a short time, for in 1805 Pestalozzi was destined to return to Yverdun, where, ably seconded by the enlightened views of government and the municipal authorities, he continued in the ardent pursuit of his philanthropic system. Teachers from various countries were sent by their governments to study under Pestalozzi, and were thus enabled to introduce his system into their own schools. An institution on the same plan for young ladies has been long established at Yverdun, the results of which have been attended with eminent success.

communicates with the suburbs by several bridges. The environs, which are exceedingly agreeable, and embellished with elegant villas and summe-rhouses, present many delightful walks. From these the stranger will derive a lively picture of life as it passes in Yverdun, to which the politeness and hospitality of its inhabitants have given peculiar attractions.

The small town of Grandson is very pleasingly situated on the borders of the lake. In its little harbour a rock is shown, which, during the Roman occupation, is supposed to have been consecrated to the worship of Neptune. The church, situated in the upper part of the town, and formerly attached to a priory of Benedictines, is remarkable for its ancient architecture. It was one of the first sanctuaries in the country from which FAREL divulged the doctrines of the Reformation.

The Castle of Grandson, situated on an eminence so as to command the town and lake, was the ancient fortress of the barons of that name. This illustrious family, which had furnished some chivalrous knights to the crusades, and a bishop to Lausanne, continued to flourish till the end of the thirteenth century, when it became extinct in the person of the gallant Otho, who fell in a *juridical* duel with Gerard of Estavayer. Thence passing to the house of Châlons, the latter kept possession of it till the Burgundian war in 1476, when it was taken by the Swiss. The facts are briefly these:—Having crossed the Jura, Charles the Bold on arrival found his troops in possession of Yverdun; but the castle, which was defended by a courageous troop of Bernese, resisted all his efforts. On his appearance before Grandson, its intrepid little garrison braved his utmost fury, and remained firm amidst the uninterrupted fire kept up against the citadel. At last, highly indignant at being detained ten days before this insignificant fortress, he issued orders to carry it by storm, threatening, that if the Swiss made any further resistance, he would have them all hung. This menace, which tried the courage of many, overcame that of the dastardly Captain Wyler. A knight of Burgundy, who could converse in the German language, arrived at the same time from the duke's camp, and expressing his admiration of their courage, declared that his master respected it no less. “Cease,” said he, “your gallant but mad resistance—spare this wanton effusion of heroic blood—and, in the name of his highness, I hereby promise you an unmolested and honourable retreat!” Duped by the crafty knight, the Swiss accepted the terms of capitulation; and, presenting him with a hundred florins in return for his humane interposition in their favour, began to evacuate the citadel. No sooner, however, had they passed the gates, than the Duke had them all seized, stripped, and suspended by hundreds on the adjoining trees.

Others were cruelly fettered with cords, and dragged to death through the lake.

Exasperated at these atrocities, and undismayed by the vast superiority of the Duke's forces, the Confederates despatched twenty thousand men by forced marches to Grandson. At day-break, on the third of March, the vanguard of the army, consisting of the soldiers of Lucern, Schwytz, and the Bernese Oberland, presented themselves on the vine-clad hills between the lake of Neuchâtel and the Jura. After a short interval spent in prayer, they commenced the attack. The soldiers of Fribourg and Bern advanced firmly and in good order—the former led on by the veteran, John of Halwyl, and the Bernese by their chief magistrate, Nicholas of Scharnachthal. This advanced guard had already maintained a sanguinary but unflinching conflict of several hours, when the main body of the Confederates appeared on the heights in the brilliant mid-day sun. The shrill sound of the bugle of Unterwalden, and the deep hollow roar of the horn of Uri, pealed their war-notes along the mountain, and the next instant the standards of Zurich and Schaffhausen were seen waving in the air. The Duke eagerly demanded, “What troops are these?” “They are the troops,” replied the baron of Stein, “before whom the Dukes of Austria have fled!” Charles glanced his eye rapidly over the scene of combat—then to the advancing columns—and turning to Stein, observed: “If a mere handful of men have resisted us through a whole day, what have we to hope for against their combined strength?” He paused, as if waiting for an answer; but his own troops, who had caught sight of the fresh armament, already welcomed by shouts from their comrades, were seized with dismay and fled. In vain the Duke threw himself into the midst of them; he could neither rally the scattered nor retard the flying, but in his efforts to renew the combat was hurried away in the retreat. The Swiss continued the pursuit till darkness compelled them to desist; but when they arrived at Grandson, and beheld the dead bodies of those who had been hung on the surrounding trees, their vengeance knew no bounds, and they rushed in a body to storm the castle. The Burgundians, who felt their incapacity to make any effectual resistance, surrendered at the first summons, and were all hung up without mercy on the very trees from which the Swiss had cut down the dead bodies of their comrades.

In our progress towards Lausanne, it is impossible not to be struck with the high state of cultivation which pervades every stage of the route—particularly as we approach the borders of the classic Leman. But of the general beauty and fertility of this canton we have already spoken in our passage of the Jura; and now that our limits are peculiarly circumscribed, and the tour

fast drawing to its close, we can only touch upon those topics, and points of scenery, for which the historian, the poet, and painter, have severally recorded a long-established partiality. The view which, perhaps, embraces the greatest number of striking objects in the Pays-de-Vaud, is the signal station above Lausanne. After a short but steep ascent from the little solitary glen where the national pastime of rifle-shooting is practised, we enter the forest of Sauvabelin, and, taking the path to the left, arrive at the Signal. The extraordinary combination of scenery, in every possible variety, and in the most striking contrasts, over which the view extends, is scarcely to be imagined by those who have not penetrated within the curtain of the Jura. The vast sheet of the Leman lake is seen through its whole expanse, framed in, and reflecting like a mirror the Alps of Savoy, Vaud, and the Vallais. On the east, they form a gloomy girdle of gigantic summits, terminating in the mountain bulwarks of Fribourg; thence, veering gently to the south and south-west, the wild and snow-clad precipices of Savoy, with their rocky flanks bulging out into pine forests, or smooth with verdant pasture—chalets sprinkled along their acclivities, and vineyards mantling their base, fascinate the eye and feast the imagination of the spectator. Farther still, and in the extreme west, the blue verge of the Jura, rising apparently from the lake, and usurping the place of the Alps, forms the northern boundary of this sublime and magnificent picture—a picture only to be felt. Directing our eyes along the Swiss shore, it appears indented and divided by the waters of the lake into innumerable bays and promontories; and, although tame compared with the gigantic features of the shore opposite, it is of great beauty, composed of gently undulating hills rising towards the Jura, and softening gradually down into the lake. At our feet, Lausanne displays its cathedral—most part of its public edifices—its beautiful villas opening towards the port of Ouchy and the lake, with Pully, Lutry, and Grandvaux on the left—Montreux, Villeneuve, and Chillon, in the bottom of the picture, and the towns of Morges and Aubonne on the right—all names as rich in classical associations as they are beautiful in their position.

The situation of Lausanne, a few minutes' walk from the lake, and crowning an elevated ridge of the Jorât, is proverbially known for the magnificent prospect to which we have just adverted. The town is very irregular in shape, built upon three distinct acclivities—not unlike the old town of Edinburgh—and covering the intermediate valleys, or rather ravines. Nearly all its streets are steep and inconvenient; but the salubrity of its climate—the abundant supply of water—the unrivalled amenities of the scenery—the commercial activity of the place—the charms of a cultivated society—and the comparative cheapness

of every thing that contributes to the comforts and elegances of life, have long conferred on the town and neighbourhood a decided partiality among strangers. The cathedral, which forms so striking a feature in the landscape, was founded by the bishop Henricus, in the year 1000. The work was continued during the two following centuries; but the original plan, which indicated a third tower on the north of the present belfry, was never carried into effect. Several fires, the result more of hostility than accident—particularly in the thirteenth century—caused serious damage to the structure. In the early part of that century it shared the fate of the town; and on three several occasions was nearly consumed. During the first of these calamities, the leaden roof and chime of bells were melted, but were speedily replaced by others, in consequence of pious contributions from the numerous states and allies of the Holy empire; but this was only a prelude to fresh disasters. In the third conflagration all the churches, except that of St. Lawrence, were nearly destroyed, and the cathedral, which had just been restored, was once more a wreck, while the damage on this occasion was irreparably aggravated by the destruction of all its historical documents. To remedy this fresh disaster, contributions were once more resorted to; and, forty years after, having been completely rebuilt, the church was solemnly consecrated by Gregory X., in presence of the emperor Rodolph of Hapsburg, and a numerous assembly of princes and lords, temporal and spiritual, whom the imposing occasion had brought together. In the seventeenth century, the belfry and tower of the choir suffered considerable damage by lightning; and lastly, on the night of the 23d of May, 1825—eleven years ago—a recurrence of the accident destroyed the spire, which has since been repaired, with several internal improvements, under the able direction of M. Perregaux, an architect of great taste and reputation. But, without dwelling on a subject which might lead us into descriptions too copious for the present work, we have only to observe, that, as a fine and entire specimen of Gothic architecture, the cathedral of Lausanne is one of the most remarkable in Europe. The walls of the interior are encrusted with numerous sepulchral inscriptions, sculptures, and allegorical figures, several of which are English*—and all interesting to the curious as well as contemplative visitor.

In the centre of the Place de la Palud, is the Town-hall, built in 1454, and

* Among the latest is that of “**HENRIETTE**, épouse de **STRATFORD CANNING**, Ambassadeur d’Angleterre en Suisse—décédée le 17 juin, 1817 . . . Aussi aimable par son caractère que par sa beauté—brillante de jeunesse—heureuse autant qu’il est permis aux mortels de l’être ; et pour cela pas moins prête à entrer dans le ciel, si toutefois l’innocence et une ingénue piété peuvent avoir quelque mérite devant Dieu.”

surmounted by a clock, but possessing no striking features or peculiarities. Here the magisterial authorities of the district, circle, and commune, hold their sittings ; and in another part is the residence of the syndic, or president of the municipality. The other chambers are variously distributed. On the vestibule of this edifice is a marble tablet with a Roman inscription, discovered at Vidy, in 1739. The Place is used as a corn-market; but a new and much more extensive one is now in progress.

The College of Lausanne,* founded at the epoch of the Reformation, in 1537, is a vast square edifice, surrounding an extensive court, and containing a public library and museum—both of which are extremely rich in their several departments. The library, possessing many rare printed works and precious manuscripts, is open to the public three days in the week, and every facility given to second the views of the studious. The Museum, first established in 1820, and occupying three large halls, is amply furnished with specimens from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—many of which are curious. Besides these, numerous specimens of art, ancient and modern—paintings and sculpture by native artists who have studied in Italy—medals, and various relics of antiquity found in the ruins of Avenches and other Roman stations within the canton—cabinets of natural history and chemistry, well provided with all the apparatus necessary in a course of lectures—give peculiar advantages to the museum, to which, it is said, an astronomical observatory will shortly be added.

The Château Cantonale, or seat of government, as seen in the annexed engraving, is a large square building, founded in the middle of the thirteenth century by the bishop, John of Cassonay, and finished in seventy years by Guillaume de Challand. Till the epoch of the Reformation this was the domestic fortress of the prince-bishops, but thenceforth that of the resident governors of Bern, who made considerable additions to it. It was further enlarged at the commencement of the present century, and again within the last few years. It is now occupied by the great council, and council of state, the court of appeals, and various other public offices. In a hall of this episcopal fortress was formerly a pulpit moving on hinges, so as to mask a secret door which communicated with passages under ground, through which the bishops, as usual in those days, could repair to the chapter-house near the cathedral, or

* The lectures delivered by professors are—in divinity, law, moral philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, natural history, chemistry, mineralogy, rhetoric, and Greek, Latin, and French literature ; in short, nearly all the usual branches taught in the best universities of Great Britain. In addition to the above, several learned foreigners residing at Lausanne are authorised to deliver courses of lectures on subjects for which regular professors have not yet been appointed.

to other convents, as occasion demanded. By this door, according to tradition, Sebastian de Montfaucon, the last bishop, made his escape in 1536, while the château was beleaguered by the troops of Bern. The court of the château is planted with acacias on one side, from whose refreshing shade the eye commands all the striking features of the town, the lake, and the Jura.

But, without dilating on the numerous other objects of various interest with which Lausanne abounds, and which will be found minutely described in works more expressly devoted to that subject, we proceed to notice a few prominent features in the immediate neighbourhood, or bordering upon the lake. Of these, one of the most interesting by its associations is the house of Gibbon, on the road to Ouchy; but, like Ariosto's house at Ferrara, or Pope's villa at Twickenham, the residence of the great historian has almost lost its identity; still, as a link in that intellectual chain by which the Leman lake is encircled, it can never lose its interest, or want visitors. It was in the bosom of this sublime retreat that—

. . . . “Deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,—

he continued, and finally completed, that great historical monument which, however unsound in principle, or exceptionable in some of its philosophical deductions, is now a standard authority, and will transmit the author's name to the latest posterity. The passage in which he commemorates the close of his seven years' labour in this intellectual sanctuary, and on a subject to which he had devoted all the resources of deep study and extensive reading, is full of natural feeling.* The familiar letters, in which Gibbon communicates the every-day occupations of his life while resident in this solitude, have acquired a deeper interest as changes have sprung up in the scenery, and in proportion as the gifted individuals of that circle with whom he associated have passed away. No higher compliment could have been paid to this beautiful country and its cultivated society, than the following testimony: “ Since my establishment at

* It was on the night of the 27th of June, 1787, and between the hours of eleven and twelve, that he wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer house in his garden. “ After laying down my pen,” says he, “ I took several turns in a *bergeau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate—the sky was serene—the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.”

Lausanne," says he, "seven years have elapsed; and if every day has not been equally soft and serene, not a day—not a moment has occurred in which I have repented of my choice."

To these haunted localities must now be added the tomb of John Philip Kemble, the personal friend of Byron—the best interpreter of Shakspeare; a man universally honoured for his public talents, and highly esteemed in all the relations of private life. This object of melancholy attraction is in the public cemetery of Pierre-le-Plan, above the town—a miniature Père-la-Chaise. It consists of a plain stone slab inscribed with his name, and surrounded by an iron railing, through which shrubs and flowers entwine a voluntary chaplet, 'fresh as his fame!'

The village of Ouchy, picturesquely situated on the lake, and serving as the port of Lausanne, has greatly risen in importance since the introduction of steam navigation. Two fine vessels—the "Leman Vaudois," and the "Winkelried," traverse the lake daily between Geneva and Lausanne—receiving and landing passengers along the whole line of the Swiss coast, and on certain days performing the entire circuit of the lake.* The old tower, seen in the engraving, was built by a bishop of Lausanne so far back as the twelfth century. The quay and its appendages are of modern construction; and with a fleet of boats surrounding the steamers as they arrive or depart, and a host of wheeled vehicles, rival donkeys, runners and drivers, waiting the passengers on shore, the port of Ouchy presents a scene of lively commotion. It was while detained by "stress of weather," at the Anchor Hotel of Ouchy, that Lord Byron composed his "Prisoner of Chillon;" and where, from his window, he could observe the castle thus immortalized, rising white on the eastern verge of the lake. He visited every locality known in history or tradition—particularly the retreat above described; and in one of his published letters, says—"I enclose you a sprig of 'Gibbon's acacia,' and some rose leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen." Moore has well observed, that this circumstance in the life of the immortal bard, has added "one more deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the lake"—

* For the tourist, whose time may be limited, these boats present an invaluable resource; and, having renewed an acquaintance with them during various trips in the course of last summer, we can recommend them unreservedly to all lovers of pleasing locomotion—but particularly to invalids—who may thus, without fatigue or inconvenience, enjoy the most splendid panorama that was ever thrown open to mortal eye. Every morning during the fine season, these boats alternately quit Geneva and Villeneuve, (the opposite extremities of the lake)—both calling off Ouchy—the former about two o'clock, and the other about nine—varying, however, as to precise time, which is influenced by the amusing varieties of embarking and disembarking by the way. Each vessel has an excellent *restaurant* on board, and an ample supply for every variety of taste.

" Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and de Staël—
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore!"

A new road has been lately constructed between Lausanne and the village of Pandex, sweeping by a gradual descent along the declivity, through a succession of luxuriant vineyards. It commands delicious views of the lake—the rocks of Meillerie, Vevay, Clarens, Montreux, Chillon, and those spell-bound localities which Rousseau's Heloise and the poetry of Byron have peopled with creations that haunt the traveller's imagination, and seem to become embodied as he proceeds. Each of the localities here enumerated is remarkable for the charms which Nature has bestowed upon it, no less than for the fascinations with which it has been enriched by genius. For many years past the environs of Vevay have served as the intellectual rendezvous of foreigners, who can here unite the advantages of a genial climate with the charms of cultivated society.

" 'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings."

Another of the localities which has lately become familiar to the readers of a celebrated American author,* is the ancient château of Blonay, about half a league from the lake. This baronial fortress is of great antiquity, famous in the annals of chivalry, and continued in possession of the same family for upwards of seven hundred years. In the same commune of Blonay, and in the profound valley of Villars, are the Baths of Alliaz. They came first into repute in the sixteenth century, but were subsequently forgotten, till brought once more into fashion by scientific recommendation, and the new luxury of commodious baths. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur.

At Vevay exists the well-known society entitled the Abbaye des Vignerons, which, from the remotest times, has superintended the labours of the vineyard, with the motto—*Ora et labora*. The most active and experienced of its members are selected every spring to make a general survey of the vineyards belonging to the commune—to report the condition of each—when the society distributes a variety of premiums in the shape of medals, *serpes d'honneur*, or pruning implements, to all the vine-dressers who have set the best example in the management of the grape. Previously to the Revolution, these prizes were distributed with great pomp at a curious fête got up for the occasion, and which was repeated

* See "The Headsman," by Cooper, which, with various others, contains an admirable description of a storm in the lake of Geneva.

every five or six years. After an interruption of twenty-two years, caused by political events, and a series of bad seasons for the wine-growers, this fête was resumed on the fifth of August, 1819, in all its ancient pomp and ceremony. On this occasion, the village population of Vevay was suddenly increased by an influx of more than sixteen thousand spectators from all parts of the Confederacy, and of whom no inconsiderable number was English. The fête presented a most grotesque, but interesting medley of heathen ceremony, scriptural scenes from the Old Testament, mixed up with customs still observed in the canton; the whole accompanied with processions, dances, songs, banquets, and dramatic exhibitions, in which were upwards of seven hundred performers in appropriate and generally very elegant costumes, according to the part assigned to them.

The ceremonies commenced with that of crowning the twelve most successful cultivators of the vine; after which, a magnificent procession defiled past, consisting of Ceres, Pomona, Bacchus, &c., all most sumptuously and classically attired, borne in elegant cars by their appropriate attendants, priests, bacchanals, &c., followed by gardeners, vine-dressers, reapers, haymakers, ploughmen, and herdsmen, in perfect costume—each set bearing the implements of their labour, of which they gave pantomimic representations, mingled with national songs and dances. The ground was kept by a hundred fine looking men, dressed and accoutred *à la Henri Quatre*, in the becoming style of the *Cent Suisses*. Little girls, fancifully dressed, danced like fairies before the several goddesses: milkmen from the mountains, leading their cows, sang the *Ranz-des-Vaches*, while the pleased animals licked the hands that led them during the well-known sound. But the most grotesque feature of the scene, was old father Noah, with his family, in a vine-clad cottage, drawn, as were also a forge and a wine press, by four horses richly caparisoned. The whole closed with a village wedding, in which the dresses preserved faithfully the ancient Swiss costume, while a baron and baroness, in the most exaggerated dress of the last century, walked a minuet to grace their vassals' nuptials, in a style of admirable burlesque. All the songs composed for the occasion were, of course, in praise of agriculture and its concomitants—peace and liberty; and the concourse of free and happy peasantry assembled on the occasion afforded the most appropriate illustration to their patriotic effusions.*

Of the Castle of Chillon a very brief notice will here suffice; for, perhaps, there

* The reader will find an ample detail of the shows and ceremonies exhibited at this singular festival, in the *Feuilles d'Agriculture du Canton de Vaud*, tome vi. p. 237, and in the popular English work of *Selwyn in Search of a Daughter*.—Of the Salt-mines of Bex, referred to at p. 129, the reader will find an interesting account in the *Manuel Statistique de Lausanne*, p. 137.

is no similar feature of continental scenery with which the English reader is more familiarly acquainted. It has a place in the portfolio of every tourist, and painter, and troubadour—in every drawing-room album—and is the title of a poem, which—when the château itself shall have crumbled down into the lake—will insure by its own immortality that of Chillon. The castle consists of a large irregular mass of buildings, surrounding a central square tower, which, till the invention of artillery, was considered impregnable, and served in no inconsiderable degree to extend the limits of Savoy. It was near this point that, in 1275, the Count Philip, by a fortunate exploit, gained possession of the whole Pays de Vaud. Two centuries and a half later, the Bernese, assisted by a hundred friends from Geneva, seized this fortress from Charles V. of Savoy. The commandant of Rye, who was charged with its defence, seeing himself blockaded by land and water, made little resistance; and a large Savoyard bark, which had come to his aid, having fled at the approach of four boats from Geneva, he capitulated on the third day of the seige. Besides immense booty, the victors found in the château several prisoners of distinction; among whom was the celebrated Bonnivard, the “Prisoner of Chillon,” who six years before had been treacherously seized and shut up in its dungeons.

Next to Chillon, the Château of Wufflens is the most striking edifice in the Pays de Vaud.* It is of spacious dimensions, and highly picturesque in its Gothic towers and commanding position. The walls are built entirely of brick, of immense thickness, and appear to have been constructed, according to antiquaries, by Bertha, queen of Burgundy, who, as already stated, founded the rich Benedictine abbey of Payerne, in 961. The principal part of this ancient structure consists of an enormous square *donjon* in the centre, one hundred and seventy feet in height, and flanked at each angle by others in a similar style, but of much smaller dimensions. These five towers were long considered as of Roman construction; but various heraldic devices sculptured upon them, fix the epoch of their erection to the period already stated, or at farthest to the ninth century. This château forms a magnificent feature in the landscape, and commands the whole range of the lake, the mountains of the Vallais, and the gigantic summits of Mont Blanc.

The plate with which we close the present work represents the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, founded in 962, and the highest inhabited spot in the old world.† This celebrated Augustin monastery occupies the summit of the pass

* In 1832, the population of this canton was 148,200; but a later estimate raises it to 170,000. The military contingents are 2964 in men, and 59,273 francs in money. The colours of the canton are *dark green and white*, with the motto—*Liberté et Patrie*.

† For an interesting epitome of its history, ancient and modern, see *Brockedon's Excursions*.

leading into Piedmont, and serves as the well-known asylum of all travellers whom curiosity or business may attract to that elevated region. The establishment had formerly a vast revenue attached to it, but which, in recent times, has been so greatly diminished, as to render annual collections in the adjoining countries indispensable for its support.

It is placed on the extreme frontier of the Vallais, directly in the gorge, and overlooking a small lake. The number of the Brethren is not fixed; it varies from twenty to thirty, but it is rare that more than ten or twelve reside in the Hospice. They live in the midst of continual privations, at an elevation of eight thousand two hundred feet above the sea; and exposed at once to the effects of a rigid climate, and the dangers which by the rules of their order they are bound to encounter at all hours in the service of humanity.* Their office is to receive, lodge, and supply with necessary food, all travellers who pass the Great St. Bernard. They are bound, also, during the seven or eight dangerous months of the year, to inspect the roads daily. The famous dogs of the convent, which are trained to this duty, have often been the means of restoring to life the exhausted and half frozen traveller. Many interesting anecdotes are recorded of their sagacity; and the noble breed, we were glad to observe, still forms a considerable colony for the relief of future wanderers. Should any accident happen to the traveller, he is retained in the convent till perfectly recovered, and then, if in need, dismissed with sufficient means to carry him on his journey. All this hospitality is bestowed without charge of any kind, and continued, where the traveller chooses to prolong his stay, for several days. The only recompense accepted is in the form of voluntary offerings, deposited in a box in the chapel, and to which, it is hoped, no traveller in easy circumstances passes the Great St. Bernard without contributing something in token of his gratitude. The winter in this region lasts full eight or nine months; and during the coldest period, the thermometer of Fahrenheit has been often observed at 20°, and on one occasion, at 29° below zero. In certain places close to the monastery, the snow never melts.

Every year, seven or eight thousand travellers in their passage of the Alps are received and hospitably entertained by these worthy monks,

* "Leur intrépidité égale leur vigilance; aucun malheureux ne les appelle en vain; ils le retirent étouffé sous les débris des avalanches; ils le raniment agonisant de froid et de terreur; ils le transportent sur les bras, tandis que leurs pieds glissent sur la glace, ou plongent dans les neiges: la nuit, le jour, voilà leur ministère! Leur pieuse sollicitude veille sur l'humanité, dans ces lieux maudits de la nature, où ils présentent le spectacle habituel d'un héroïsme qui ne sera jamais célébré par nos flatteurs." The above well-merited tribute was written by Mallet du Pan, in his notice of the "Religieux" of St. Bernard, in 1755, and applies with equal truth to those of the present day.

whose strict attention to their various guests and devotion to the cause of humanity are above all praise. Those who perish in the passage by cold or avalanches, are deposited in the charnel-house, where, owing to the dry antiseptic nature of the climate, the features of the unhappy victims may be recognised for two or three years; but after that period the muscles shrink away and blacken, so as to resemble the bodies of Egyptian mummies. When the writer visited the monastery last autumn, this melancholy receptacle contained, happily, no recent victims; but the spoils of mortality with which the floor and walls were still covered, presented an appalling spectacle. To see the Great St. Bernard with any thing like gaiety, the stranger should contrive to be there at the fête of Notre-Dame-d'Août, the fifteenth of August, when hundreds of the peasantry from the Swiss and Italian valleys attend mass at the chapel, and present a thousand amusing contrasts in their national costume and appearance. It may be superfluous to add, that the greatest event in modern times with which this pass is connected, is the march of the French army under Napoleon, in May 1800. Arrived at the summit of this tremendous pass, and when they anticipated nothing but a repetition of dangers and accidents in their descent towards Italy, they beheld, on a sudden turn of the rugged path, "tables covered, as if by magic, with every necessary refreshment. The monks of St. Bernard had prepared the banquet; the army feasted, returned tumultuous thanks, and passed on. A few days after this event, the battle of Marengo decided the fate of Italy."

Note.—It was originally intended that the present volume should have been followed by an Appendix; but to have carried this into effect, would have exceeded the number of divisions to which the work was necessarily restricted; and the Proprietors being anxious not to encumber the work with a mass of mere literary and scientific matter that might have had little or no reference to the engravings, it has been omitted. It is their intention, however, to supply this omission under a new form, and to publish a small "Pocket Itinerary and Tourist's Guide to the Rhine, Switzerland, and Savoy," with which every important subject intended for the Appendix will be incorporated.

END OF VOL. II.

S W I T Z E R L A N D.

ILLUSTRATED

IN A

SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK
BY W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.

BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

GRAD. OF THE UNIV. OF EDIN.; MEMB. OF THE ROYAL COLL. OF PHYS. LONDON;
OF THE HISTOR. INSTITUTE OF FRANCE; AUTHOR OF A RESIDENCE IN GERMANY, ETC.

" Que tout plaît dans ces lieux à mes sens étonnés
D'un tranquille océan l'eau pure et transparente
Baigne les bords fleuris de ces champs fortunés;
D'innombrables coteaux ces champs sont couronnés,
Bacchus les embellit; leur insensible pente
Vous conduit par degrés à ces monts sourcilleux
Qui pressent les enfers et qui fendent les cieux.
Le voilà ce théâtre et de neige et de gloire! . . .
Voilà ces monts affreux célébrés par l'histoire!"

VOL. I.

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DOCTORS' COMMONS.

TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

ADELAIDE

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

&c. &c. &c.

THESE VOLUMES

BY PERMISSION

ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

TO THE READER.

THE following Work was undertaken at the Author's suggestion, founded on an opinion, that some portion of the romantic history of Switzerland, combined with pictorial illustrations of the most striking localities, would produce a work not wholly uninteresting to the public. This plan was acted upon by the Publisher with great spirit and liberality. Mr. Bartlett proceeded to Switzerland in order to furnish the series of Views from Nature, which he completed in the course of last year; and, to this accomplished Artist, and to others by whom he has been so ably seconded, the present Volumes are chiefly indebted for their extensive circulation.

With regard to the text, the Author may be permitted to state, that it is not a compilation or mere letter-press description, composed with express reference to the engravings, but the result of experience obtained in repeated excursions—of which he has here endeavoured to communicate the substance—and intended to present a moral and political, as well as a physical picture of Switzerland. Of the twenty-two Cantons, each has been described with more or less minuteness; but, as it often happens that the most striking natural scenery is not the most celebrated in history, it has been thought necessary, at times, to dwell longer on certain localities than their merely picturesque features might seem to require; and again, to pass lightly over others where the engravings may be

presumed to speak for themselves. Thus, historical scenes omitted by the painter, but yet calculated to make a strong impression on the mind of the reader—either as the ancient battle-fields of liberty, or the arena of illustrious deeds—have been detailed with occasional exactitude.

In a word, it has been the Writer's study to invest the subject with fresh interest, and to make it appeal to the intellect while it pleased the eye. Many could have discharged the duty with greater ability, but few, perhaps, with greater diligence, or with a more sincere determination to embody in the narrative a faithful description of those scenes best calculated to convey an important moral.

In conclusion, the Author begs to offer with his own, the hearty acknowledgments of the Artist, to all classes of the reading public, as well as the admirers of the fine arts, for the patronage and approbation with which the undertaking has been so highly honoured. He has also the grateful task of returning, most emphatically, his thanks to the Editors of the numerous periodicals, whose words of encouragement, kindly spoken and in season, have been substituted, in nearly every instance, for the harsher tone of criticism. It is gratifying to add, that the indulgent testimony thus awarded has been liberally responded to by the continental press; and that, in the foreign editions, the Work has met with the same flattering reception as at home.

LONDON,
May 30, 1836.

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* * * The Poetry interspersed in this Volume, unless where otherwise marked, is original.

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VIGNETTE.

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SWITZERLAND.

ILLUSTRATED

IN A

SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

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BY

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* Situated on the edge of a small lake, called the *Klein-see*, varying from 35 to 63 feet in depth, and said to contain fish.
The other lake is about 300 yards higher, on the Vallais side. The Hospice is now used as an inn, and travellers accommodated at the usual charges. Compare this note with the description in the text.

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DIRECTIONS FOR THE BINDER.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF VOL. II.

VIGNETTE.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, SCENE OF ACTION.

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MAP OF SWITZERLAND.

* Compare the dimensions, published by authority of Government, with the description in the text.

LENGTH, or Distance between the Porticos, 265½ metres, equal to 885 feet (Canton of Vaud), 818 feet royal, or 905 feet, Bernese measure.

ELEVATION of the unsupported Bridge above the River, 51 metres, equal to 170 feet; 157 feet; and 174 feet.
The BREADTH, 6 metres and 35 centimetres; the Foot-path at each side, 88 centimetres.

Note.—The metre here employed is equal to 3 feet, 3.370 inches, English measure. The four printed statements, 2, however, all differ. Compared with the Menai Bridge, the balance stands thus:

	Length.	Elevation.	Breadth.
FRIBOURG	905	174	28
MENAI	580	130	25

